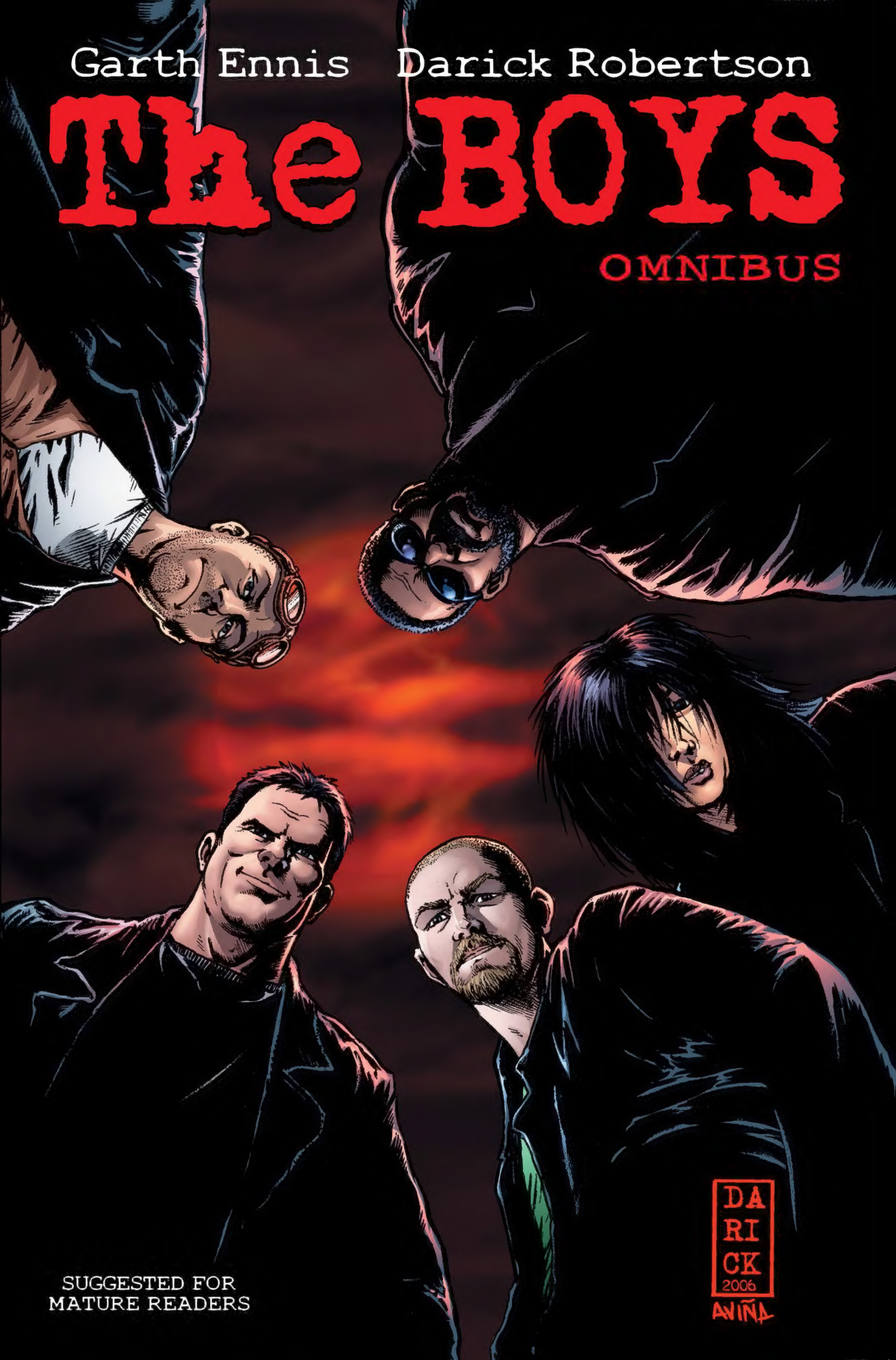
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

OMNIBUS



SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

An Introduction By Simon Pegg

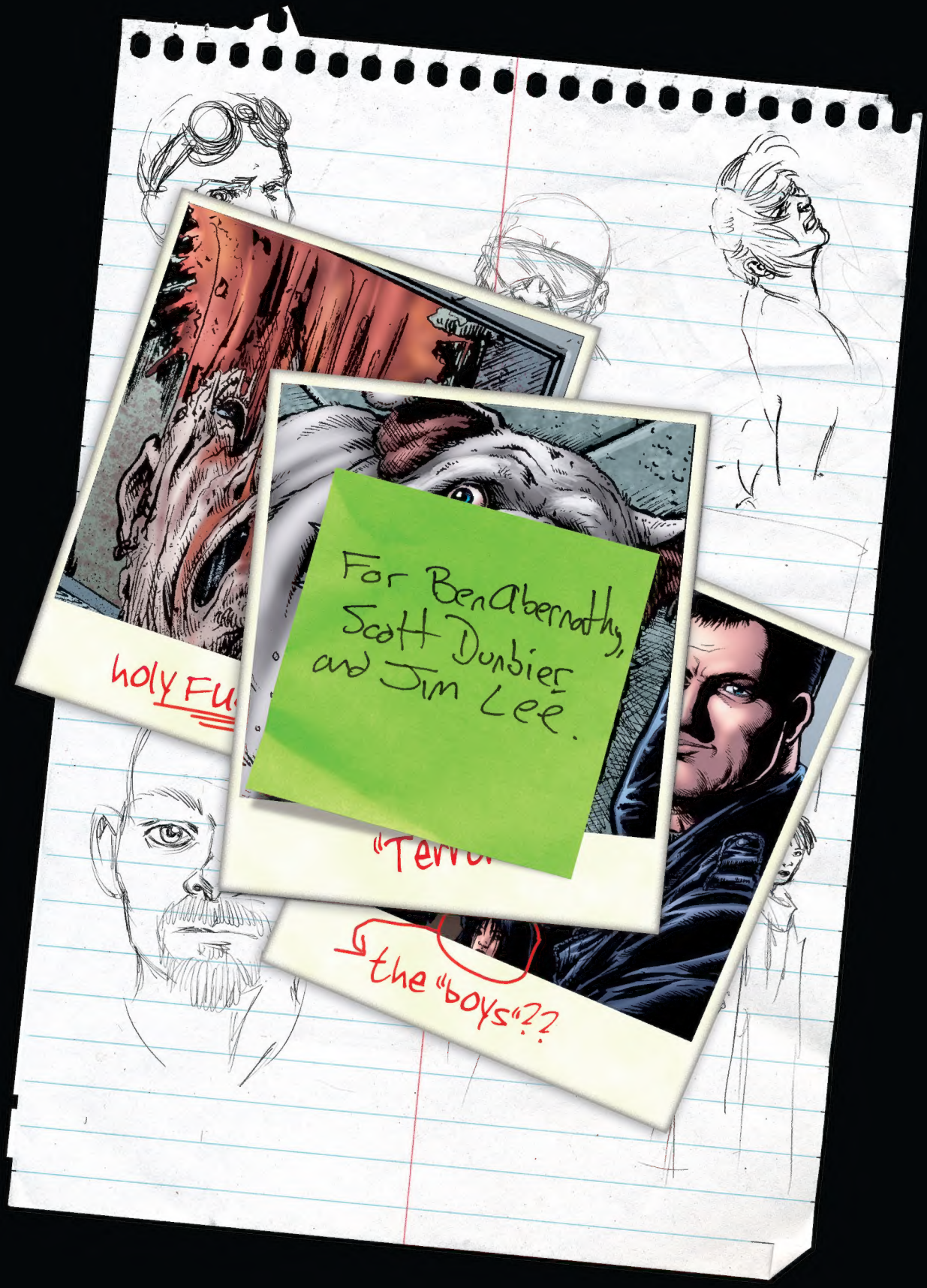
As an actor, auditions are a necessary evil. An appointment is made; script pages are received, a line reading takes place in front of several dispassionates and an ominous little DV cam. Sometimes, an offer will arrive without condition, requiring a straight yes or no. You never get a part without knowing about it. You never switch on the TV or settle down in the cinema to watch something you are unaware stars you. Seeing yourself acting in scenes you don't recall performing would surely be extremely disconcerting. Although I can't say I was anything less than thrilled when I opened the first issue of The Boys and came face to face with a young man called Wee Hughie, it wasn't a total surprise. A few months earlier I had received an email from a colleague informing me that an artist called Darick Robertson had appropriated my likeness for a new comic book written by Garth Ennis. Had I not been a comic book fan, or indeed an admirer of Garth's previous works, I might have been a little pissed off, but the fact is I was chuffed to bits. Apparently Robertson had seen episodes of a sitcom called Spaced, which I had co-written and appeared in, around the turn of the millennium and figured I was a ringer for the plucky little Scot in Ennis's darkly funny tale of extreme hero bashing. I guess Darick assumed I would forever be consigned to culty British television and would never emerge into the mainstream enough for me or anyone else to make the connection. I don't hold that against him, I thought much the same at the time. As it turned out, a cricket bat and a zombie outbreak in Crouch End, North London put paid to that speculation in 2004, and before long I discovered with a huge amount of geekish joy that, in likeness at least, I was being conscripted by a hard bitten team of "hero police", hell-bent on dishing out bloody justice to those corrupted by the burden of super-humanity.

I bought my first proper comic at the age of seven. A Marvel UK title called The Incredible Hulk Weekly. Aside from its title character, who was enjoying a resurgence of mainstream popularity thanks to Bill Bixby and Lou Ferrigno, the comic featured stories such as Alan Moore's dark precursor to V, Night Raven, and our own super flag flier Captain Britain. Every week I would pore over the pages, studying each panel, getting lost in the stories. I soon learned to appreciate the relationship between writer and artist and how the maxim "being on the same page" was never more fitting than when describing this vital symbiosis. Thrills, scares, jokes and dramas are made and broken by the effectiveness of this connection. The titles I have most enjoyed over the years have seen writers and artists tossing set ups and pay offs between each other like unpinned hand grenades, sharing the responsibilities of storytelling and truly exploiting the medium. With The Boys, Ennis' signature gleeful moral depravity is brilliantly realized by Robertson's sly graphics. Sick, funny and disturbing, this rather marvellous collaboration answers an old question, "who watches the Watchmen?" The Boys, of course, and they kick the living, fucking shit out of them to boot.

Hell, I'm in.

Simon Pegg
2007-03-29

Simon John Pegg is an English stand-up comedian, writer and film and television actor. He is perhaps best known for his title roles Shaun of the Dead and Hot Fuzz, and for the British sitcom Spaced. Much of his major work has been in collaboration with some combination of Jessica Stevenson, Edgar Wright and Nick Frost.


holy Fu
For Ben Abernathy,
Scott Dunbier
and Jim Lee.
"Terro
the "boys"??

DYNAMITE® EDITION

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

ISSUE ONE

Features the first chapter of:

THE BOYS VOL. 1: THE NAME OF THE GAME

Graphic Novel

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

ONE: DYNAMITE EDITION

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Lettered by:
GREG THOMPSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

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Printed in Canada.

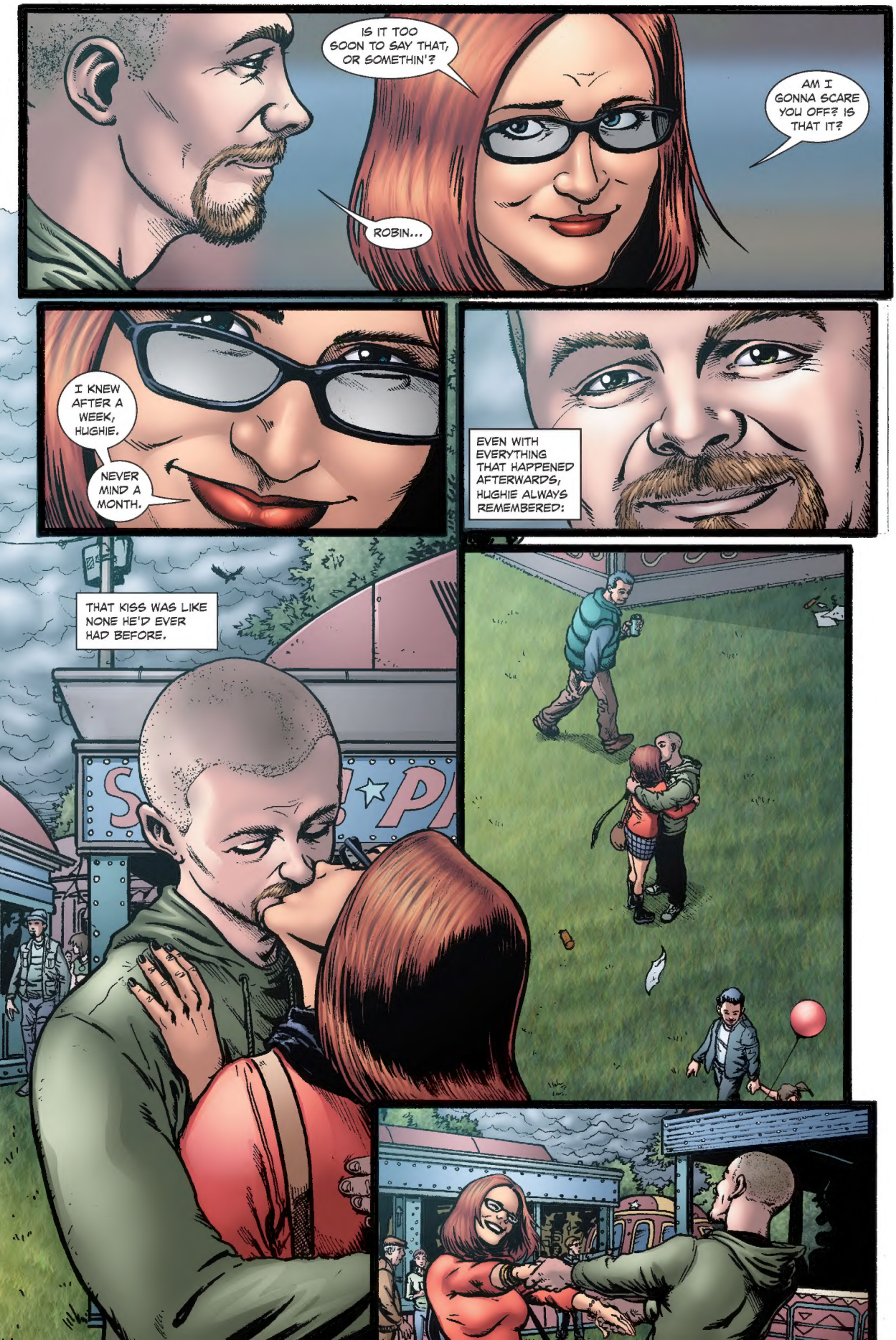
THE NAME OF THE GAME

PART ONE

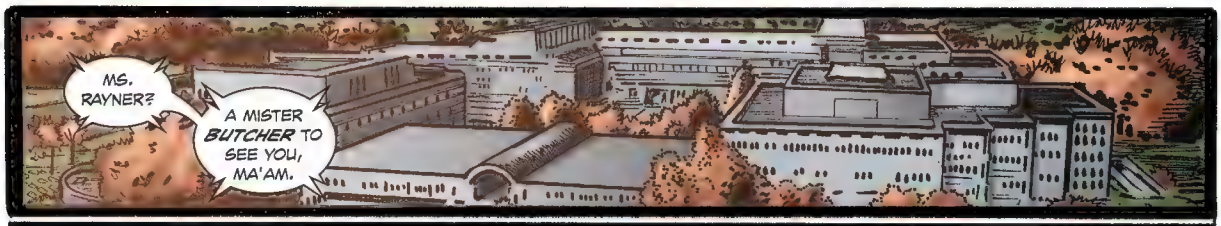
BUTCHER
I'M GONNA FUCKIN' HAVE YOU.
YOU CUNT.

COME ON, TERROR.
?
OFF WE GO, MATE.
!

WEE HUGHIE
...AND THEY'VE GOT THIS HANGAR, RIGHT? THIS HANGAR THOUSANDS O' FEET UNDERGROUND, AN' THERE'S THIS U.F.O. WI' A PINK ALIEN IN IT...
'CAUSE PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE GREY OR GREEN, RIGHT, BUT THEY'RE NOT--THEY'RE REALLY PINK, BECAUSE IT TURNS OUT ALIENS ARE GAY...
I WAS BRICKIN' IT, I MEAN I WAS LOOKIN' AT THIS WEBSITE THINKIN'-- JINGS, WHAT IF THEY GET US ONTO THEIR U.F.O. AN' FRUIT US UP?
PRIZES!
I MEAN I'M NOT HOMOPHOBIC OR ANYTHIN', RIGHT, BUT--
I LOVE YOU, HUGHIE. YOU MUST BE THE ONLY MAN IN SCOTLAND WHO ACTUALLY SAYS JINGS...
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
YOU'RE THE ONLY--
BEFORE THAT.


IS IT TOO SOON TO SAY THAT, OR SOMETHIN'?
AM I GONNA SCARE YOU OFF? IS THAT IT?
ROBIN...
I KNEW AFTER A WEEK, HUGHIE.
NEVER MIND A MONTH.
EVEN WITH EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS, HUGHIE ALWAYS REMEMBERED:
THAT KISS WAS LIKE NONE HE'D EVER HAD BEFORE.

OUT OF THE FUCKING WAY--

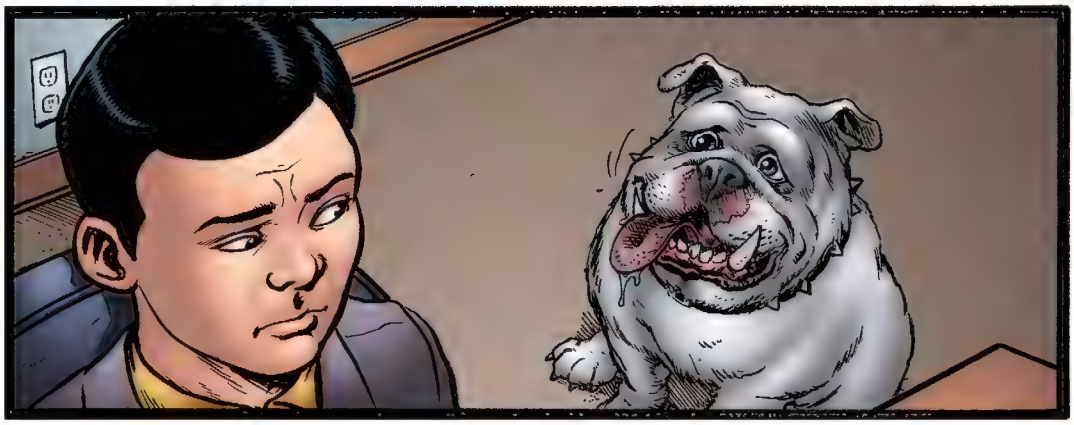

MS. RAYNER?
A MISTER BUTCHER TO SEE YOU, MA'AM.

BUTCHER?
THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM.
BIG ENGLISH GUY? TALKS LIKE MICHAEL CAINE?
THAT'S HIM.

HE HASN'T GOT AN APPOINTMENT OR ANYTHING, BUT HE JUST WALKED IN--I MEAN HE HAS FULL AGENCY CLEARANCE, IT CHECKS OUT LIKE--
SEND HIM IN.
HOLD MY CALLS.

YOU DISGUST ME! YOU DIRTY, FILTHY, REPULSIVE SON OF A BITCH, YOU MAKE ME WANT TO PUKE!!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHERE I WIPE ME DICK, LUV--

Susan L Rayner
DIRECTOR



SON, LET GO--
SON, PLEASE LET GO, YOU HAVE TO LET GO--
NO, DON'T LOOK OVER THERE, YOU DON'T WANNA SEE THAT--FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU--?
HERE WE GO--
POLICE
POLICE

...SCANNED HIM HEADING SOUTH AT ABOUT MACH THREE, I HAD TO COMPUTE A PURSUIT CURVE WHILE I WAS SPRINTING FLAT-OUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.
AYE.
WALK ON WATER, MAN. THEY NEVER SEE IT COMING.

WHERE EXACTLY AM I, JUST AS A MATTER OF FACT?
YOU'RE IN GLASGOW. AMERICA'S THAT WAY.
SO WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF BACK THERE, YOU CUNT.
POLICE
POLICE

WELL, I GUESS I BETTER GET THIS CHUMP.
WAAAAHHHH!

AAAHHHNNOOOO
NNOOO

SEYE
YOU HAVE PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH THIS, RIGHT? COOL.
AAAAHHHHH
I GOTTA GET GOING.

CAN'T STOP THE A-TRAIN--
HOT DOGS · HAGGIS

HIT HIM AGAIN! NOW!
HE'S ALREADY HAD--
FUCKING DO IT, WOULD YOU!!
RROOOBIIINNN...!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES.
I'M HERE TO GRANT 'EM, LUV.
SAME OLD ARROGANT PIECE OF SHIT AS EVER...
WORKS, DUNNIT? YOU HAD YOUR KNICKERS OFF YOU THERE LIKE A FUCKIN' SPEEDIN' BULLET.
FUCKING PIG--
HOW'S DAKOTA BOB? HE EVER TRY TO SLIP YOU A LENGTH AT ONE OF THE WEEKLY BRIEFINGS?
THE PRESIDENT IS A MAN OF TOTAL MORAL INTEGRITY. JUST HEARING SOMEONE LIKE YOU TALK ABOUT HIM IS ENOUGH TO TURN MY STOMACH.
WHATEVER YOU'VE COME TO SAY, SAY IT. I'M BUSY.
BEEN ANY NEW DIRECTIVES COME OUT OF THE OVAL OFFICE LATELY?
HOW--
COME ON, RAYNER. I HEAR THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.

YOU SHOULD'VE CALLED ME AS SOON AS YOU HEARD. I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T, BUT YOU SHOULD'VE.
MADE ANY PROGRESS ON YOUR OWN, AS A MATTER OF INTEREST? BIG SUCCESS SO FAR?

GO ON...
IS IT FUCK. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, HALF THE TIME YOU NOBBERS COULDN'T SORT OUT A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY.
THERE'S NOW SOMETHING LIKE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SUPES IN THE WORLD, AN' I'M WILLIN' TO BET YOU'VE GOT NO FURTHER THAN NAMES AN' HEADSHOTS ON NINETY-FIVE PERCENT.

BUT I KNOW 'EM.
HEROES OR VILLAINS, SAINTS OR SINNERS, TEENAGE OR GOLDEN AGE: I KNOW 'EM OR I KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.

YOU KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.
THE LEGEND WON'T TALK TO ANYONE BUT ME, MADAM DIRECTOR.
SO LEAVE IT OUT.

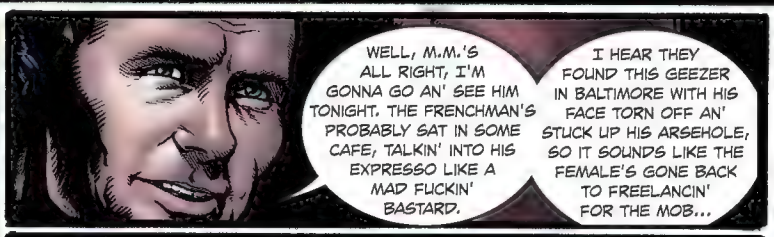
The BOYS

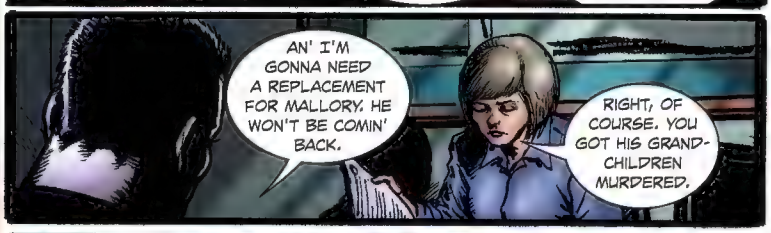
FUCK.

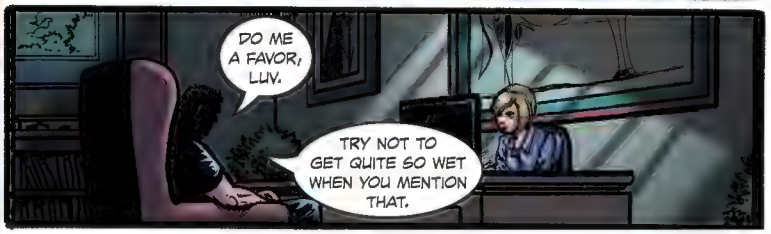
YOU MAY AS WELL GO AHEAD, LUV.
SUPERPOWER'S THE MOST DANGEROUS POWER ON EARTH. THERE'S MORE AN' MORE OF 'EM ALL THE TIME, AN' SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA WISE UP.
IF YOU CAN DODGE BULLETS OR OUTRUN TACHYONS OR SWIM ACROSS THE SUN, YOU'VE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE THAN SAVE THE WORLD FOR THE TWO HUNDREDTH FUCKIN' TIME.
ONE DAY, YOU MIGHT TWIG WHAT YOU'RE REALLY INVULNERABLE TO IS YOUR HUMANITY.
AN' THEN GOD HELP US ALL.
YOU MADE THIS DEAL WITH MY PREDECESSOR. THE FIRST TIME AROUND, BACK BEFORE IT ALL WENT TO SHIT.
YOU HAVE THE EXPERTISE; WE HAVE THE RESOURCES AND LEGITIMACY THAT ALLOW YOU TO OPERATE. THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND.
WHAT I DON'T-- WHAT TRULY DISTURBS ME, BECAUSE I'VE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE EYES--IS WHY YOU DO THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
IS WHAT MIGHT BE IN IT FOR YOU.
I'M JUST A BLOKE IN NEED OF A JOB, LUV.
...RIGHT.

THEY HAVE TO BE WATCHED. DAKOTA BOB SAID IT HIMSELF.
SO YOU NEED SOMEONE TO WATCH 'EM. SOMEONE TO GATHER INTEL--OR SHIT, WHICH IS MY PREFERRED TERM--AN' USE IT TO PLAY 'EM. SOMEONE WHO'S READY TO REMIND 'EM WHO'S BOSS AT A MOMENT'S FUCKIN' NOTICE.
NOW AN' AGAIN, WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT, YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN KILL ONE OR TWO OF THE CUNTS.
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU NEED--
CLASSIFIED

WHERE ARE THE REST OF THEM?


WELL, M.M.'S ALL RIGHT, I'M GONNA GO AN' SEE HIM TONIGHT. THE FRENCHMAN'S PROBABLY SAT IN SOME CAFE, TALKIN' INTO HIS EXPRESSO LIKE A MAD FUCKIN' BASTARD.
I HEAR THEY FOUND THIS GEEZER IN BALTIMORE WITH HIS FACE TORN OFF AN' STUCK UP HIS ARSEHOLE, SO IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FEMALE'S GONE BACK TO FREELANCIN' FOR THE MOB...


AN' I'M GONNA NEED A REPLACEMENT FOR MALLORY. HE WON'T BE COMIN' BACK.
RIGHT, OF COURSE. YOU GOT HIS GRAND-CHILDREN MURDERED.

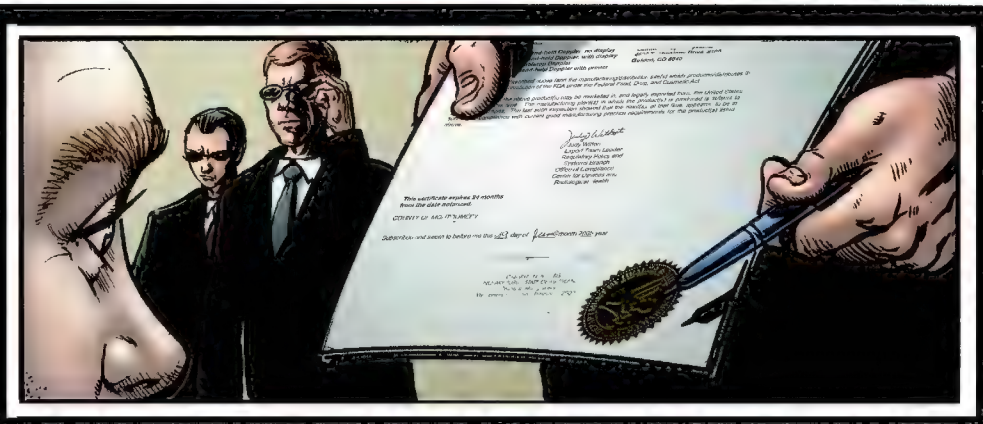

DO ME A FAVOR, LUV.
TRY NOT TO GET QUITE SO WET WHEN YOU MENTION THAT.

MISTER CAMPBELL
MISTER HUGH CAMPBELL
GOD'S THIRD LEG
I WONDER IF WE MIGHT COME IN FOR A MOMENT

EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST CONDOLENCES
TRAGIC LOSS
TRULY, TRULY TERRIBLE
AGENCY ATTACHED TO THE HOME OFFICE
LET'S SAY NATIONAL, RATHER THAN LOCAL
EARLY DAYS BUT WE FELT IT IMPORTANT TO KEEP YOU IN THE LOOP

EVENTS LIKE THESE HAVE ALL KINDS OF RAMIFICATIONS
MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE
MEANS DIFFERENT THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE
SADLY, MIGHT SEE THIS TRAGEDY MERELY AS AMMUNITION
PERSONAL AGENDA
BRINGS US TO THE LEGAL QUESTION

OH, NO-NO-NO
UNDERSTAND, WE UNDERSTAND, THE LAST THING WE WANT TO DO IS RUSH YOU
GOD, NO
SHOCK YOU'VE SUFFERED



I DON'T WANT FUCKIN' COMPENSATION.

I WANT HER BACK.

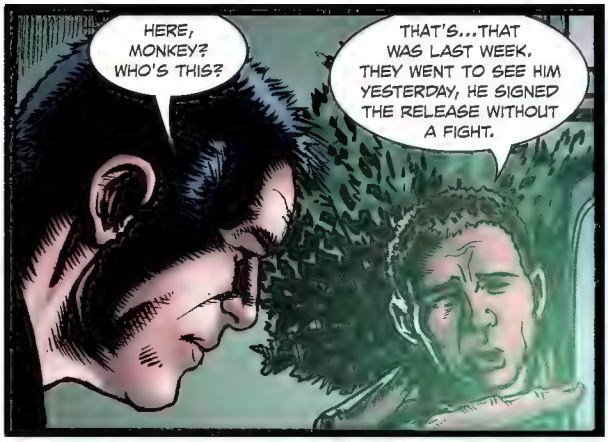
THAT'S ALL.

MISTER KESSLER?
MMMMM...?
SNEEZEX Tissue
Rosy Palms LOTTIONS
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.
MM?
A MISTER BUTCHER.
MISTER KESSLER?
SIR?
HELLO?

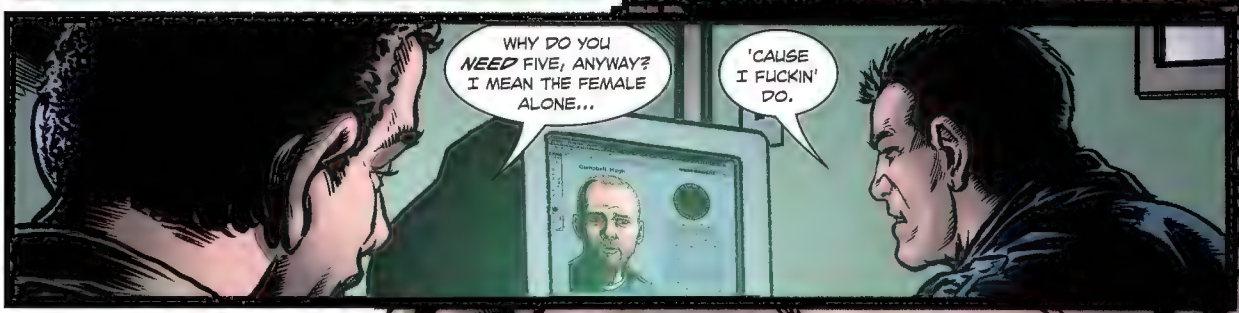
'LO, MONKEY.
THAT'S JUST TO LET YOU KNOW I'M BACK, MY SON.
I'M BACK, AN' EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE.
EXACTLY LIKE IT USED TO BE.
MONKEY.
YOU HAVE A GOOD OLD WRIGGLE THERE. WHEN YOU'RE DONE, WE'LL GO BACK IN AN' YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GIRL MAKE ME A NICE CUPPA TEA.
THEN I'LL HAVE A SHUFTI AT YOUR FILES, ALL RIGHT? SUIT YOU?
HHHHEEEEHHH
NICE ONE.
PROPER TEA, MONKEY. NOT THAT SHIT WITH THE FUCKIN' TAMPON STRING IN IT YOU SEPTICS THINK IS TEA.

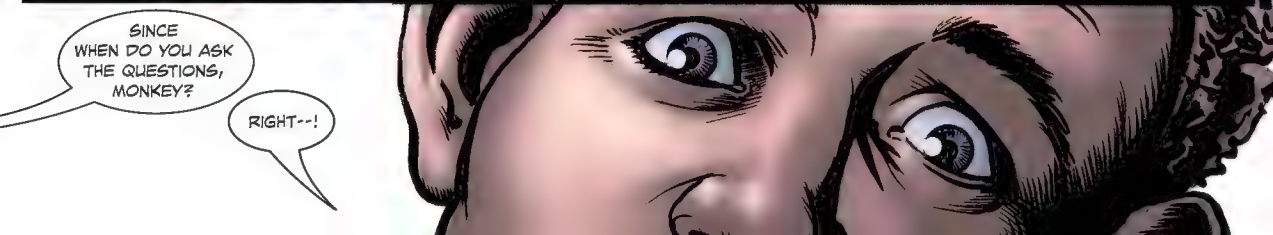
FUCK ME RIGID.

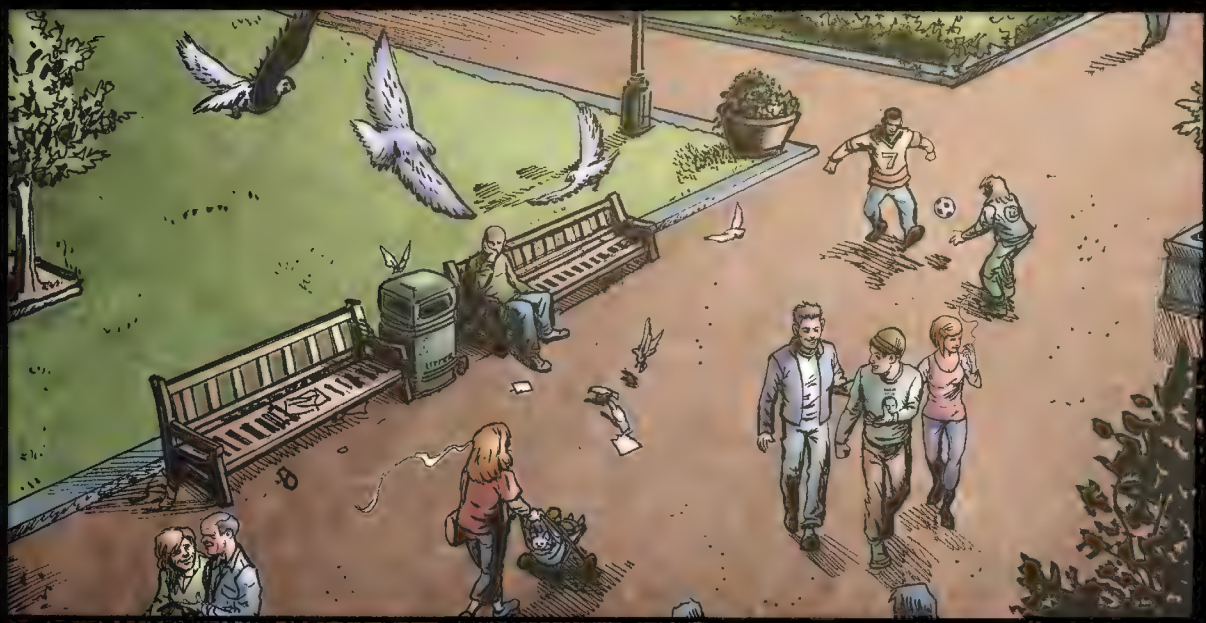
LOT MORE OF IT ABOUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, AIN'T THERE? SUPES ARE GETTIN' FUCKIN' CARELESS.
GETTIN' DOWNRIGHT LACKADAISICAL. HERE'S *INCINERON* GETS SHOT DOWN OVER SOME LITTLE COLOMBIAN VILLAGE, AN' THE *SEVEN* MAKE THE DONATION TO THE *GOVERNMENT?* AN' LO AN' BE-FUCKIN'-HOLD, *FARC* RECRUITMENT SHOOTS THROUGH THE ROOF...


HERE, MONKEY? WHO'S THIS?
THAT'S...THAT WAS LAST WEEK. THEY WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY, HE SIGNED THE RELEASE WITHOUT A FIGHT.

YEAH, HE NEVER EVEN MENTIONED MONEY. THAT'S USUALLY THE FIRST THING THEY START SCREAMIN' ABOUT.
HMM.

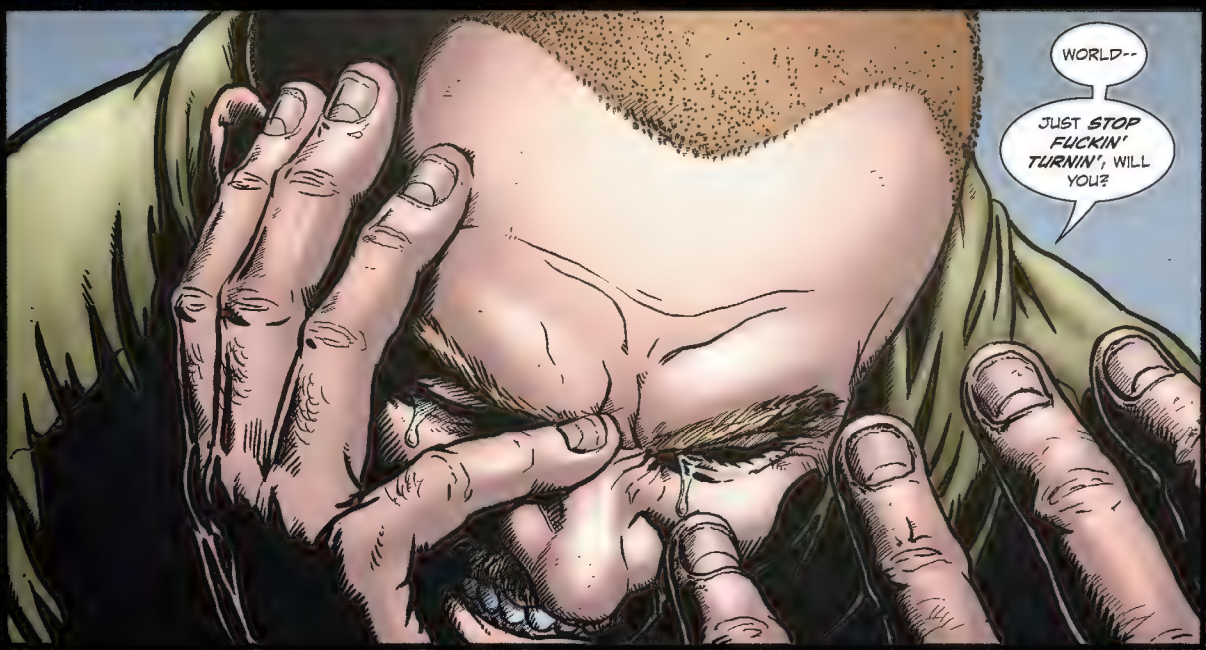

WHY DO YOU *NEED* FIVE, ANYWAY? I MEAN THE FEMALE ALONE...
'CAUSE I FUCKIN' DO.

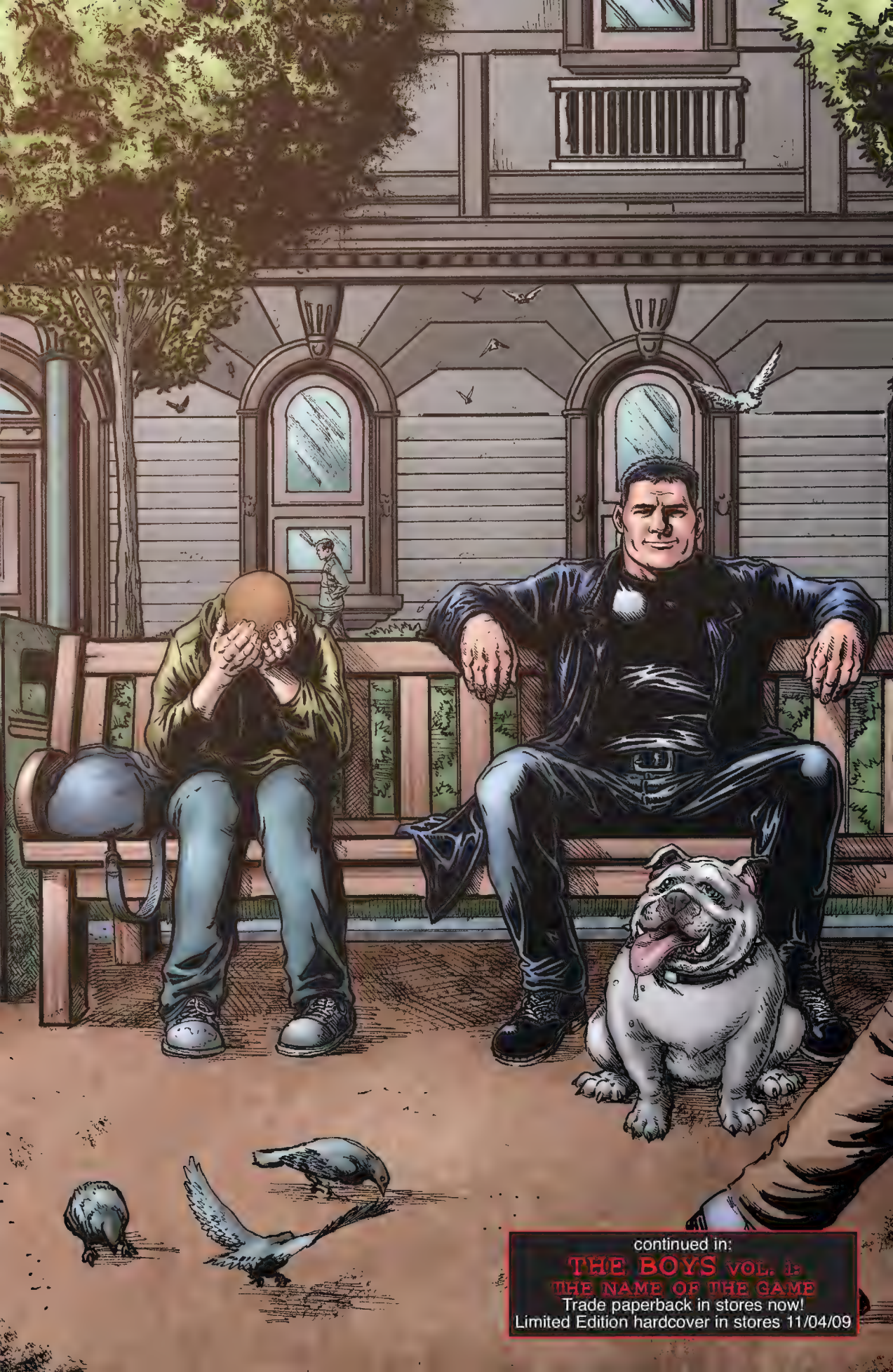

SINCE WHEN DO YOU ASK THE QUESTIONS, MONKEY?
RIGHT--!



IT'S NOT FAIR.
IT CAN'T BE.

IT WAS ALL GOIN' RIGHT FOR ME FOR ONCE...!


WORLD--
JUST STOP FUCKIN' TURNIN', WILL YOU?


continued in:
THE BOYS VOL. 1:
THE NAME OF THE GAME
Trade paperback in stores now!
Limited Edition hardcover in stores 11/04/09

DYNAMITE®
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

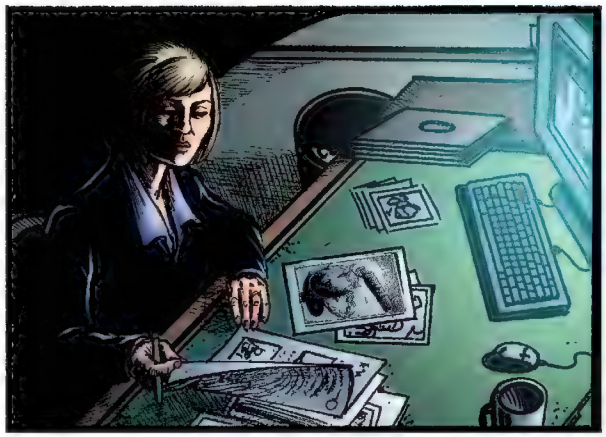
TWO

THE NAME OF THE GAME

PART TWO

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR ~ KRISTY QUINN
EDITOR ~ BEN ABERNATHY
COVER BY ROBERTSON AND AVIÑA
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON



BRUTAL BEATING UNLIKE ANYTHING ON RECORD AT THIS HOSPITAL

BLOW TO BASE OF SPINE, PROBABLY KICK, CAUSING ERUPTION OF VERTEBRAE FROM

PRISONER DEMANDED, THEN BEGGED NOT BE RELEASED

"...WAITING FOR ME OUT THERE, THAT FRENCH MANIAC WITH HIS..."

IN PARTICULAR SUBJECT KNOWN ONLY AS THE FEMALE, WHOSE ABILITY TO EXPLOSIVELY EVISCERATE

TRAUMATISED

FATALLY TRAUMATISED

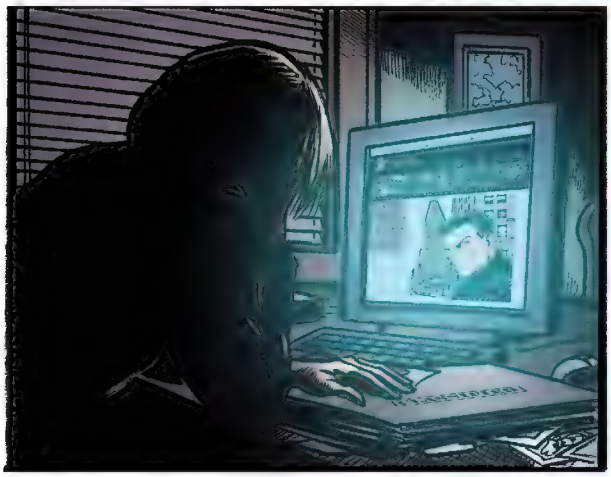
EXTREMELY RAGGED DECAPITATION, FOLLOWED BY

REFUSAL TO SPEAK DURING INTERROGATION PROVED TO BE DUE TO REMOVAL OF TONGUE

"...DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'VE LET LOOSE ON..."

CHARACTERISED AS POSSIBLY SINGLE MOST DANGEROUS INDIVIDUAL EVER ENCOUNTERED BY THIS AGENCY

WILLIAM J. A.K.A. BILLY



YOU ALL RIGHT, MATE?

NO.
SHIT... YOU LOSE SOMEONE? IS THAT IT?
AYE.

I'M SORRY, MATE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BOTHER YOU. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, ALL RIGHT?
YIP! YIP!YIP! YIP!

HHHH.
YIP! YIP! YIP! YIP!
WHAT IS THAT FUCKIN' NOISE...?

OH, IT'S... ONE OF THOSE LITTLE DOGS. SHITZU, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL 'EM.
HORRIBLE LITTLE THINGS.
LITTER

THAT'S A GOOD BOY, BENJAMIN. SUCH A GOOD BOY...
YIP! YIP! YIP! YIP!
I HATE THOSE WEE BASTARDS...
YEAH, ME TOO.
AN' SHE'S NOT GONNA CLEAN THAT UP, IS SHE? SHE'S JUST GONNA LEAVE IT THERE FOR SOME POOR SOD TO STAND IN.
HERE, D'YOU WANNA SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?
UH?
WATCH THIS.
TERROR? TERROR, MATE.
?
FUCK IT.

THE FRENCHMAN
WE WERE LOVERS FOR A WHILE, OF COURSE...
BUT TIME GOES BY, LIKE WINE, LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES THAT TUMBLE ONE BY ONE INTO THE SEINE...AND ONE DAY I CAME HOME AND FOUND HER GONE.
EN FRANCE, WHICH IS TO SAY, IN FRANCE, WE HAVE SAYING: A BIENTOT.
SEE YOU SOON. AND SO, THAT IS, OR EVEN THAT MIGHT BE, IF AND SO IS RIGHT-- WE COME TO THIS.
GODDAMN SURRENDER MONKEY.
YEAH, YOU FUCKIN' CHEESE-EATER.
FUCKIN' FRENCH FAGGOT.

RRRAAAAAHHH!
JESUS!
RRRAAAAAHHH!
WHAT THE FUCK--
YAAAAHH!
HA!

AAAAIIIEEEEE!!
OHHH...!
PICK THE BONES OUT OF THAT, EH, FRENCHY?
M'SIEU CHARCUTER...!
COFFEE SPECIALS
MON BRAVE! MON FRERE!
HERE, LEAVE IT OUT, FRENCHY...!
PEOPLE WILL FUCKIN' TALK, SON.
VIVE PLUS L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!

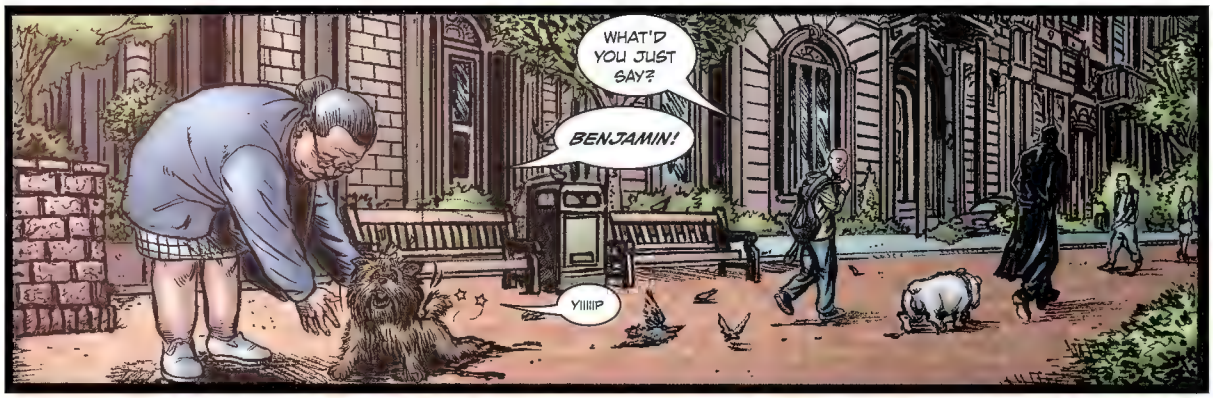
RRRGGGGLLLLGGGHHH
YYYIIIIIPPP!
OH, BENJAMIN--!

YOU AWFUL BRUTE! YOU HORROR! GET OFF MY LITTLE BENJAMIN!
YIP! YIP! YIP!

HEEEELLLP!
THIS IS THE MADDEST FUCKIN' THING I'VE SEEN IN AGES...!
WELL, IT PUT A SMILE BACK ON YOUR FACE, DIDN'T IT?

I'M NOT GONNA FUCK YOU ABOUT, HUGHIE. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.
THAT'S THE REASON I'M HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, I WANTED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT IT.

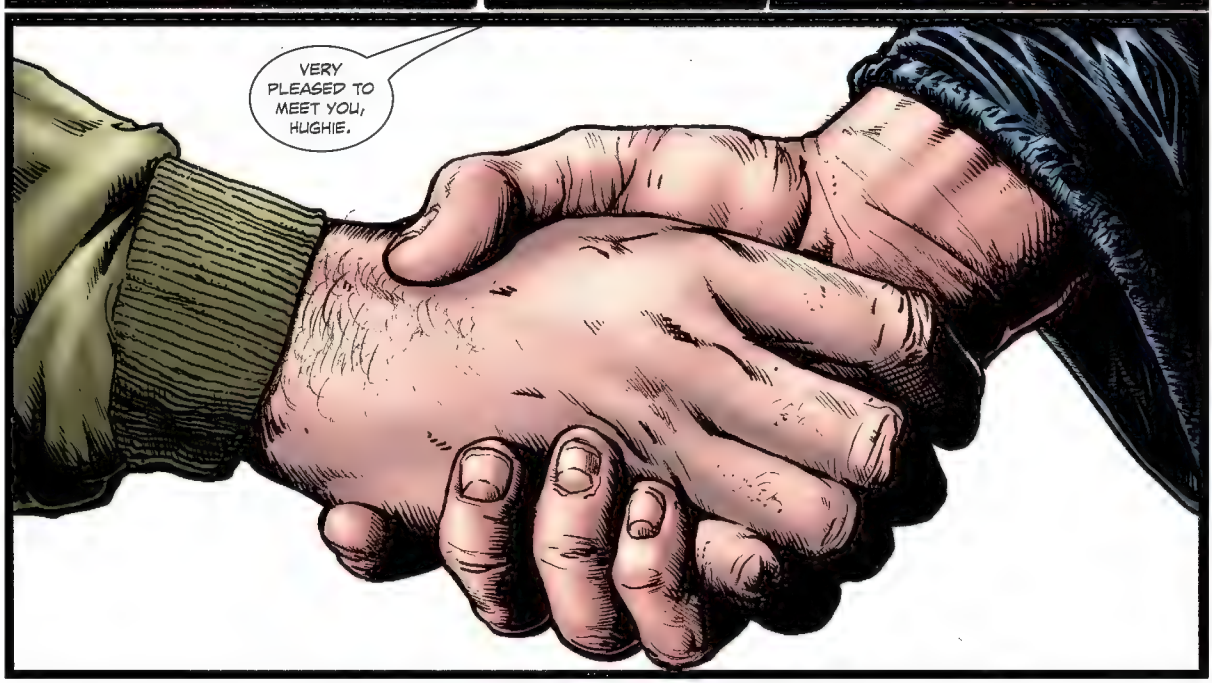
WHAT?
LET'S GO FOR A WALK.
TERROR!


WHAT'D YOU JUST SAY?
BENJAMIN!
YIIIIIP

WHAT D'YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHY D'YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME?
LISTEN, WHO ARE YOU...?

BUTCHER'S THE NAME. PEOPLE CALL ME BILLY.

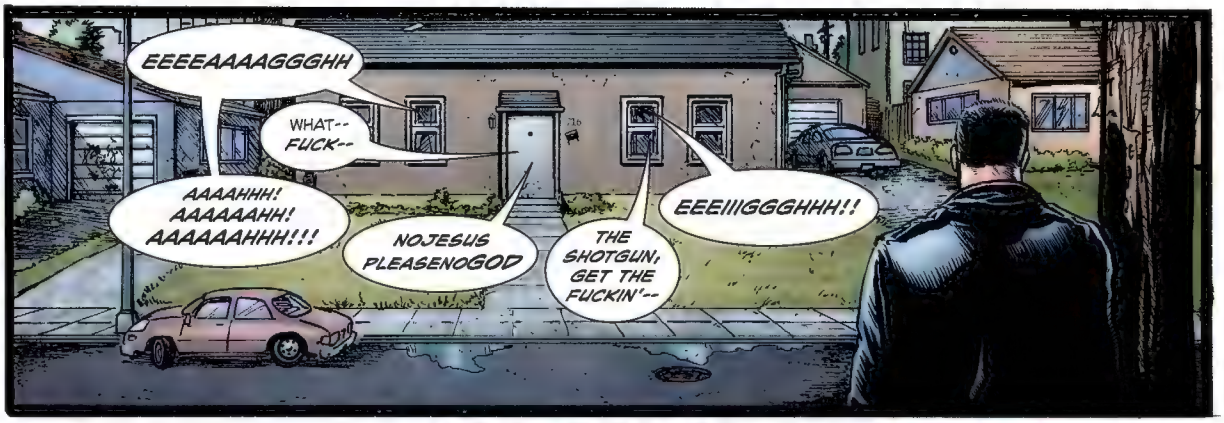
OH...WELL... I'M HUGHIE, BUT YOU SEEM TO KNOW THAT ALREADY...
SOME PEOPLE CALL ME WEE HUGHIE, I SUPPOSE.


VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HUGHIE.

SO...
I WAS SORRY TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GIRL. TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT IT WAS DIABOLICAL.
AN' I KNOW THEY CAME TO SEE YOU AFTERWARDS, MADE YOU SIGN SOME LOAD OF BOLLOCKS WHEN YOU WERE IN NO BLOODY STATE TO THINK STRAIGHT. BANG OUT OF ORDER, THAT WAS.
WELL-- WHO WERE THEY?
I MEAN HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS...?
I USED TO RUN A TEAM HAD THE JOB OF STOPPIN' THE SORT OF SHIT THAT HAPPENED TO ROBIN. OR IF WE COULDN'T STOP IT, WE MADE SURE THE GUILTY PARTY WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DO IT AGAIN.
IT'S THE SUPERHEROES, RIGHT? THE SUPES. WE WERE THE ONES WHO KEPT AN EYE ON 'EM.
SUPERHEROES...?
YEAH, YOU KNOW. THE LONG UNDERWEAR BRIGADE. TREAT THE WORLD LIKE THEIR FUCKIN' PLAYGROUND.
ANYWAY, IT WOULD NOW APPEAR OUR TIME'S COME ROUND AGAIN, SO I'M GOIN' AROUND TRYNNA PUT THE TEAM BACK TOGETHER.
MATTER OF FACT I WAS IN THE STATES AT THE WEEKEND, DOIN' EXACTLY THAT.

THE FEMALE (OF THE SPECIES)
WE GOTTA WAIT, IS ALL.
FRANK'S GONNA TALK TO JIMMY POCKETS, HE'S GONNA STRAIGHTEN THIS WHOLE THING OUT. UNTIL THEN, WE LIE LOW.
FRANK STILL AIN'T ANSWERIN' HIS CELLPHONE.
RIGHT, SO HE'S TALKIN' TO JIMMY, HE'S GOT IT SWITCHED OFF...
NO, IT AIN'T SWITCHED OFF. HE JUST AIN'T PICKIN' UP.
MAYBE HE AIN'T IN NO SHAPE TO PICK UP...
SHIT...!
LISTEN, WILL YOU THREE FAGGOTS KNOCK IT OFF? PLEASE?
AUDREY'S
THIS BULLSHIT AIN'T HELPIN' ANYONE. FRANK'S TALKIN' TO JIMMY. IT'S ALL GONNA BE--
YOU HEAR THAT?

WHAT?
LIKE SOMEONE KNOCKIN' ON THE DOOR, BUT REALLY FUCKIN' QUIETLY...
LEMME SEE.
IT'S SOME GIRL...
SHE CUTE?
SHE'S JUST FUCKIN' STANDIN' THERE STARIN' AT THE DOOR...
GO GET RIDDA HER, WILL YOU?
YEAH?
CAN I HELP YOU?
HELLO...?
FUCKIN' GREAT, SHE AIN'T SAYIN' SHIT. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GONNA START BAWLIN' HER EYES OUT.
SHE'S JUST A GIRL. SHOW HER A PICTURE OF SOME KITTENS OR SOMETHIN'.
I'LL SHOW HER MY MOTHERFUCKIN' DICK, THE LITTLE CUNT CAN LEARN TO MAKE HERSELF USEFUL.
GAK!!


EEEEAAAAGGGHH
WHAT--
FUCK--
AAAAHHH!
AAAAAAHH!
AAAAAAHHH!!!
NOJESUS
PLEASENOGOD
THE
SHOTGUN,
GET THE
FUCKIN'--
EEEIIIGGGHHH!!

NO!
NO!
GET THE
FUCK AWAY
FROM ME
YOUAAAAAHHHH!

NNNOOOOOOO--HHKKK

LOVELY.

SO... WHO DO YOU WORK FOR...?
C.I.A.
PUB
CHIPS
C.I.A.? WHAT, THE AMERICANS?
BUT THEY'RE CUNTS!
YEAH.
WELL, YEAH, THEY ARE. BUT I WANNA HIT THE SUPES, AN' THEY'RE THE ONES WITH THE RESOURCES TO DO IT.
I MEAN WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO, USE ME BILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE AN' OPERATE OUT OF A CAVE?
WELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL THE SECRET STUFF, LIKE? YOU KNOW, LIKE AREA FIFTY-ONE AN' THE ILLUMINATI AN' EVERYTHING?
THAT YOUR THING, IS IT?
AW MAN, IT'S FUCKIN' AMAZIN'! I MEAN THE SHITE THEM PEOPLE GET UP TO, PUTTIN' SUBLIMINALS ON T.V., AN'...TRANSPLANTIN' FOLKS' BRAIN TISSUE WITH ALIEN D.N.A. AN'...ALL THE OTHER STUFF!
I MEAN YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY RUN THE WORLD...!

OH, BLOODY HELL.
HUGHIE, NOT EVEN IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS COULD THOSE TITS RUN THE WORLD. AN' IT'S NOT SECRET SOCIETIES, IT'S NOT THE ILLUMINATI OR DEPARTMENT X MEETIN' IN A ROOM NO ONE EVEN KNOWS EXISTS. IT'S NONE OF THAT.
IT'S JUST THE PLAIN OLD COMPANY.
FAT BLOKES AN' GEEKS SIT IN THEIR OFFICES TRYNNA THINK UP WAYS TO WATCH PEOPLE. TO DO NOTHIN' MORE THAN KEEP THE WORLD EXACTLY THE WAY IT IS.
WHICH MEANS POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE POWERFUL. WHICH MEANS THE STATUS QUO.
AN' NOTHIN'S A BIGGER THREAT TO THE STATUS QUO THAN SUPER-HEROES...
YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK, AREN'T YOU, MY SON?
AYE, BUT... I MEAN, WORKIN' FOR THEM?
I TOLD YOU, I WANNA STAMP ON THESE BASTARDS, STOP 'EM FUCKIN' THINGS UP FOR EVERYONE. IF YOU KNOW SOMEWHERE I'LL GET A BETTER OFFER THAN LANGLEY, I'M ALL EARS.
ALL RIGHT, LOOK: YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL, BUT YOU DO A BIT OF GOOD. YOU MAYBE SAVE A FEW LIVES.
AT THE VERY LEAST YOU KEEP THE FUCKIN' SUPES GUESSIN', KNOW WHAT I MEAN...?
ARE YOU--
DO YOU WANT ME FOR THIS?

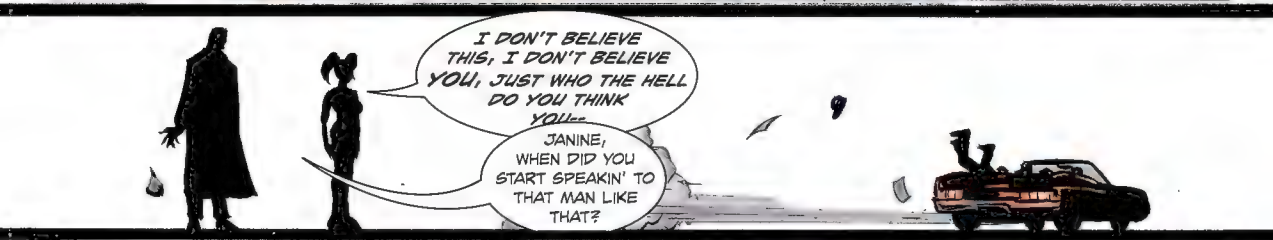
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT.
SOMEONE WHO'S FELT IT.
THAT ARROGANCE. THAT FUCKIN' DISDAIN THEY HAVE FOR US, WHERE OUR LIVES MEAN NOTHIN' MORE THAN A RAT'S.
OUR DEATHS ARE BARELY AN EMBARRASSMENT.
AN' ALL THEY DO IS WALK AWAY.
AYE. BUT...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--I MEAN THE STUFF YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, YOU MUST NEED TO BE ABLE TO FIGHT, AN' SPY ON PEOPLE AN' ALL THAT...
THAT'S ALL JUST DETAILS, HUGHIE. YOU CAN LEARN THAT.
SEE, I READ THE REPORT THOSE THREE WANKERS FILED. I KNOW YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR MONEY.
YOU DIDN'T WANT A PAY-OFF, SO YOU COULD LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN DENIAL. TRY AN' PRETEND SOME FUCKER DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH KILLING YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU WANTED AT ALL.

MOTHER'S MILK
BUTCHER, MAN...
I DUNNO.
BAD ASS
COME ON, MATE...!
NO, SERIOUSLY.
COME ON, YOU KNOW IT'S THE ONLY WAY IT'S GONNA WORK...
I MEAN THE OTHER TWO ARE MAD AS ARSEHOLES. THE NEW LAD'LL BE AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY, AT LEAST AT THE START.
I CAN'T SHOW HIM THE ROPES AND WATCH THEM AND GET ON WITH THE JOB, I'VE GOTTA HAVE A GOOD N.C.O. IN THERE TO TAKE UP THE SLACK...
I DUNNO-- OH MAN, DON'T BE PUTTIN' THAT DOWN THERE, I JUST GOT THROUGH CLEANIN' THERE. LEMME GET YOU A COASTER OR SOMETHIN'.
OH, SORRY, MATE.

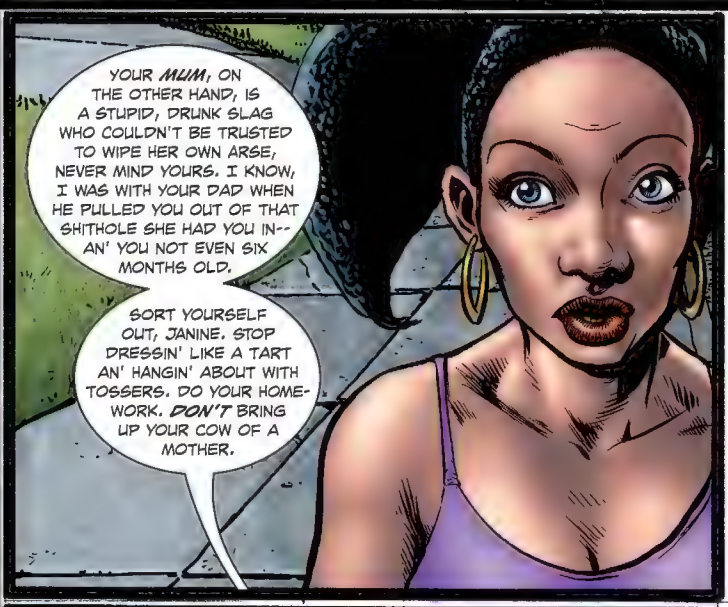
YOU KNOW, I BEEN MAKIN' SOME REAL PROGRESS WITH THESE KIDS I BEEN WORKIN' WITH HERE. I FEEL LIKE I'M MAKIN' A DIFFERENCE IN THEIR LIVES.
WHAT, THIS COMMUNITY THING?
YEAH. AN' LOOK, WE WERE INTO SOME BAD SHIT EVEN BEFORE WHAT HAPPENED WITH MALLORY, AN' I GOTTA TELL YOU: I AM ABOUT A MILLION TIMES HAPPIER WITH ALL THAT BEHIND ME.
I THINK IF I AM GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE, I'M MORE COMFORTABLE DOIN' IT ON A SMALLER SCALE...
AW, NOW THAT IS BOLLOCKS--
HEY, UNCLE BILLY.
JANINE, HONEY, WHAT'D WE SAY 'BOUT YOU DRESSIN' THAT WAY...?
OH, DID WE SAY SOMETHING? BECAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING A CONVERSATION, ALL I REMEMBER IS YOU TELLING ME WHAT TO DO.
'LO, DOLL.
HONEY, DON'T BE--
OH, OKAY, NOW I DON'T EVEN GET TO DEFEND MYSELF? THAT DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU, ME HAVING A MIND OF MY OWN?
JANINE...!
YOU KNOW, MAYBE I'LL GO STAY WITH MOM FOR A WHILE. IT COULD BE I HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING ENOUGH TIME WITH HER.
I'M GOING OUT. DRESSED HOW I LIKE, WITH WHOEVER I LIKE, FOR AS LONG AS I LIKE.
BUT YOU GOT HOME-WORK--
LATER, UNCLE BILLY.

AN' THEN...THERE'S THAT.
NEED A PISS.
'SCUSE ME, LADS. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A QUIET WORD WITH JANINE.
UNCLE BILLY...!
YOU WANNA WORD, WHITE BOY? YO, CHECK IT OUT, YOU WANNA WORD WITH THIS?
WHAT YOU S'POSED TO BE, MUTHAFUCKA? YOU FUCKIN' ENGLISH?
MY LUMPS
MY LUMPS

GLOCK'S A WANKER'S GUN, SON.


I DON'T BELIEVE THIS, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, JUST WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU--
JANINE, WHEN DID YOU START SPEAKIN' TO THAT MAN LIKE THAT?

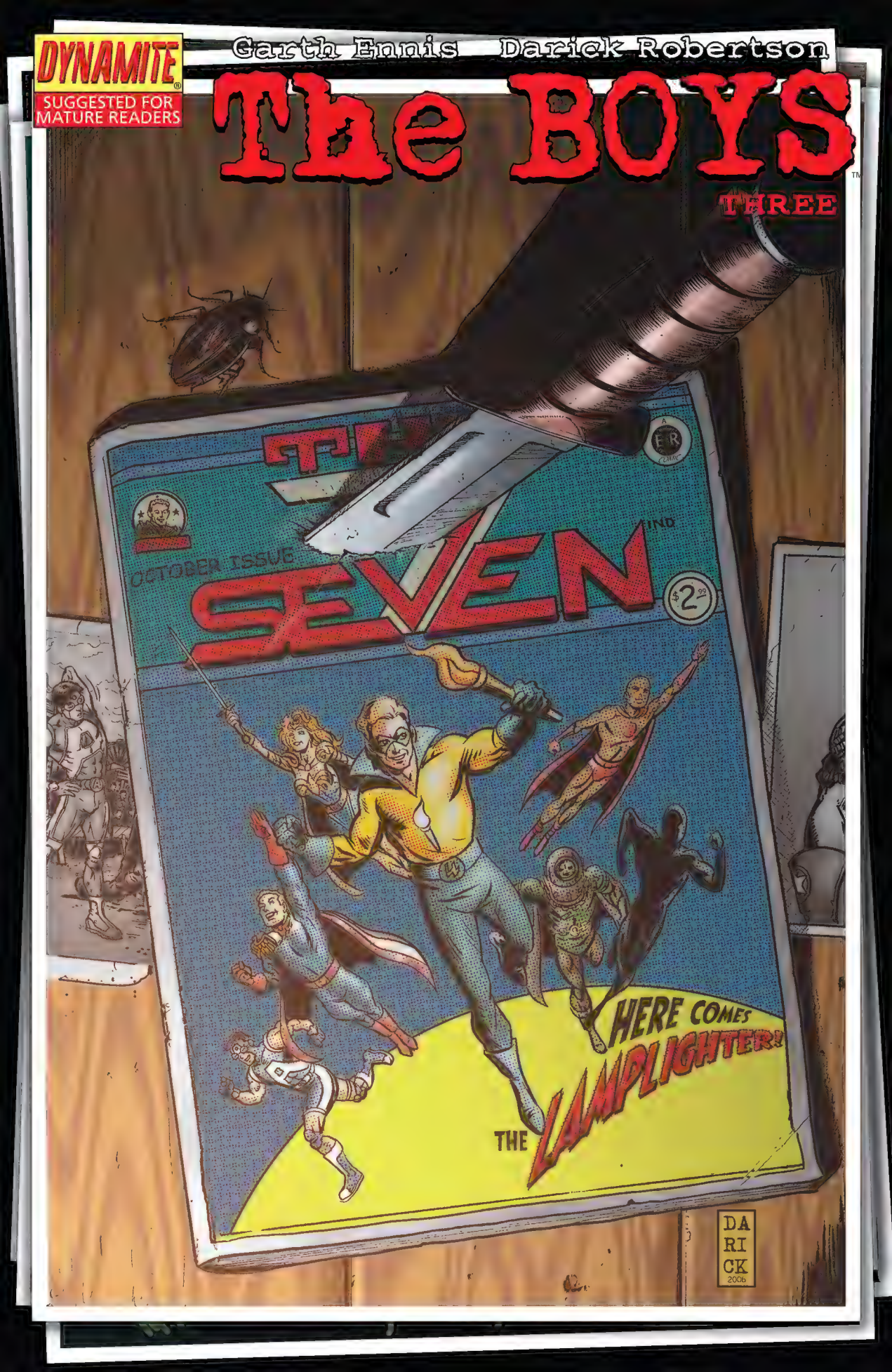
WHAT?
HE WORKS EVERY HOUR GOD SENDS SO HE CAN LOOK AFTER YOU. HE FEEDS YOU, CLOTHES YOU, SENDS YOU TO SCHOOL AN' PUTS A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO HAVE A BLOKE LIKE HIM FOR A FATHER, D'YOU KNOW THAT?


YOUR MUM, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS A STUPID, DRUNK SLAG WHO COULDN'T BE TRUSTED TO WIPE HER OWN ARSE, NEVER MIND YOURS. I KNOW, I WAS WITH YOUR DAD WHEN HE PULLED YOU OUT OF THAT SHITHOLE SHE HAD YOU IN-- AN' YOU NOT EVEN SIX MONTHS OLD.
SORT YOURSELF OUT, JANINE. STOP DRESSIN' LIKE A TART AN' HANGIN' ABOUT WITH TOSSERS. DO YOUR HOMEWORK. DON'T BRING UP YOUR COW OF A MOTHER.

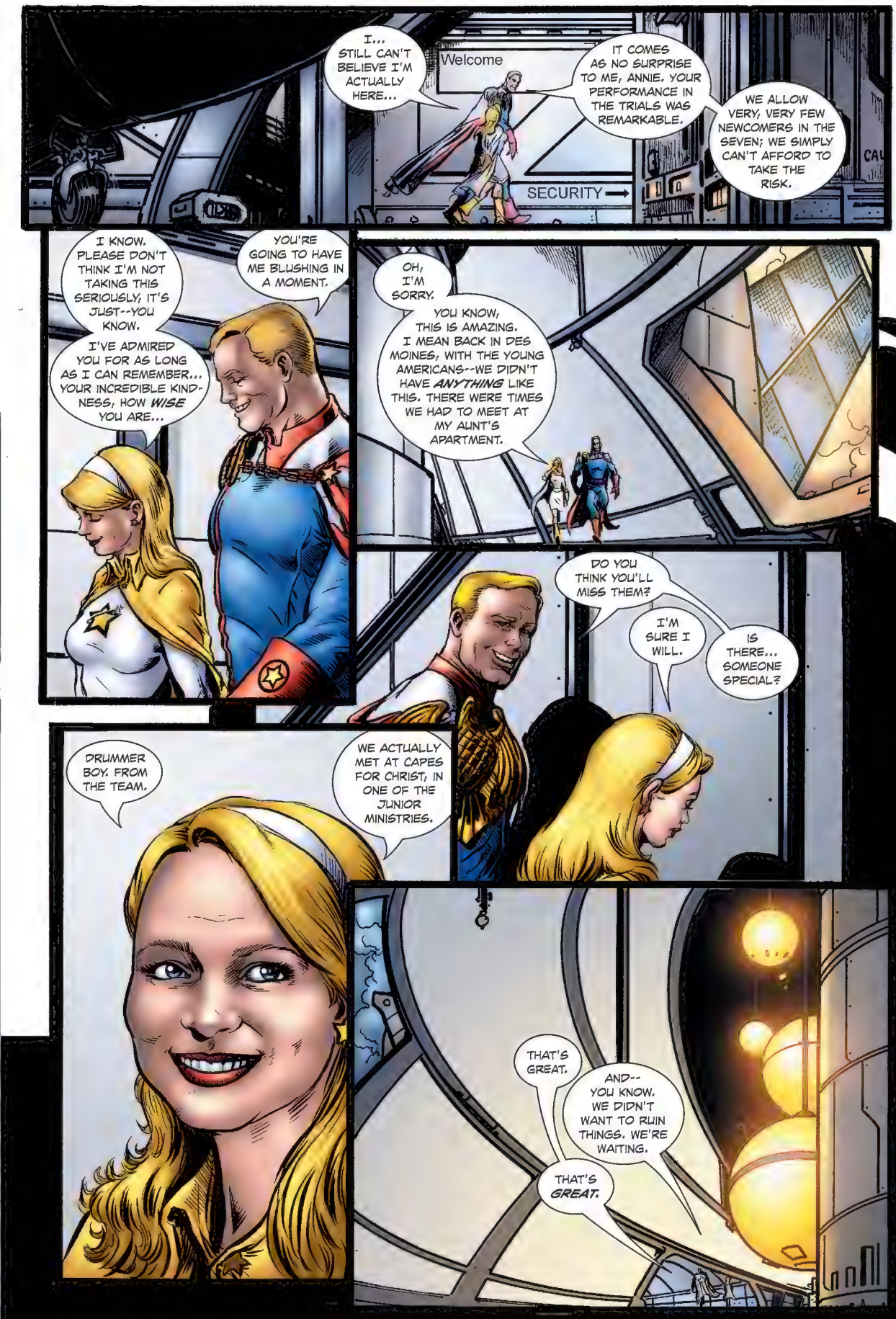
NOW GET BACK IN THERE AN' SHOW YOUR OLD DAD SOME BLOODY RESPECT...!

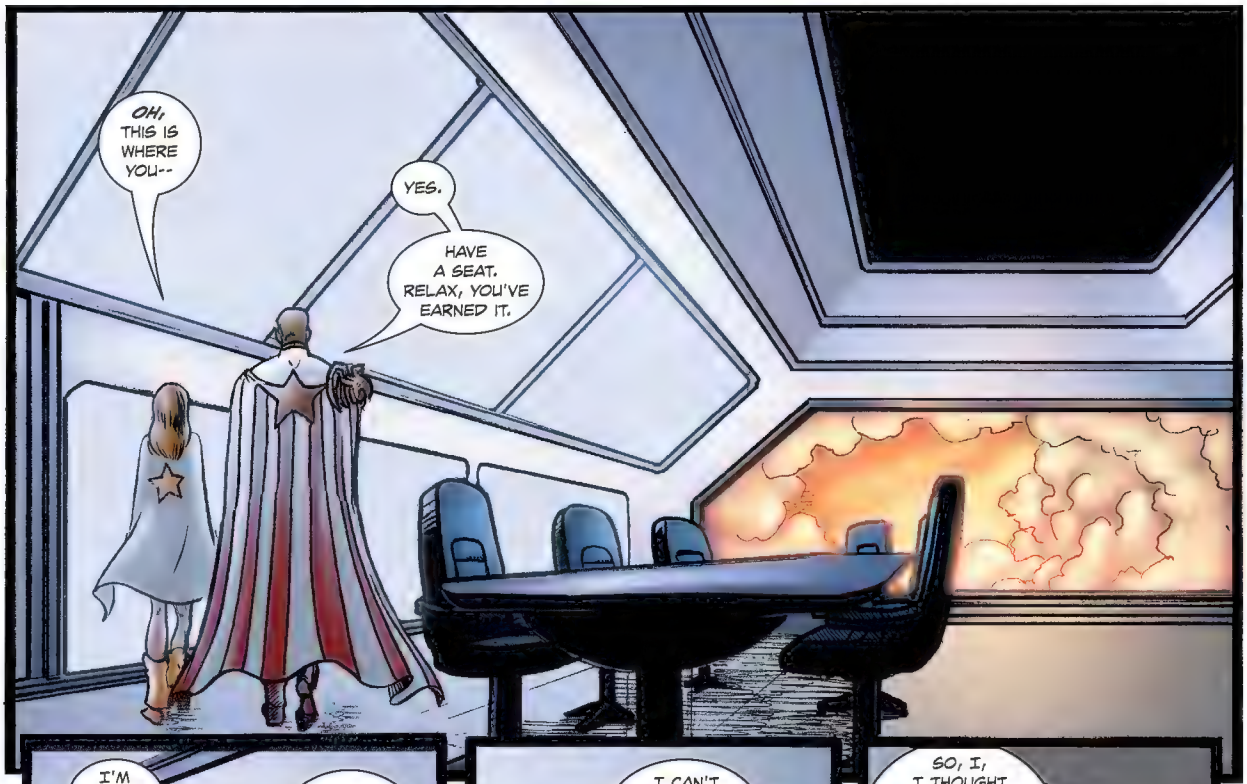
I'M OUTTA MY DEPTH. I'M SORRY.
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN DO THIS OR ANYTHIN' EVEN LIKE IT. I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO *IMAGINE* THE KINDA THINGS YOU'D HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO DO.
I'VE GOT TO...YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT TO TRY AN' GET ON WITH EVERYTHING.
HE LAUGHED HIS BOLLOCKS OFF ABOUT YOUR GIRL.
WHAT...?
A-TRAIN. HE'S ONE OF *THE SEVEN*-- YOU KNOW, EARTH'S MOST MIGHTY, ALL THAT. "BRINGING JUSTICE TO ALL, AVENGERS OF THE INNOCENT."
HE WAS FREAKED OUT AT FIRST, BUT THE OTHERS TALKED HIM DOWN. THEY CAN'T RISK ONE OF THEIR OWN LOSIN' FAITH.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I BUGGED THE SEVEN'S H.Q., MATE.
LISTEN TO THE TAPES IF YOU WANT.
IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE, IT'LL HAPPEN AGAIN. UNLESS SOMEONE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
BUT THAT'S THE BIT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY'VE GOT *SUPERPOWERS*, I MEAN HOW ARE YOU GONNA MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON *THEM?*

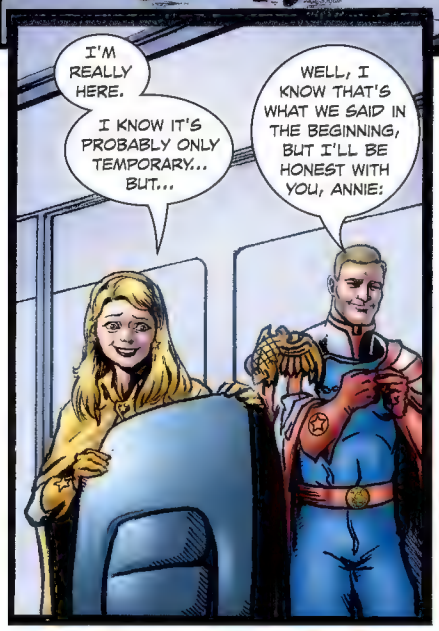
WAYS AN' MEANS.
I'VE GOTTA GET MOVIN'. HERE, THERE'S A COUPLA GRAND IN THERE.
HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT WE DO. I'LL SHOW YOU THE INS AN' OUTS OF IT, THEN YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MIND UP.
COME AN' MEET THE BOYS.
OI! TERROR!
COME TO NEW YORK FOR A WEEK OR TWO. GIVE US A RING WHEN YOU FIND A PLACE TO STAY, THE NUMBER'S ON THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE.
NICE TALKIN' TO YOU, HUGHIE.
SEE YOU.
END

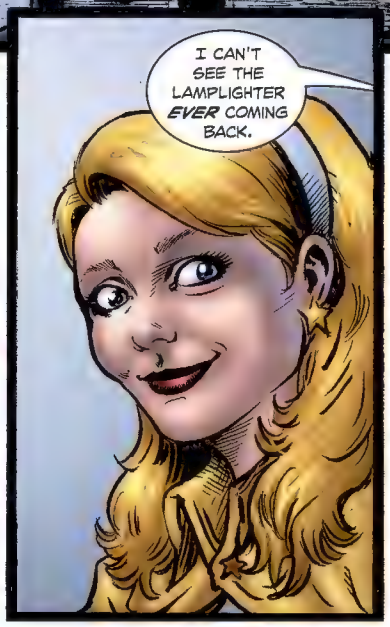

DYNAMITE
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson
The BOYS
THREE
OCTOBER ISSUE
SEVEN
$2.99
HERE COMES THE LAMPLIGHTER!
DA RI CK 2006

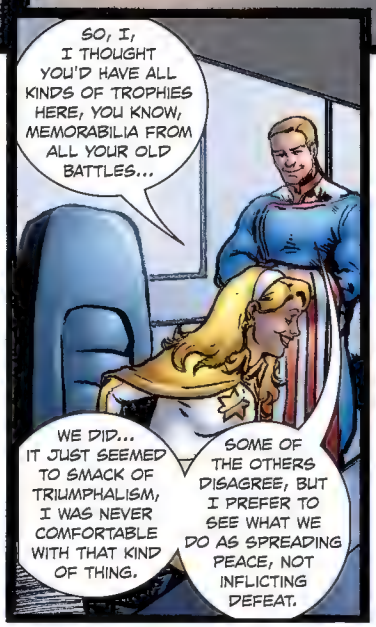
OH MY GOODNESS, I--
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE HERE--!
YOU'RE OUR NEWEST RECRUIT, WHY ON EARTH WOULDN'T I COME TO MEET YOU?
BECAUSE YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE HOMELANDER...!
JOHN. AND IT'S NOT STARLIGHT ALL THE TIME, IS IT?
ANNIE.
ANNIE JANUARY.
WELCOME TO THE SEVEN, ANNIE.

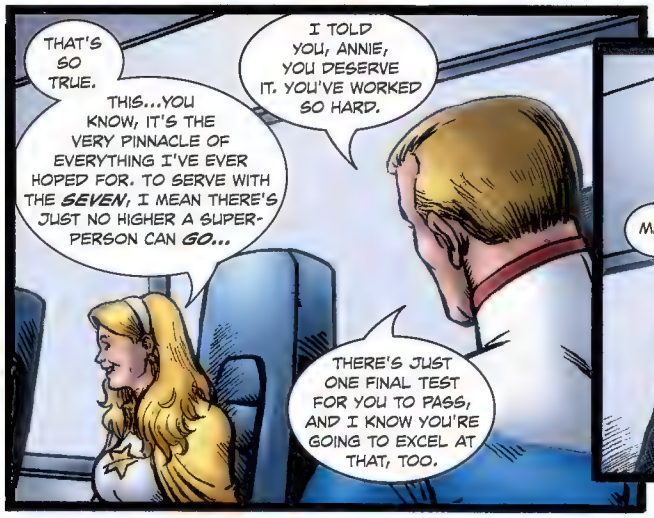

I... STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY HERE...
Welcome
IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE TO ME, ANNIE. YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE TRIALS WAS REMARKABLE.
WE ALLOW VERY, VERY FEW NEWCOMERS IN THE SEVEN; WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE RISK.
SECURITY
I KNOW. PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M NOT TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY; IT'S JUST--YOU KNOW.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ME BLUSHING IN A MOMENT.
I'VE ADMIRED YOU FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER... YOUR INCREDIBLE KINDNESS, HOW WISE YOU ARE...
OH, I'M SORRY.
YOU KNOW, THIS IS AMAZING. I MEAN BACK IN DES MOINES, WITH THE YOUNG AMERICANS--WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS. THERE WERE TIMES WE HAD TO MEET AT MY AUNT'S APARTMENT.
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL MISS THEM?
I'M SURE I WILL.
IS THERE... SOMEONE SPECIAL?
DRUMMER BOY. FROM THE TEAM.
WE ACTUALLY MET AT CAPES FOR CHRIST, IN ONE OF THE JUNIOR MINISTRIES.
THAT'S GREAT.
AND-- YOU KNOW. WE DIDN'T WANT TO RUIN THINGS. WE'RE WAITING.
THAT'S GREAT.

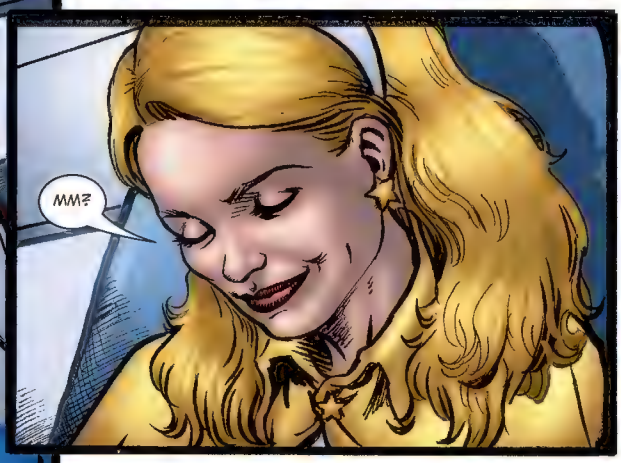

OH, THIS IS WHERE YOU--
YES.
HAVE A SEAT. RELAX, YOU'VE EARNED IT.


I'M REALLY HERE.
I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY ONLY TEMPORARY... BUT...
WELL, I KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE SAID IN THE BEGINNING, BUT I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, ANNIE:


I CAN'T SEE THE LAMPLIGHTER EVER COMING BACK.


SO, I, I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE ALL KINDS OF TROPHIES HERE, YOU KNOW, MEMORABILIA FROM ALL YOUR OLD BATTLES...
WE DID... IT JUST SEEMED TO SMACK OF TRIUMPHALISM, I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE WITH THAT KIND OF THING.
SOME OF THE OTHERS DISAGREE, BUT I PREFER TO SEE WHAT WE DO AS SPREADING PEACE, NOT INFLICTING DEFEAT.


THAT'S SO TRUE.
THIS...YOU KNOW, IT'S THE VERY PINNACLE OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER HOPED FOR. TO SERVE WITH THE SEVEN, I MEAN THERE'S JUST NO HIGHER A SUPER-PERSON CAN GO...
I TOLD YOU, ANNIE, YOU DESERVE IT. YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD.
THERE'S JUST ONE FINAL TEST FOR YOU TO PASS, AND I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO EXCEL AT THAT, TOO.


MM?

CHERRY part one

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
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LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

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THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON

LUNCH
LUNCH
NEED LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
OH, OH, I FOUND IT IN THE GUIDEBOOK. IT SAID IT WAS CHEAP.
YEAH, I BET IT DID. YOU'RE IN THE FUCKIN' SOUTH BRONX, DID IT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?
COME ON, GET IN...
DUNBIER
MOTEL
HOURLY · WEEKLY · MONTHLY
LIQUOR
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH

I DUNNO, I QUITE LIKE IT. THERE'S ALL THESE AMAZIN' CHARACTERS STAYIN' THERE.
PLUS ONE, AS OF TODAY.
OKAY, MATE, OFF WE GO.

I DID READ ONE WEE THING ABOUT IT STILL BEIN' A, A TROUBLED NEIGHBOUR-HOOD...
YEAH, WHAT THAT MEANS IS THE BLOKE'S TOO MUCH OF A WANKER TO CALL IT A FUCKIN' PIGSTY.

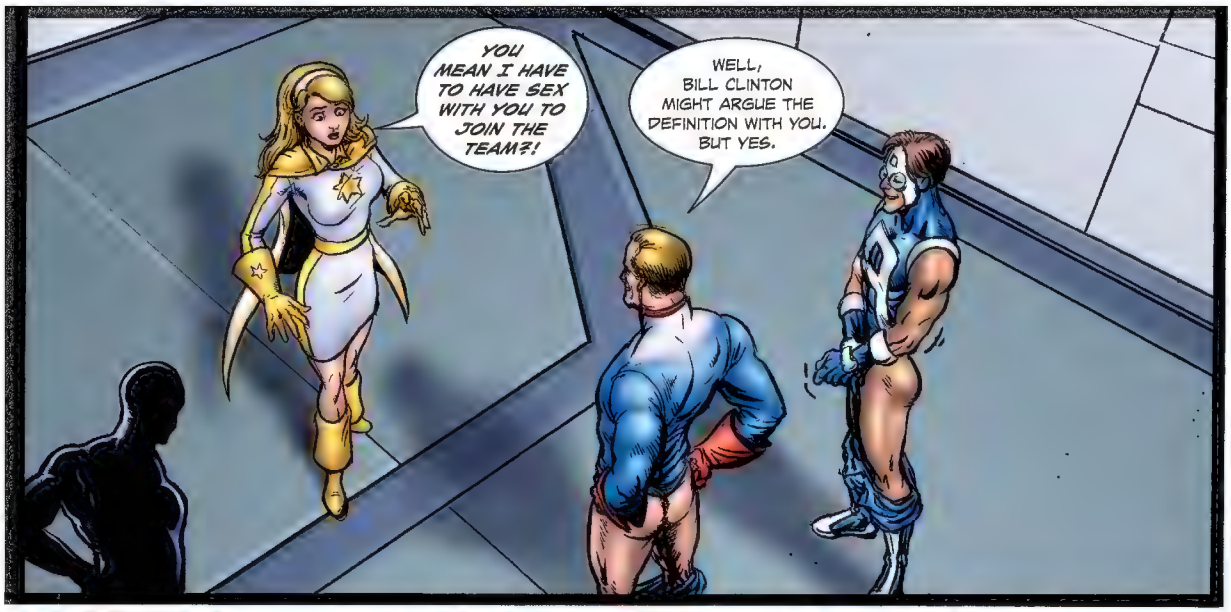
WELL, FIRST FLOOD OF BLOOD-FLECKED SEMEN UNDER THE DOOR, DON'T COME CRYIN' TO ME.
TAKE THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, WOULD YOU, MATE? TA.

SO HOW WAS THE FLIGHT?
OH, IT WAS OKAY...
HE WON'T, UH...YOU KNOW...
WHAT, FUCK YOU? NOT UNLESS I TELL HIM TO.
NO, IT WAS ALL RIGHT. IMMIGRATION'S A RIGHT PAIN IN THE ARSE, THOUGH, I WAS STANDIN' THERE FOR BLOODY AGES.
OH, YEAH, THAT'S MY FAULT. SORRY, MATE.
HERE YOU GO, YOU'VE BEEN A U.S. CITIZEN FOR THE PAST WEEK.
PASSPOR
JINGS...!

OR JUST BUTCHER. MISTER BUTCHER MAKES ME SOUND LIKE ME DAD.
NO, WE ACTUALLY DO MOST OF OUR FLYIN' WITH THE AIR FORCE. BLOODY HANDY. ALTHOUGH YOU DO TEND TO MEET A LOT OF CHAINED-UP PAKISTANI LADS WITH BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS...
THAT'S HORRIBLE...!
YEAH, I SUPPOSE IT IS.
MISTER BUTCHER, I--I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'M GONNA BE--
BILLY, HUGHIE.
BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, INNIT?
"YOU DON'T PLAY WITH MATCHES IF YOU DON'T WANT TO START ANY FIRES."

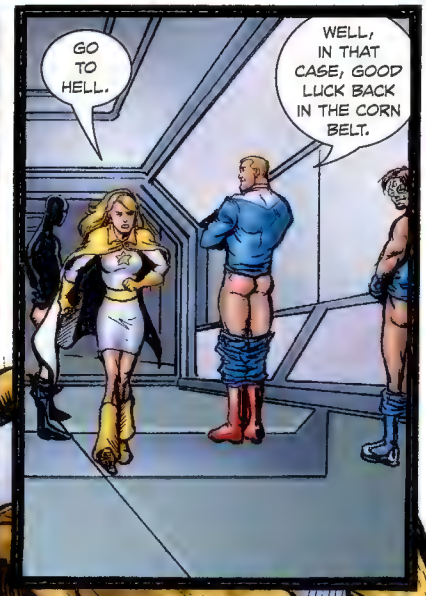
HUH
HUH
HUH
HOMELANDER...?
SUCK IT...!
WHAT-- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU--?
NOTHING. BEYOND THE FACT THAT I WANT A BLOWJOB AND-- INCREDIBLY--SEEM TO BE ENCOUNTERING COMMUNICATION DIFFICULTIES.
YOU GET ON YOUR KNEES AND YOU PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU SUCK THE GODDAMN THING...!
YOU CAN'T-- CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T--
YOU JUST CAN'T MEAN IT...!
HEY, WHAT'S UP?

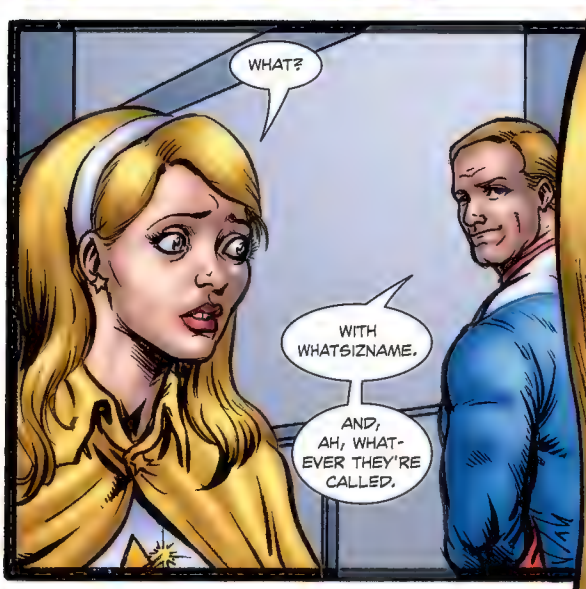
BLACK NOIR AND A-TRAIN! OH, THANK THE LORD!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED, I THINK--I THINK SOMEONE'S CONTROLLING THE HOMELANDER!
HE'S, HE'S, I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT'S SOME KIND OF DUPLICATE OR AN ANDROID, LIKE WHEN INSANIAC INFILTRATED THE--
OH GOD
YOU'RE GOING TO FORCE YOURSELVES ON ME
CHRIST, NO. NOBODY'S FORCING ANYONE TO DO ANYTHING.
NO, IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF HOW BADLY YOU WANT TO JOIN THE SEVEN.

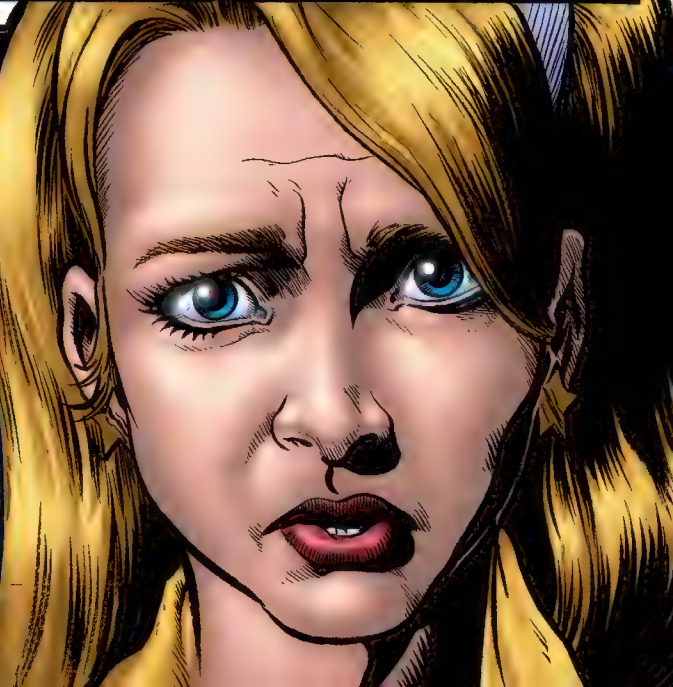

YOU MEAN I HAVE TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU TO JOIN THE TEAM?!
WELL, BILL CLINTON MIGHT ARGUE THE DEFINITION WITH YOU. BUT YES.

BUT--BUT YOU'RE THE SEVEN, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! I MEAN THIS IS COMPLETELY DISGUSTING! IT'S A BETRAYAL OF EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR!
YOU'RE EARTH'S MOST MIGHTY! YOU BRING JUSTICE TO ALL, YOU AVENGE THE INNOCENT! YOU'RE THE SEVEN!

YES, AND WE'D LIKE TO GET OUR DICKS SUCKED.
CAN'T STOP THE A-TRAIN--!


GO TO HELL.
WELL, IN THAT CASE, GOOD LUCK BACK IN THE CORN BELT.


WHAT?
WITH WHATSIZNAME.
AND, AH, WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.



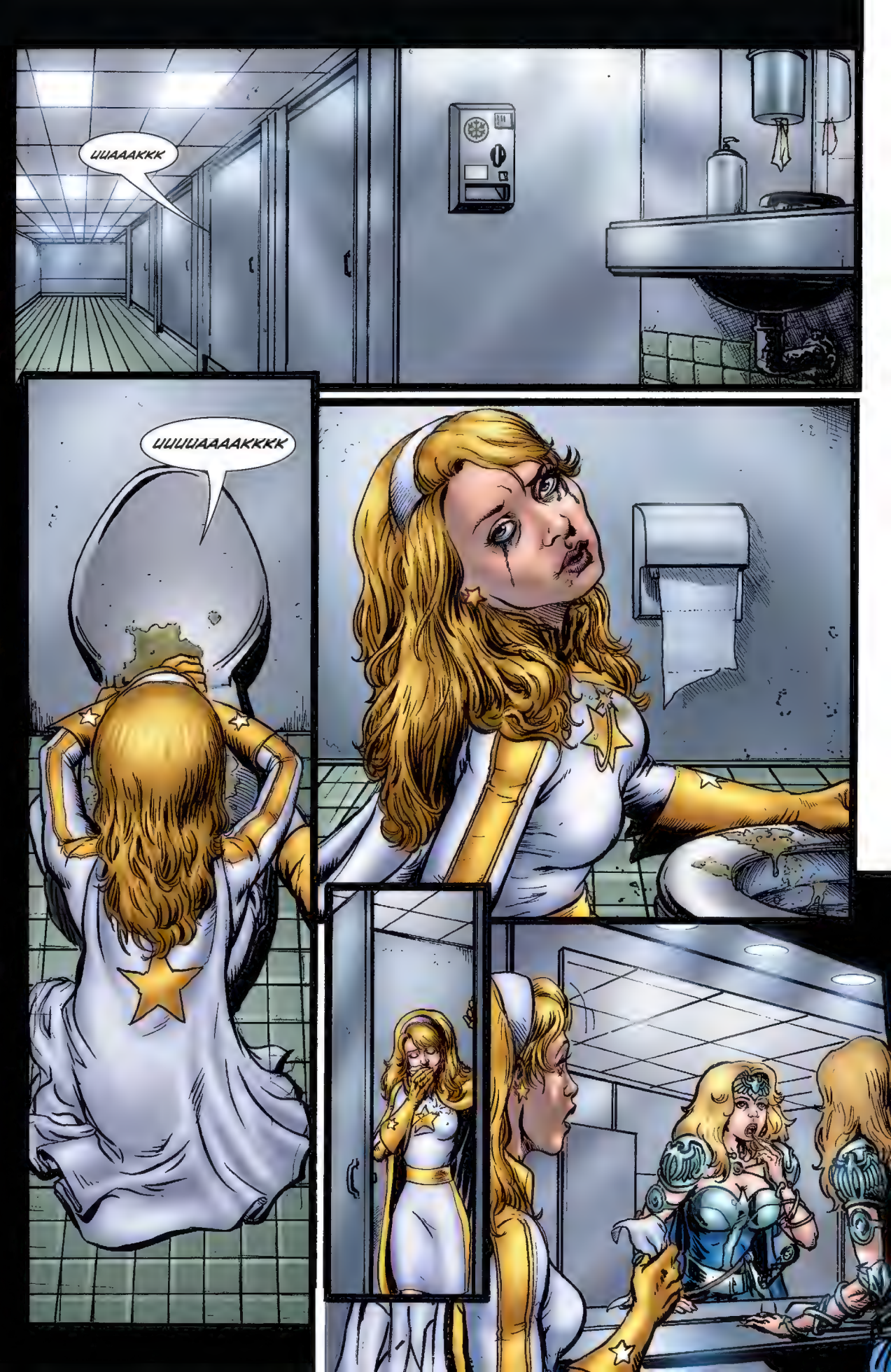
MOTHER'S MILK, THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FEMALE--
WEE HUGHIE.
AH, PETIT HUGHIE! C'EST LE "AULD ALLIANCE" ONCE MORE, NON?
SORRY...?
'LO, HUGHIE.
RIGHT FIRST TIME.
OH, HELLO THERE. IS IT M.M?
EN SCOTLETERRE YOU HAVE A SAYING: LE "AULD ALLIANCE," THE ANCIENT FRIENDSHIP OF THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS, WHEN BOTH OF OUR PEOPLES FOUGHT THE ENGLISH TO BE FREE AS FRIENDS TOGETHER (FOREVER AND NEVER TO PART).
AND SO IT IS, THAT ON LE JOUR DU FROMAGE IN FRANCE, KNOWN AS NEEPS DAY IN SCOTLAND, OUR NATIONS CELEBRATE THEIR SOVEREIGNTY-- FREE OF TYRANNY, INDEPENDENT OF ALL FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS...

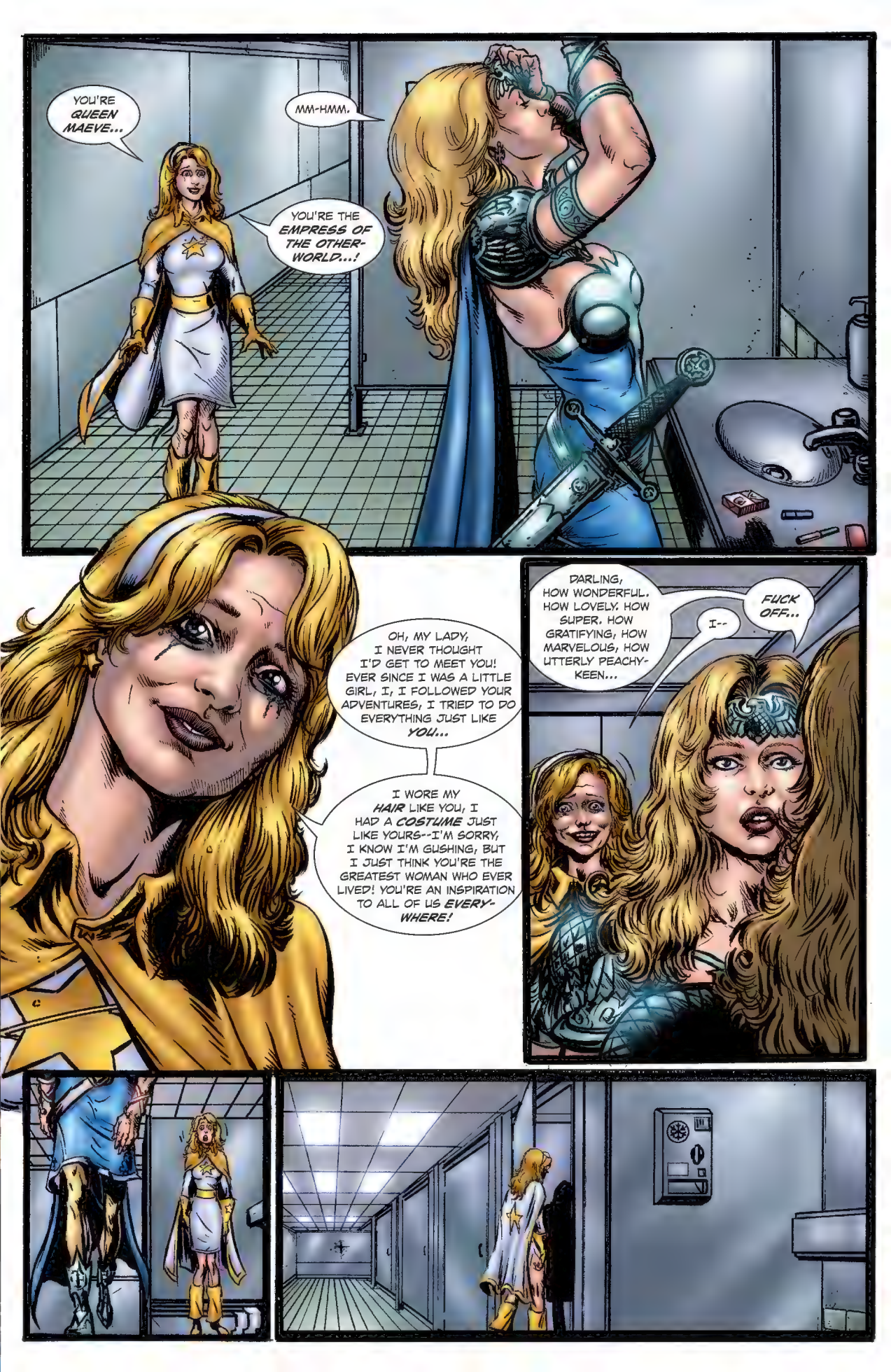
THIS YEAR, YOU AND I WILL CELEBRATE LE JOUR DU FROMAGE AND NEEPS DAY TOGETHER, PETIT HUGHIE...!
AYE, THAT SOUNDS BRILLIANT, PAL. REALLY GREAT.
OH, HELLO--
AH-AH!
DON'T BE DOIN' THAT, HUGHIE...
NOT A GOOD IDEA, MATE.
BELIEVE ME.
RIGHT THEN, YOU'VE ALL MET THE NEW LAD. TIME WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

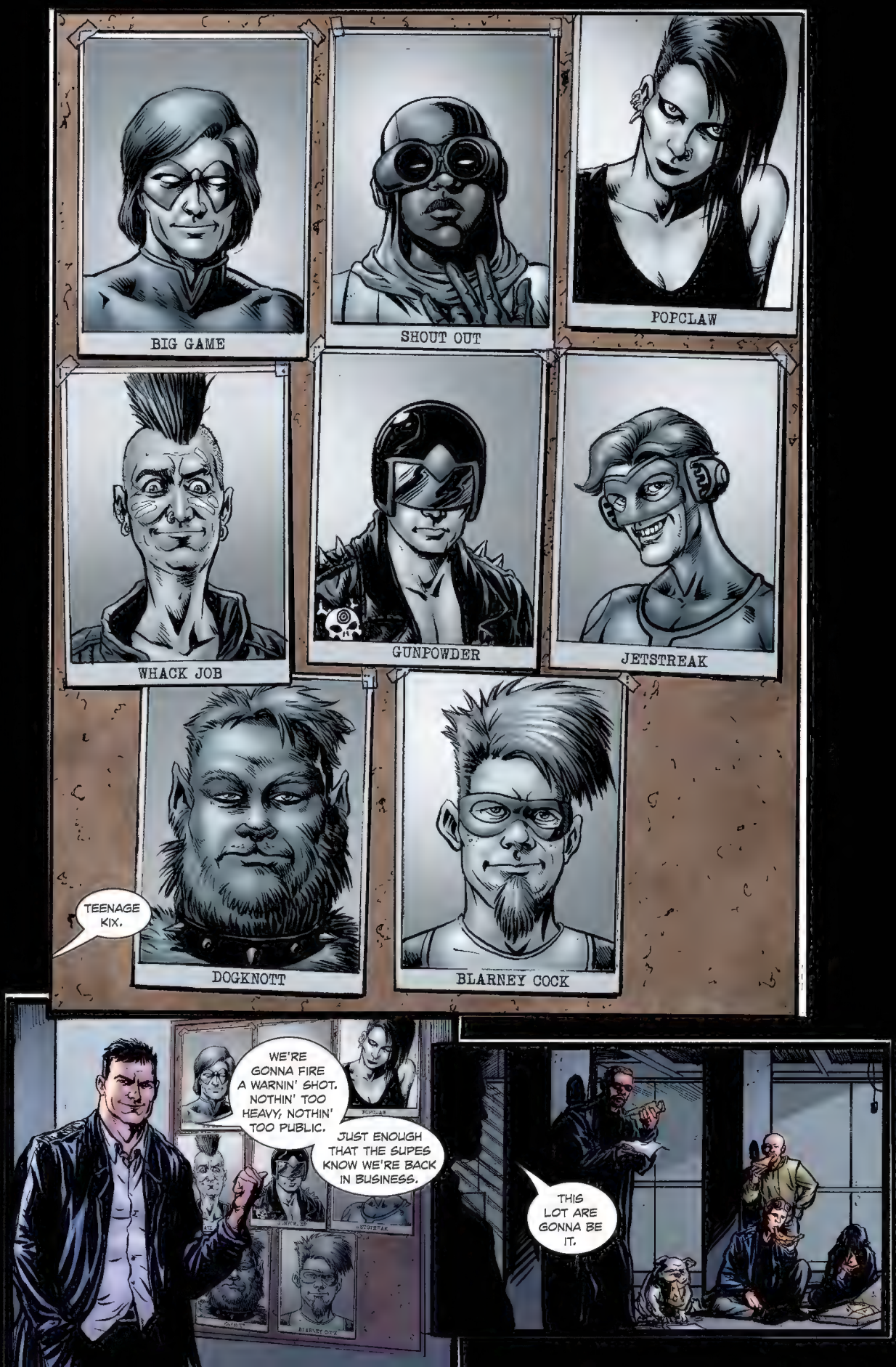
UH, I'VE NOT ACTUALLY SAID--
FIRST THINGS FIRST, BOYS: THIS IS NOT GONNA BE LIKE LAST TIME AROUND.
WE'RE NOW OPERATIN' UNDER PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE. THAT MEANS DAKOTA BOB, AN' IF ANYONE'S GONNA STICK TO HIS GUNS IT'S THAT OLD BASTARD.
SO THAT LEAVES US A LOT LESS TO WORRY ABOUT. NO OLD BOLLOCKS ABOUT THE BUDGET, NO RULES OF ENGAGEMENT, NO LOOKIN' OVER OUR SHOULDERS BEFORE WE PUT SOME CUNT IN THE HOSPITAL. AN' NO BLOODY SUBCOMMITTEES.
FIRST THINGS FIRST: THIS PLACE IS *DISGUSTIN'*. WE GOTTA GET THE ASS-HOLES S'POSED TO BE FIXIN' US UP A OFFICE TO FINISH THE GOD-DAMN JOB.
AN' POLICE UP ALL THEIR SHIT, TOO. SERIOUSLY, HOW THE HELL WE EXPECTED TO WORK OUTTA HERE?
COME ON, THIS PLACE IS A NEW YORK CLASSIC! THE WANKERS DOWN-TOWN'D TURN GREEN IF THEY KNEW WE WERE HERE!
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, CAN'T YOU JUST SEE OL' JIMMY DEAN HAVIN' A DANDER DOWN FIFTH AVENUE...?
OUTSIDE IT'S A CLASSIC. INSIDE IT'S A MUTHAFUCKIN' NIGHTMARE.
BROAD

ALL RIGHT, WELL I'LL GET ONTO MONKEY AN'--
PARDON, M'SIEU CHARCUTER: THE FEMALE WOULD LIKE TO ORDER PIZZA.
DIDN'T YOU HAVE ANY LUNCH?
BLOODY HELL, LUV, I'M ALWAYS TELLIN' YOU YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOURSELF...!
ACTUALLY, IF WE'RE HAVIN' A WEE BREAK, I JUST NEED TO USE THE TOILET...
YOU CAN'T. I MEAN THERE IS ONE, BUT IT'S NOT BEEN PLUMBED IN YET.
SEE, THIS IS EXACTLY THE KINDA SHIT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT. I'M GONNA CALL MONKEY...
HAPPY?
WE GONNA DO THIS, WE GONNA DO IT RIGHT.
NO ANCHOVIES, FRENCHY.
AH, BONJOUR. C'EST RAY'S?
OH, IF WE'RE HAVIN' PIZZA, CAN YOU GET A FEW WEE MUSHROOMS ON IT?
YEAH, HELLO, TELL MISTER KESSLER IT'S M.M...

PAIN IN THE FUCKIN' ARSE...
EH?
MUSCLE.
EH?
YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.
MOTHER'S MILK.
AH, THAT'S NOT TRUE, IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM THE WHOLE THING WOULD FALL TO PIECES. I MEAN I'M IN CHARGE, BUT HE'S THE ONE WHO MAKES IT WORK.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO? WHAT DO THEY DO?
RIGHT... LISTEN, I WANTED TO SAY TO YOU: YOU KEEP GOIN' ON AS IF I'M--
YEAH, I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D HAVE GOT SWEPT UP IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT AN' INTRIGUE AN' JUST GONE AHEAD AND SAID YES, BUT IT TURNS OUT THE OFFICE NEEDS A LICK OF PAINT AN' THAT.
BE DONE BY TOMORROW NIGHT.
NICE ONE.
HUGHIE, I JUST WANNA SAY TO YOU: SORRY 'BOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND, MAN.
OH... THANK YOU...
I KNOW WE JUST MET, WE AIN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK.
BUT WE WILL.

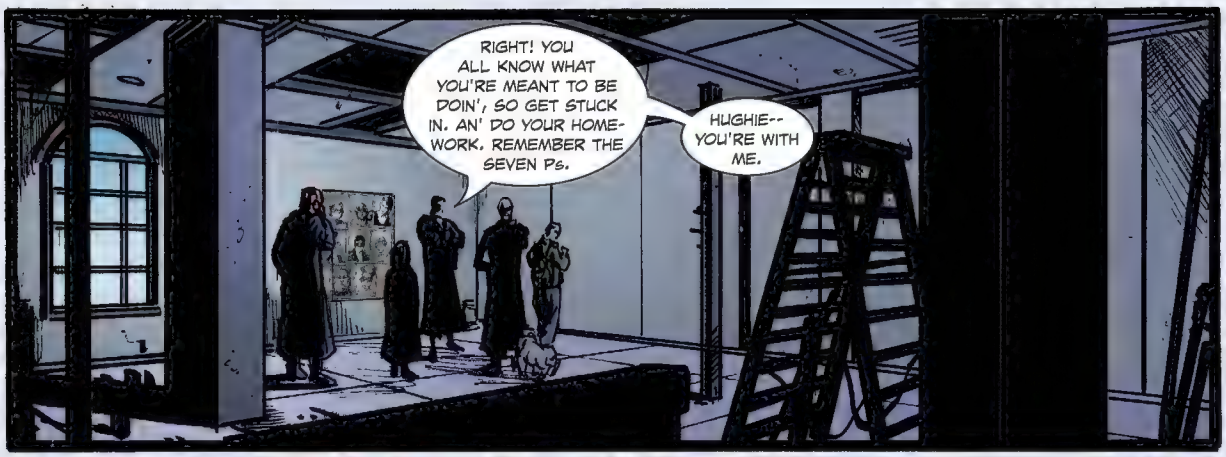

UUAAAKKK
UUUUAAAAKKKK

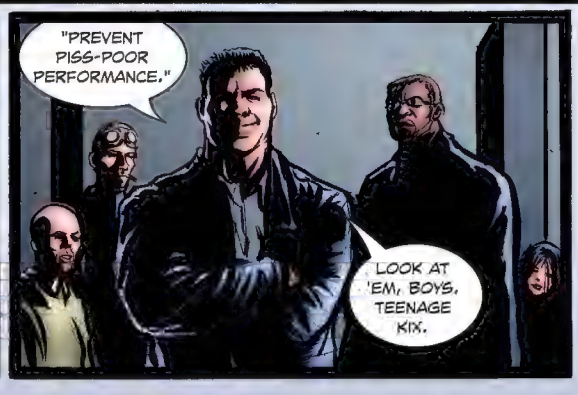

YOU'RE QUEEN MAEVE...
MM-HMM.
YOU'RE THE EMPRESS OF THE OTHER-WORLD...!
OH, MY LADY, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET TO MEET YOU! EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I, I FOLLOWED YOUR ADVENTURES, I TRIED TO DO EVERYTHING JUST LIKE YOU...
I WORE MY HAIR LIKE YOU, I HAD A COSTUME JUST LIKE YOURS--I'M SORRY, I KNOW I'M GUSHING, BUT I JUST THINK YOU'RE THE GREATEST WOMAN WHO EVER LIVED! YOU'RE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US EVERY-WHERE!
DARLING, HOW WONDERFUL. HOW LOVELY. HOW SUPER. HOW GRATIFYING, HOW MARVELOUS, HOW UTTERLY PEACHY-KEEN...
I--
FUCK OFF...


BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
TEENAGE KIX.
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
WE'RE GONNA FIRE A WARNIN' SHOT. NOTHIN' TOO HEAVY, NOTHIN' TOO PUBLIC.
JUST ENOUGH THAT THE SUPES KNOW WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS.
THIS LOT ARE GONNA BE IT.

SOME OF YOU KNOW ALL THIS, BUT IT NEVER HURTS TO HEAR IT AGAIN. TEENAGE KIX AN' THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE *THE* ADOLESCENT SUPERTEAMS OPERATIN' TODAY. ANY OTHERS JUST DO NOT SEEM TO LAST THE COURSE.
AS FAR AS IMAGE GOES, THEY COULDN'T BE MORE DIFFERENT. THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED, NICE-AS-PIE TYPES, INCLUDIN' ONE OR TWO JUNIOR VERSIONS OF THE BIG BOYS. THEY'VE GOT TIES TO EVANGELIST OUTFITS, REPUBLICAN YOUTH GROUPS, ALL THAT.
BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POPCLAW
TEENAGE KIX, ON THE OTHER HAND, LIKE TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS A BIT MORE GEN-X: EDGY, WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS, BLAH-BLAH-BLAH. THIS IS THE CURRENT LINE-UP HERE.
COSTUMES CHANGE ALL THE TIME, BUT THERE'S GENERALLY A LOT OF SKIN ON SHOW--TATTOOS, PIERCINGS, WHAT HAVE YOU. SHOW UP AT PREMIERES WITH MODELS OR HEIRESSES ON THEIR ARMS, YOU KNOW THE SORT OF THING.
BAD BOYS OR NOT, A COUPLE OF 'EM *HAVE* MADE THE MOVE TO THE FIRST DIVISION. GROUPS LIKE THE SEVEN ARE ALWAYS LOOKIN' OUT FOR NEW RECRUITS.
YOUR MATE A-TRAIN, HUGHIE, HE STARTED OUT WITH THE KIX.
WHAT...?
THEY'RE WELL-KNOWN, BUT THEY'RE NOT SOME BELOVED INSTITUTION. EVEN A LOT OF THE OTHER SUPES, THE OLDER ONES, THINK THESE KIDS ARE A BIT MUCH NOW AN' AGAIN.
SO WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO WIPE OUR ARSES ON THE STARS AN' STRIPES OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

AIN'T NOBODY GONNA START SCREAMIN' IF WE BREAK A COUPLE OF 'EM, HUH?
EX-ACTLY.
HEH.
YOU SEE A LOADA SUPES ALL TOGETHER LIKE THIS AN' YOU REALLY DO WONDER WHAT THE FUSS IS ABOUT. I MEAN PEOPLE LOVE 'EM, THEY CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF 'EM, BUT...HALF THE TIME, I CAN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
CUNTS ALL LOOK THE SAME TO ME.
BIG GAME
POPCLAW
THEN AGAIN, WE KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE HAS ABSOLUTELY SOD ALL TO DO WITH ANYTHING. IT'S WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THAT SHIT THAT COUNTS. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY TAKE THE MASKS OFF.
AN' THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN, BOYS.
THAT'S OUR DEPARTMENT.





NEXT: TEENAGE KIX RIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT

DYNAMITE®

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

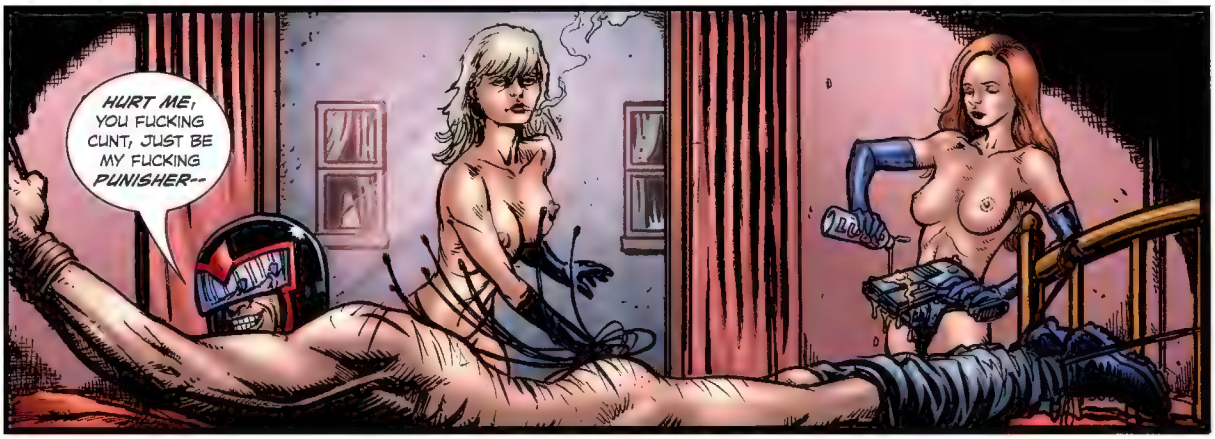
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

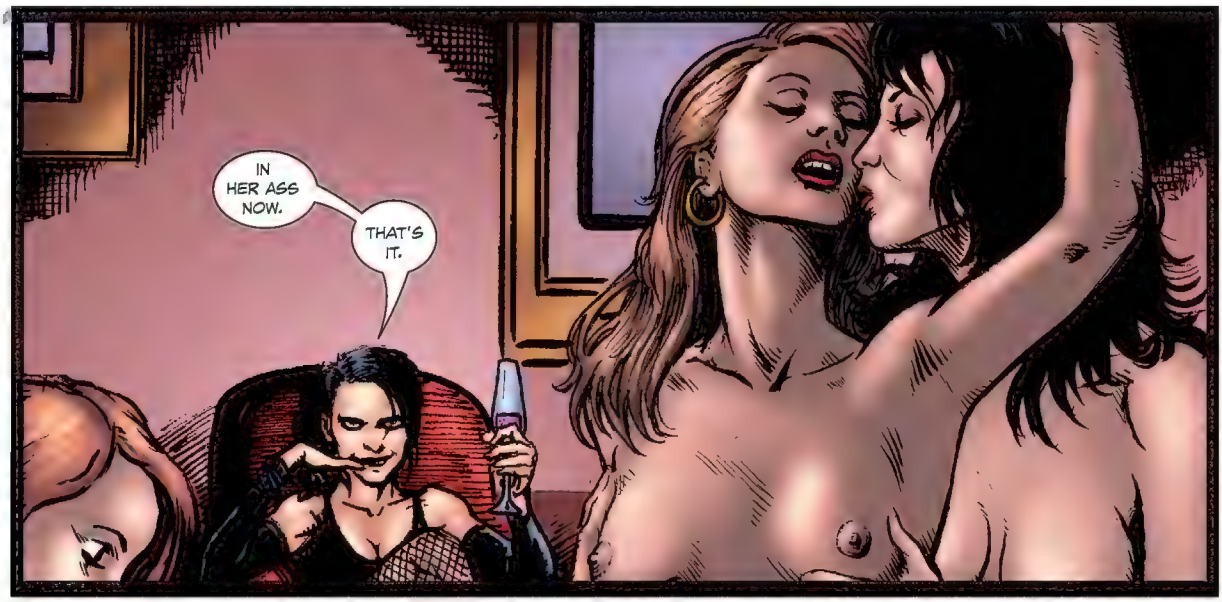
The BOYS™

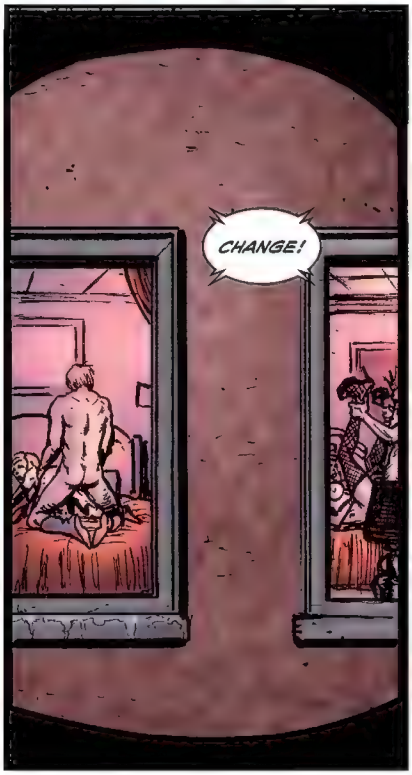
FOUR

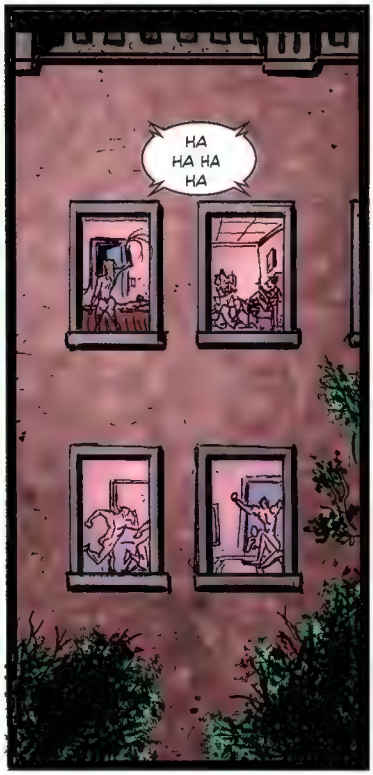
CHANGE!
HA HA HA HA
MOVE, DUDE--!
HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA--!
FUCKIN' YEAH--
CHANGE!
HA HA HA HA--
TEENAGE KIX ARE COMIN' ATCHA!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA


HURT ME, YOU FUCKING CUNT, JUST BE MY FUCKING PUNISHER--


IN HER ASS NOW.
THAT'S IT.


CHANGE!


HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA--

CHERRY part two

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR - KRISTY QUINN
EDITOR - BEN ABERNATHY
COVER BY ROBERTSON AND AVIÑA
THE BOYS CREATED BY ENNIS & ROBERTSON

...AND I HEREBY BRING THIS MEETING OF *THE SEVEN* TO ORDER.

THE DEEP

A-TRAIN

STARLIGHT

FIRST ITEM ON THE AGENDA IS TO WELCOME OUR NEW MEMBER, ***STARLIGHT***, WHO'LL BE SERVING IN PLACE OF THE LAMPLIGHTER DURING HIS ABSENCE. YOU'VE EACH MET HER INDIVIDUALLY OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, BUT THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT AN OFFICIAL MEETING.

STARLIGHT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF INTRODUCING YOURSELF?

OH.

I, AH...

I...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DON'T BE INTIMIDATED. YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS HERE.

WELL, I JUST... I WANTED TO SAY HOW PR--

AHRRRM

SHLP SHLP SHLP SHLP

HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE, I GUESS.

SHLP SHLP SHLP SHLP

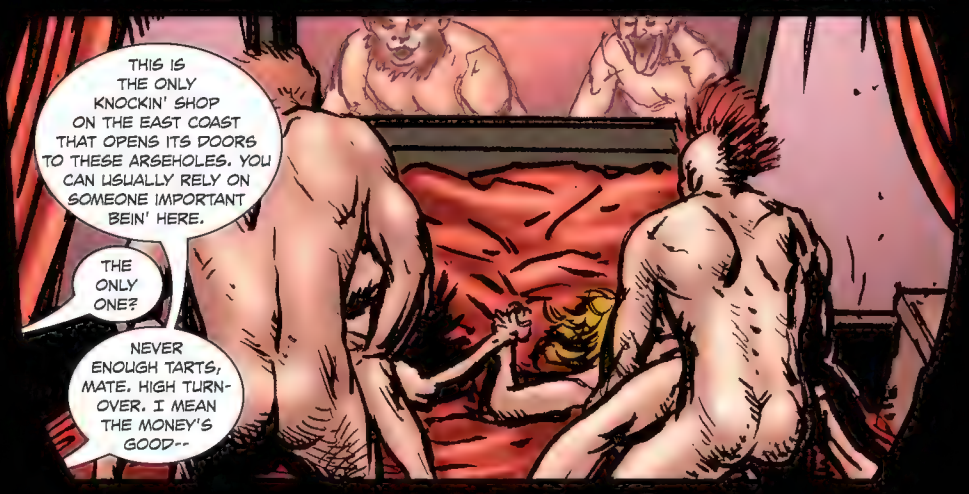
THANK YOU, STARLIGHT. I KNOW WE'LL ALL DO OUR UTMOST TO HELP YOU SETTLE IN.

I BELIEVE THE ***DEEP*** HAD A QUESTION HE WANTED TO RAISE...?

A QUESTION OF MERCHANDISING.
I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE HOMELANDER, BLACK NOIR AND QUEEN MAEVE ARE ON A FULL ONE PERCENT EACH, COMPARED TO THE REST OF US ON POINT SEVEN FIVE.
BECAUSE WE'RE THE BIG THREE. WE ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. LOOK AT THE SALES OF OUR INDIVIDUALLY TRADEMARKED MATERIAL NEXT TO YOURS, IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DISTINCTION.
I DID NOT SEE THE BIG THREE MENTIONED ANYWHERE IN THE CONTRACT; AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT USED EXCEPT IN THE MOST INFORMAL CONTEXT...
LOOKS TO ME LIKE MAEVE'S GOT THE BIG TWO GOING ON ALL ON HER LONESOME HERE.
ICCHA-ICCH
INDIVIDUAL POPULARITY IS BESIDE THE POINT. IT WAS A GROUP DECISION TO SIGN; IT FOLLOWS THAT ANY REMUNERATION SHOULD BE DIVIDED EQUALLY AMONG THE GROUP.
LOOK, WE ALL HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXAMINE THE CONTRACT IN DEPTH: IF ANYBODY'S LAWYER FOUND ANY KIND OF CAUSE FOR CONCERN, THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE TIME TO DRAW ATTENTION TO IT.
I WAS NOT INFORMED THAT INVOLVING A LAWYER WOULD BE NECESSARY...
NOR WAS I. BUT I MANAGED TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR MYSELF.
LISTEN, SO LONG AS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CONTRACT...

THIS IS BABYLONIAN...

I MEAN DO THEY DO THIS STUFF ALL THE TIME...?
THEY'RE CELEBRATIN'. THEY PUT THE FEARSOME FOURSOME BACK IN RIKER'S LAST WEEK.
YOU KNOW THE BIT WHERE SOMEONE CRACKS A FUNNY AN' THEY ALL PISS THEMSELVES LAUGHIN' AN' THE SCREEN FREEZES? WELL, THIS IS WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS NEXT.
ARE THEY ALL AT IT?
THE SUPES? SOME ARE, SOME AREN'T. MOST OF 'EM HAVE SOME KINK OR OTHER.


THIS IS THE ONLY KNOCKIN' SHOP ON THE EAST COAST THAT OPENS ITS DOORS TO THESE ARSEHOLES. YOU CAN USUALLY RELY ON SOMEONE IMPORTANT BEIN' HERE.
THE ONLY ONE?
NEVER ENOUGH TARTS, MATE. HIGH TURNOVER. I MEAN THE MONEY'S GOOD--

BUT GETTIN' A LENGTH OFF A SUPE IS NO JOKE.

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. THERE'S THREE LASSIES IN THE KITCHEN DOIN' A FUCKIN' TON OF BLOW.
KEEPS 'EM GOIN'.
HARD TO KEEP UP WITH A BLOKE WHO CAN OUTRUN A LEOPARD.
NUMBS 'EM, TOO.
ISN'T THE OWNER TAKIN' A BIT OF A RISK, LETTIN' US BUG THE PLACE AN' ALL?
NOT AS BIG A RISK AS SAYIN' NO TO ME, MATE. HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM, DON'T YOU WORRY.
TOMORROW AT SIX, ALL RIGHT? TERROR!
AYE, ALL RIGHT. I'LL TAKE A FEW MORE PHOTIES LATER.
HERE...
THAT'S NO' COKE.
THAT'S BLUE.

AAWH--!
WHAT WAS THAT SHIT IN THERE SUPPOSED TO BE? THAT STUPID FUCKING SLURPING, WHAT WAS THAT?
JESUS-- I WAS ONLY--
I WAS KIDDING, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...!
YOU WERE KIDDING. THAT'S BRILLIANT.
THAT WAS AN OFFICIAL MEETING OF THE SEVEN--THAT MEANS PLAYTIME OVER, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
DO YOU?
YES...!
A-TRAIN--
DID YOU JUST RAISE YOUR HAND TO ME?

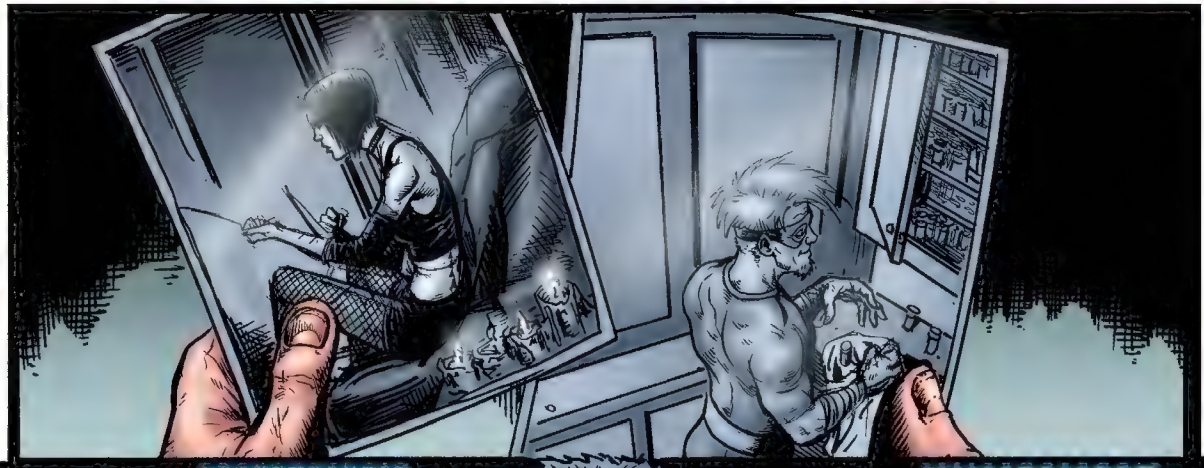
NO! NO! HOMELANDER, I SWEAR TO GOD I DIDN'T! PLEASE!
HHHHH.
TRY AND GET IT INTO YOUR SHIT-FILLED HEAD, YOU LITTLE PRICK: THAT MAN IN THERE IS FROM VOUGHT-AMERICAN. THAT MEANS HE'S THE MONEY.
AND WE DON'T FUCK AROUND IN FRONT OF THE MONEY, GOT ME?
YES--!
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
YOU'RE IN THE SEVEN NOW. THE BIG LEAGUES. SO START ACTING LIKE IT--
OR YOU CAN FUCK OFF BACK TO THE KIX.
DON'T GET UP UNTIL I'M LONG GONE.

AAOW! YOU PIECE OF SHIT, HOW FUCKING DARE YOU, I RUN THE C.I.A.!
YOU LOVE IT, YOU SLAG--!
OH YOU FUCKING BASTARD AAAAAAHHH
WHOOF. WELL.
THAT WAS BETTER OUT THAN IN.
IT IS A FUCKING MYSTERY TO ME WHY I PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS SHIT...
SAME REASON AS ME, LUV. YOU LIKE SCREWING SOMEONE WHO CAN'T STAND YOU.

SO WHERE'S THE...?
MY PURSE. YOU HAVE TO SIGN FOR IT.
BUTCHER--!
JESUS CHRIST, DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THAT COST?
WELL IF I DON'T, WHO DOES?
OH, YES, THIS OUGHT TO DO NICELY...
IT BETTER. EVEN GETTING THAT MUCH TOOK A COUPLE OF FORESTS' WORTH OF PAPER-WORK.
HERE.
CAN'T DO THE JOB WITH-OUT IT, LUV. ALL RIGHT, RECEIVED FROM DIRECTOR RAYNER, TWELVE...SEVEN... OH-SIX.
RIGHT! I'VE GIVEN MESELF THE NIGHT OFF, SO WHAT ABOUT A BLOW-JOB WHILE I'M ON THE PHONE TO ROOM SERVICE?
...
YOU THINK YOU'RE STAYING?
I THINK YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM D.C. IN PERSON, AN' IT WASN'T TO HAND-DELIVER THE GEAR.
WHAT YOU WANT ON YOUR SANDWICH, MADAM DIRECTOR?

PEARL HARBOR
PEARL HARBOR 2

X-RAY



LOVELY.

ALL RIGHT, MATE? WHAT'S THE SCORE?
AW, CHEERS.
NOTHIN' NEW SINCE YESTERDAY, REALLY. I'VE BEEN TRYNNA WORK OUT IF SHOUT OUT KNOWS BIG GAME'S SHAGGIN' DOG-KNOTT AS WELL AS HIM...
SO YOU'RE ENJOYIN' YOURSELF?
I HAVE TO ADMIT THERE'S A SORT OF HORRIBLE FASCINATION TO IT. THE WEE BASTARDS ARE INTO STUFF I NEVER KNEW WAS POSSIBLE.
BLOODY NICE PLACE THEY'VE GOT, TOO. I HAD A WEE LOOK AROUND WHILE THE FRENCHMAN WAS PUTTIN' THE BUGS IN.
MODELLIN' CONTRACT. PAYS FOR MOST OF IT.
GEAR WORKIN' OKAY?
OH AYE, NO BOTHER AT ALL. IT'S PISS-EASY ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE A NATURAL.
HERE, LEAN FORWARD FOR A MINUTE, WILL YOU?

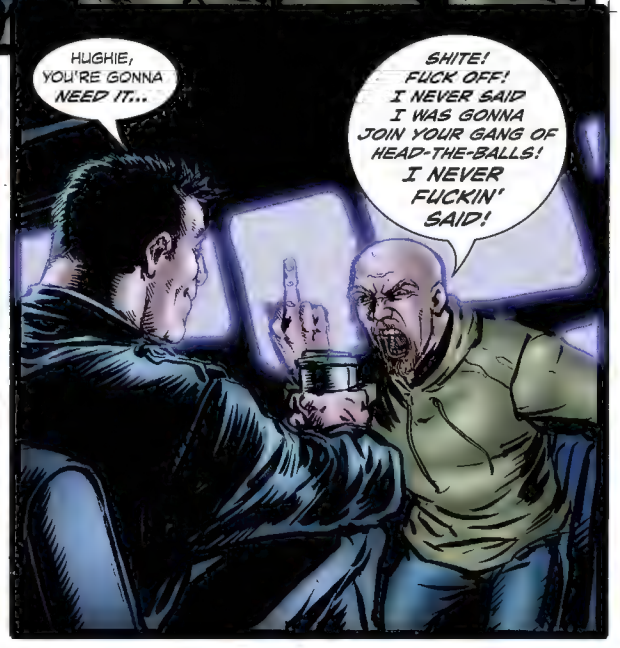
WHY? AAAAH!!
FUCK, CHRIST, WHAT IS THAT--?
COMPOUND V. HOLD STILL A SECOND--
THERE YOU GO.
WHAT THE FUCK D'YOU DO THAT FOR?
BOOST YOUR SYSTEM. SO YOU'RE TOUGH ENOUGH TO GO UP AGAINST THE SUPES.
JESUS CHRIST, IS IT FUCKIN' PERMANENT?!
IT IS IN ITS PURE FORM, YEAH. BUT MOST OF THE STUFF OUT THERE'S CUT, EFFECTS ONLY LAST FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
THE SLAGS AT THE WHOREHOUSE, THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE ON. HELP 'EM STAND THE PACE AN' THAT.
WH... WHAT ARE THE SIDE EFFECTS...?
TURNS YOUR SHIT BLUE.
THAT'S IT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FUCKIN' DID THAT...!
WE'VE ALL TAKEN IT, MATE. CAN'T OPERATE WITHOUT IT.
'CAUSE OTHERWISE, YOU GET INTO A BARNEY WITH ONE OF THESE CUNTS AN' HE PUNCHES YOU IN THE FACE, HE'S GONNA TAKE YOUR WHOLE HEAD OFF...

SEE, THIS IS WHY THE SUPES ARE SUPES. SOME JERRY CAME UP WITH IT IN THE THIRTIES, STARTED TRIALS ON PEOPLE.
IT ALTERS D.N.A., SO YOU CAN INHERIT IT, OR SOMETIMES IT JUST SHOWS UP IN THE FOOD CHAIN. NOW AN' AGAIN SOME ARSEHOLE GETS HIS HANDS ON SOME OF THE PURE STUFF.

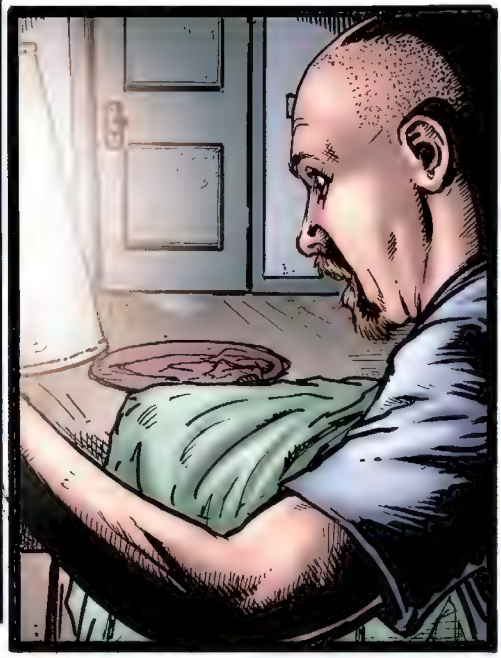
ALL THAT DYING BLOKE IN A SPACESHIP GAVE ME POWERS, NUKE TESTS MADE ME INTO A MONSTER BOLLOCKS--THAT'S ALL IT IS, REALLY.
BOLLOCKS.
WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE, ALTERS D.N.A.? WHAT THE FUCK'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME?

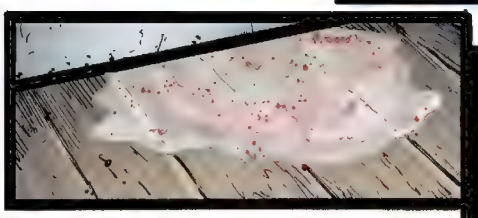
YOU'LL... BE ABOUT FIFTEEN TO TWENTY TIMES STRONGER. SHOULD TAKE ABOUT A DAY TO KICK IN.
AN' YOU FUCKIN' DID THIS TO ME AN' YOU DIDN'T EVEN ASK?


HUGHIE, YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT...
SHITE! FUCK OFF! I NEVER SAID I WAS GONNA JOIN YOUR GANG OF HEAD-THE-BALLS! I NEVER FUCKIN' SAID!

COME ON, MATE, IT'S OVER A WEEK SINCE YOU GOT HERE...
OH, AN' THAT WAS TO HELP ME MAKE MY MIND UP, WAS IT?
IF I'D TOLD YOU UP FRONT YOU'D'VE WANTED TO THINK IT OVER FOR FUCK KNOWS HOW LONG. WHAT HAPPENS IF THE KIX TWIG WHAT WE'RE UP TO WHILE YOU'RE STILL UMMIN' AN' AHHIN'?
SO WHAT, IT WAS FOR MY OWN FUCKIN' GOOD...?
IT WAS BECAUSE THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG, HUGHIE. WHERE YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT ALL THOSE FUCKIN' TOSSERS.
FUCK OFF! AN' DON'T DARE BRING UP ROBIN, DO NOT FUCKIN' DARE BRING UP ROBIN!
YOU PUT THAT BLUE SHITE IN ME, YOU BASTARD! YOU TURNED ME INTO A FUCKIN' FREAK AN' YOU NEVER GIMME A CHOICE!
WHERE YOU GOIN'?
HOME.
YEAH, ALL RIGHT, MATE. SLEEP ON IT.
HOME TO FUCKIN' GLASGOW.
HUGHIE...!

LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
LUNCH
DUMBIER
MOTEL
UNITED KINGDOM
GREAT BRITA
AND NORTHERN
ASSPORT
ASSPORT





NEXT: LIFE AMONG THE SEPTICS

DYNAMITE®

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FIVE

CHERRY part three

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS
ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA
LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

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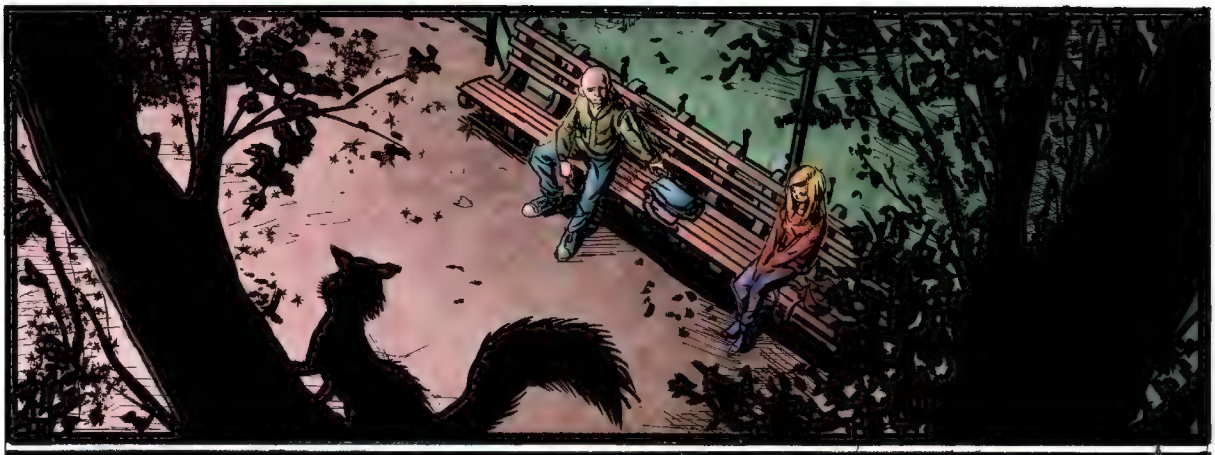
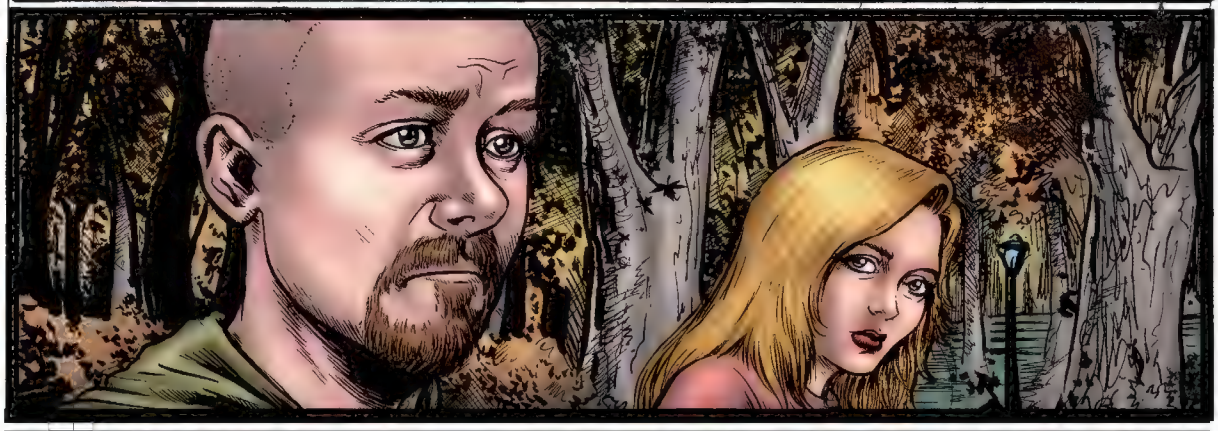
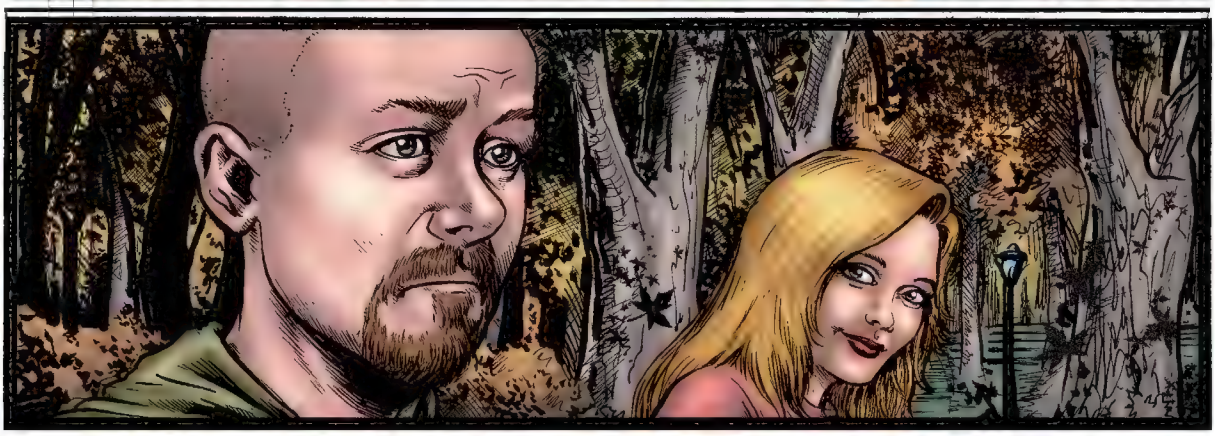
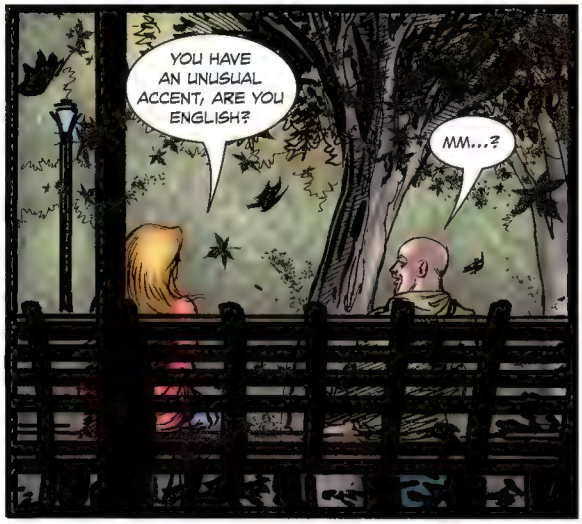
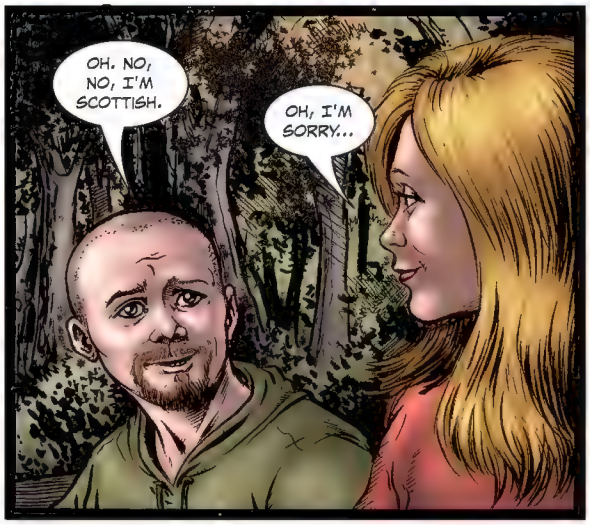


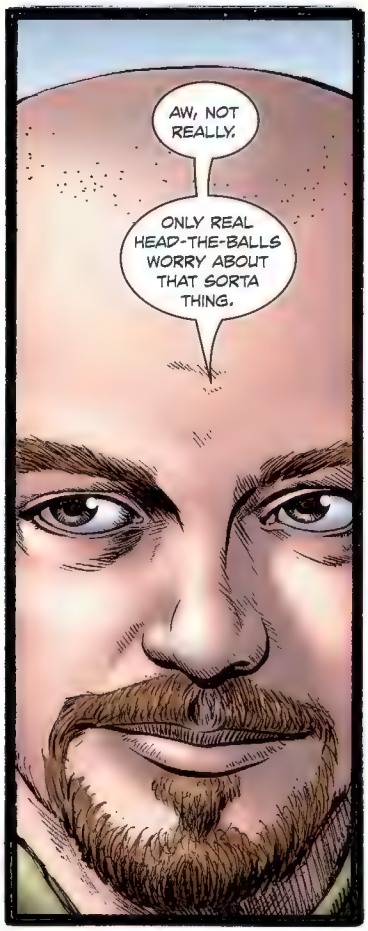


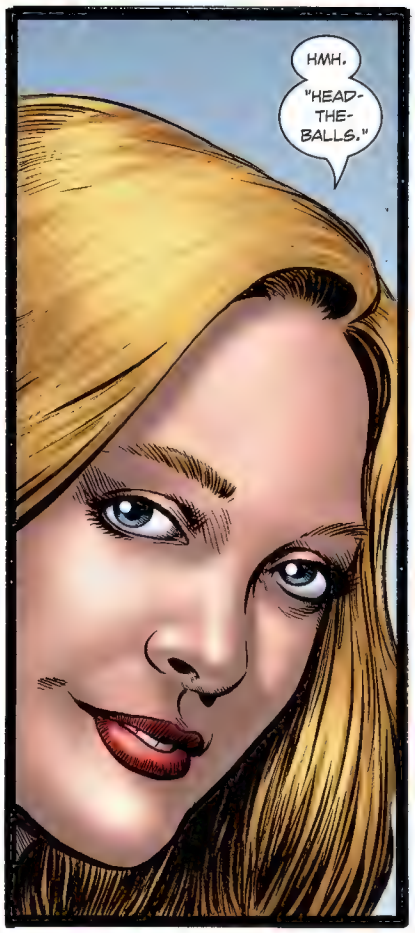



YOU HAVE AN UNUSUAL ACCENT, ARE YOU ENGLISH?
MM...?


OH. NO, NO, I'M SCOTTISH.
OH, I'M SORRY...

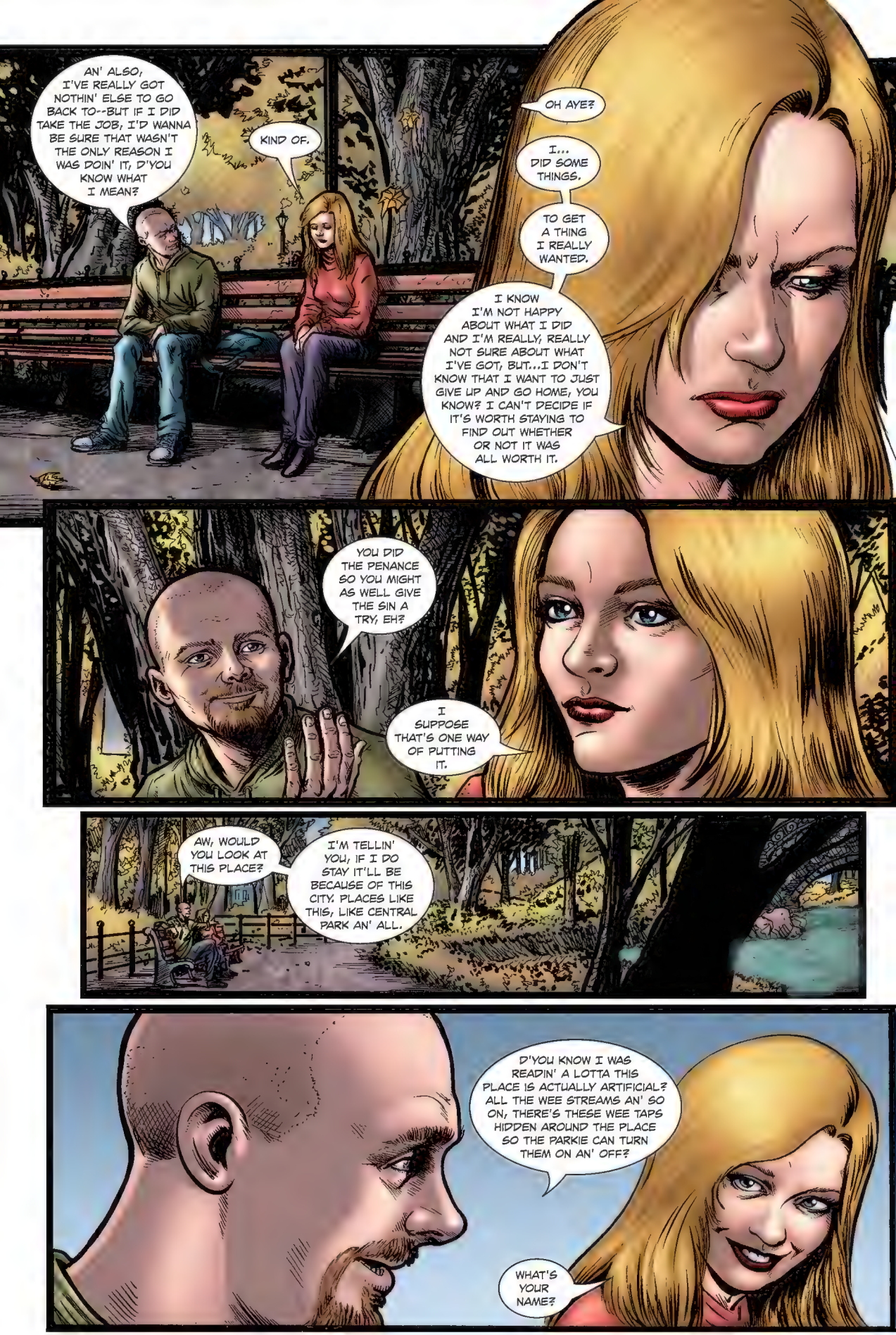
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE NOTHIN' TO BE SORRY ABOUT...
I THOUGHT THAT WAS KIND OF A SORE POINT. YOU KNOW, BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH.

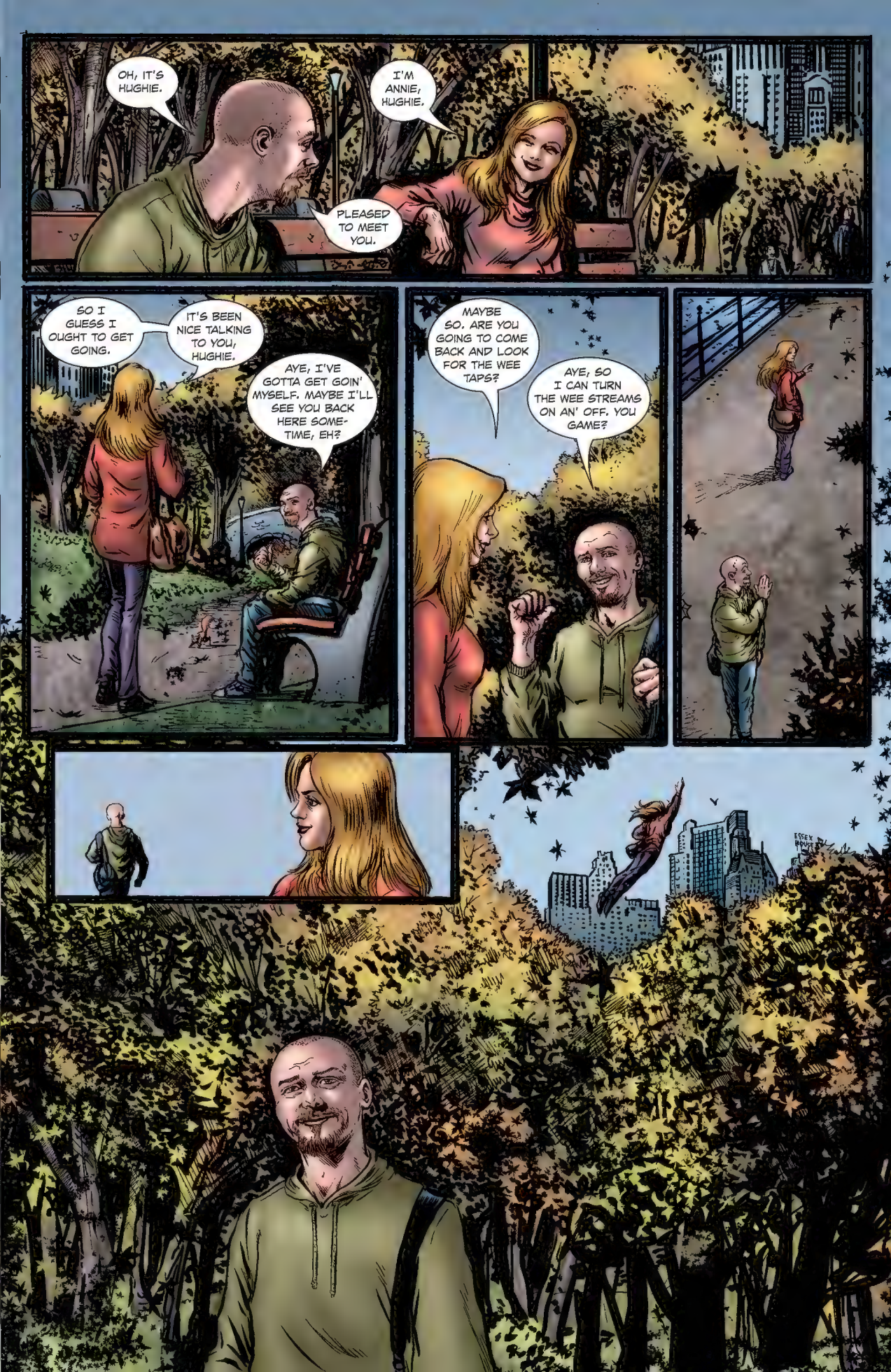

AW, NOT REALLY.
ONLY REAL HEAD-THE-BALLS WORRY ABOUT THAT SORTA THING.


HMH.
"HEAD-THE-BALLS."

ARE YOU ON VACATION?
NO, I'M... I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY I'M OVER HERE ABOUT A JOB. ONLY I DON'T KNOW IF I'M GONNA TAKE IT.

NOT YOUR KIND OF THING?
UH, NO, ACTUALLY, I THINK I MIGHT ENJOY IT QUITE A LOT. IT'S JUST... SOME OF THE PEOPLE...


AN' ALSO, I'VE REALLY GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO GO BACK TO--BUT IF I DID TAKE THE JOB, I'D WANNA BE SURE THAT WASN'T THE ONLY REASON I WAS DOIN' IT, D'YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
KIND OF.
OH AYE?
I... DID SOME THINGS.
TO GET A THING I REALLY WANTED.
I KNOW I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT WHAT I DID AND I'M REALLY, REALLY NOT SURE ABOUT WHAT I'VE GOT, BUT...I DON'T KNOW THAT I WANT TO JUST GIVE UP AND GO HOME, YOU KNOW? I CAN'T DECIDE IF IT'S WORTH STAYING TO FIND OUT WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS ALL WORTH IT.
YOU DID THE PENANCE SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE SIN A TRY, EH?
I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.
AW, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS PLACE?
I'M TELLIN' YOU, IF I DO STAY IT'LL BE BECAUSE OF THIS CITY. PLACES LIKE THIS, LIKE CENTRAL PARK AN' ALL.
D'YOU KNOW I WAS READIN' A LOTTA THIS PLACE IS ACTUALLY ARTIFICIAL? ALL THE WEE STREAMS AN' SO ON, THERE'S THESE WEE TAPS HIDDEN AROUND THE PLACE SO THE PARKIE CAN TURN THEM ON AN' OFF?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?


OH, IT'S HUGHIE.
I'M ANNIE, HUGHIE.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
SO I GUESS I OUGHT TO GET GOING.
IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING TO YOU, HUGHIE.
AYE, I'VE GOTTA GET GOIN' MYSELF. MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU BACK HERE SOME-TIME, EH?
MAYBE SO. ARE YOU GOING TO COME BACK AND LOOK FOR THE WEE TAPS?
AYE, SO I CAN TURN THE WEE STREAMS ON AN' OFF. YOU GAME?

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

HELLO? WE ALL BEEN STRUCK DUMB OR SOMETHING? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

OH, *FUCK--!*

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT! BIG GAME, YOU MOTHER-FUCKER, HOW LONG HAS THIS PIECE OF SHIT BEEN SUCKING YOUR DICK?

HEY, FUCK YOU, DENZEL...

WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN? DOGKNOTT, EXPLAIN TO ME EXACTLY WHAT THAT MEANS!

SHOUT OUT, WAIT A MINUTE--

BIG GAME

NO, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE MEANS BY--

JETSTREAK'S *RIGHT*, SHOUT OUT! I MEAN LOOK AT THIS, THIS IS--

OH, WELL JETSTREAK'S GOT TO BE RIGHT, HASN'T HE? AFTER ALL, HERE'S ONE OF YOU AND YOUR BUDDY JETSTREAK GETTING A DOUBLE HAND JOB OFF THAT *SKANK...*

JESUS CHRIST, WHO THE FUCK *SENT US THESE--?*

WHACK JOB

THAT'S NOT THE POINT--

GUNPOWDER

JETSTREAK

IT'S EXACTLY THE FUCKING POINT!

YOU...SLUT. YOU FUCKING TWO-FACED, LYING BACK-STABBING FAGGOT *COCKSUCKER...*

SHOUT OUT, KNOCK IT OFF. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS, OKAY?

BULLSHIT.

DOGKNOTT

BLARNE

OH, DON'T *SULK...*

I'M GLAD YOU BOYS THINK WE CAN TALK THIS OVER. HOW ABOUT THAT ONE, YOU THINK WE CAN TALK ABOUT THAT?

JESUS!!!

BLARNEY COCK! WHACK JOB! GET IN HERE!
HUH...?
I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE YOU TWO ASS-HOLES--!
WHY, WH-- OH, HOLY FUCK...!
THIS IS WHERE YOU GOT ALL THAT SHIT, ISN'T IT? THIS IS THAT APPEARANCE YOU MADE AT SAINT JUDE'S!
BUT HOW-- WHERE DID-- HOW DID THESE--
RIGHT NOW, WHO GIVES A FUCK! YOU STOLE PAINKILLERS FROM A FUCKING CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL!
ON WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A P.R. OPPORTUNITY--I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THIS MICK ON THE GOD-DAMN TEAM...
HEY, I WONDER WOULD YEH AWAY AN' FUCK YERSELF, YEH FUCKIN' COON YEH!
SAY THAT AGAIN, I DARE YOU TO SAY THAT AGAIN--
WILL YOU ALL JUST SHUT UP FOR A SECOND? I MEAN LOOK AT THIS: THIS IS A PICTURE OF ONE OF OUR TEAM STEALING MEDICATION THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO DYING CHILDREN...
SO WHAT? HERE'S ONE OF THE LEADER OF OUR TEAM WITH A BIG FUCKIN' BLACK COCK UP HIS ARSE!

HHH...
ENCORE, ENCORE...!
WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, THEY HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE BAD NEWS YET.
WAS THERE A NOTE ALONG WITH THESE? ANYTHING?
OH, JESUS.
"SOMEONE GETS THROWN TO THE WOLVES. I DECIDE TO-MORROW.
"OR YOU DECIDE TODAY."
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS, DICKWIPE, THAT THEY'RE GOING TO EXPOSE ONE OF US TO THE MEDIA. IF WE DON'T CHOOSE WHO GETS FUCKED-- THEY WILL.
OH, FUCK ME...!
POPCLAW. IT OUGHT TO BE POP-CLAW.
POPCLA
WHY THE FUCK?!
HULLO?

CUTTING YOURSELF, THAT'S NOTHING. I MEAN IT'S EMBARRASSING, BUT PUBLICLY IT'S SURVIVABLE...
EAT MY SNATCH, YOU--
YOU'RE FORGETTING ALL THIS NICE WIDE-ANGLE STUFF OF HER JUDGING THE RUG-MUNCHING COMPETITION...

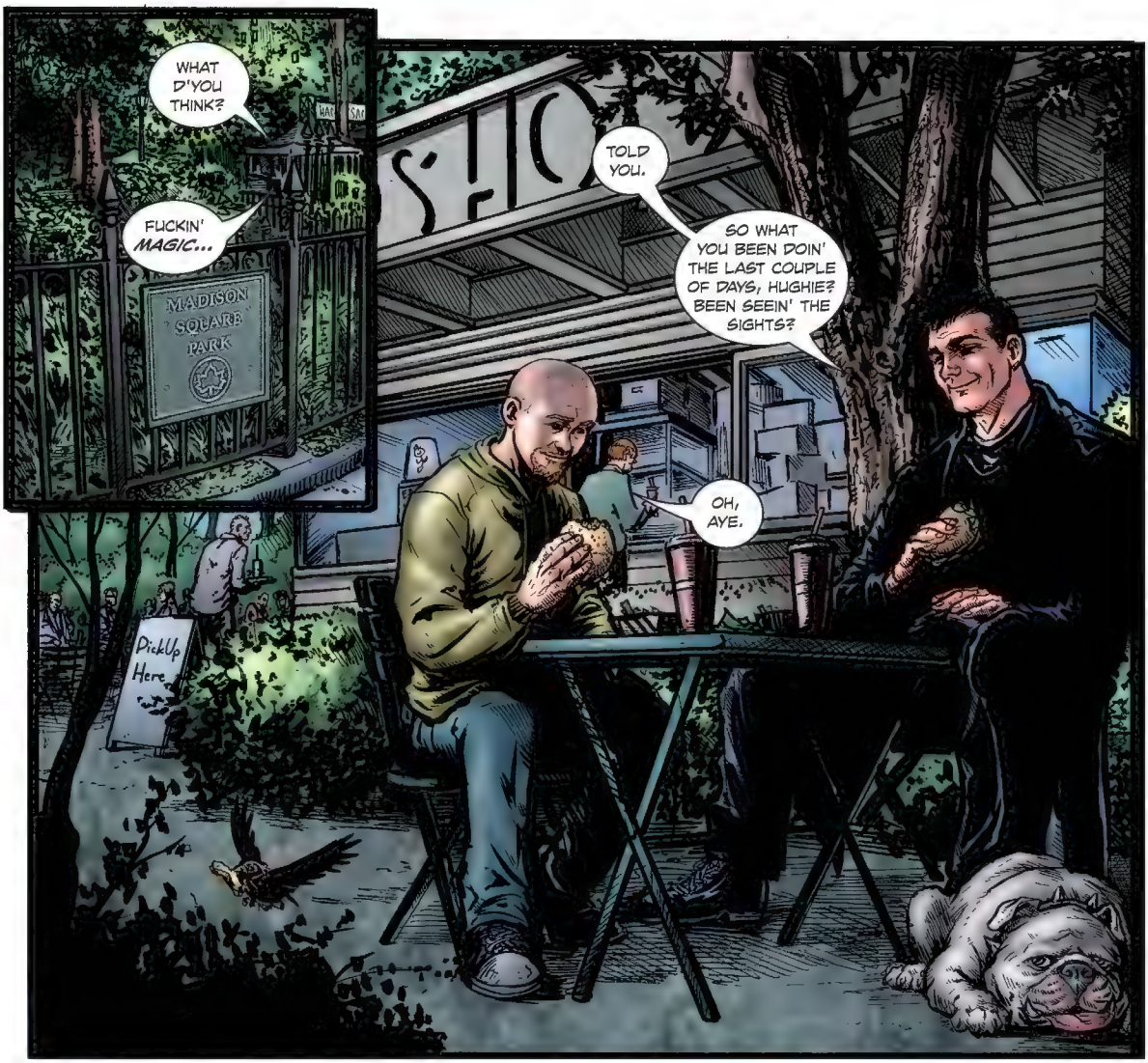
HUGHIE, MATE.
TURN IT DOWN A BIT THERE, WILL YOU, FRENCHIE?
FUCK YOU, GUNPOWDER. YOU'RE THE SICK ASSHOLE LICKING HIS OWN SHIT OFF HIS GUN.

HULLO THERE, EVERYONE.
PETIT HUGHIE! FORMIDABLE!
I THOUGHT I'D...JUST COME ON BACK, YOU KNOW?
WHY, YOU BEEN SOMEWHERE?

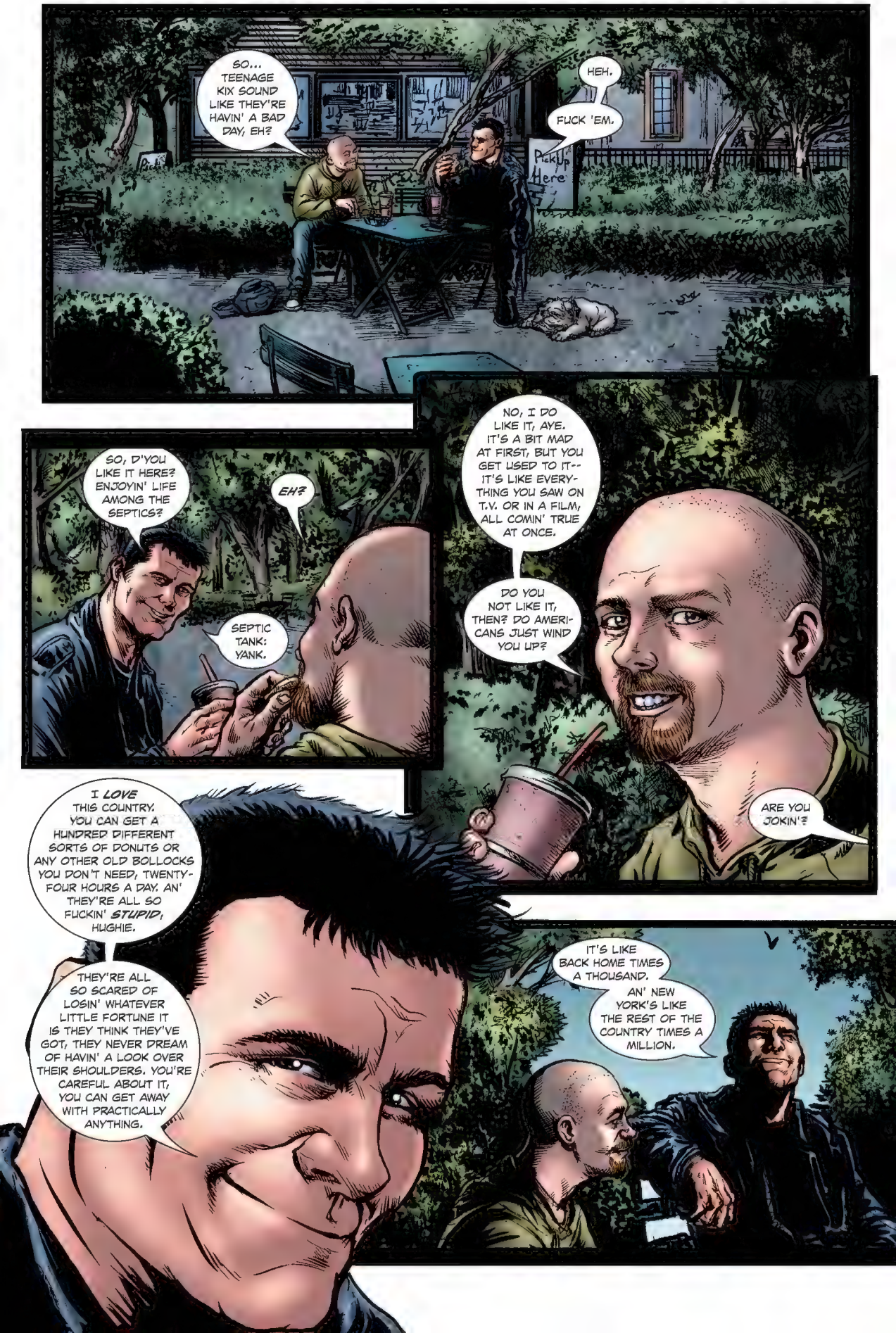
GAVE THE BOY THE WEEKEND OFF, DIDN'T I? YOU ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE, YOU SEE A BIT OF THE CITY THEN?

AYE, I DID, AYE. IT'S REALLY BRILLIANT.
SOUNDS LIKE EVERYTHIN'S, UH, COMIN' TOGETHER QUITE NICELY...
AAOW!

CERTAINLY IS, MATE. THANKS IN NO SMALL PART TO ALL THAT HARD WORK YOU PUT IN.
YOU HAD LUNCH YET?
NO...
GOT THE BEST BURGER IN THE CITY RIGHT OUT THE FRONT DOOR.
YOU VICIOUS LITTLE CUNT, YOU NEARLY TOOK MY FUCKING EYE OUT!
OKAY, EVERYONE, JUST CALM DOWN...
KEEP YER FUCKIN' HANDS TO YERSELF, HOMEBOY!
BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO, ALL RIGHT? GIMME A SHOUT WHEN THEY DECIDE ON THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB.
HEY, BUTCHER, MAN.
STOP IT! STOP IT, ALL OF YOU! JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP FOR A SECOND!
BEST BURGER IN THE CITY'S THE BURGER JOINT, LOBBY OF THE PARKER MERIDIAN.
JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW.
WE'VE GOTTA USE OUR HEADS! WE'VE GOTTA THINK, I MEAN LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US HERE!
YEAH, CHEERS, MATE.
NICE ONE.
I MEAN JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, WHO THE FUCK IS DOING THIS TO US?


WHAT D'YOU THINK?
FUCKIN' MAGIC...
MADISON SQUARE PARK
TOLD YOU.
SO WHAT YOU BEEN DOIN' THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, HUGHIE? BEEN SEEIN' THE SIGHTS?
OH, AYE.
Pick Up Here

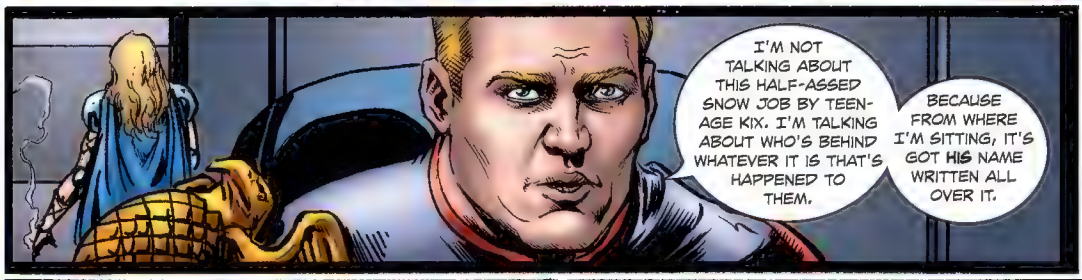
THAT AN' SITTIN' AROUND TERRIFIED I'M GONNA WRENCH MY NOB OFF HAVIN' A WANK...
IF THAT WAS POSSIBLE I WOULD'VE DONE IT YEARS AGO, MATE.
I'M SORRY, HUGHIE. I WAS A RIGHT ARSE-HOLE.
I THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' YOU A FAVOUR, BUT ALL I DID WAS FREAK YOU OUT AN' PISS YOU OFF. I'M SORRY.
JUST... DON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN, RIGHT?
NEVER.
JUST TELL ME FIRST.
RIGHT.


SO... TEENAGE KIX SOUND LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' A BAD DAY, EH?
HEH.
FUCK 'EM.
Pick Up Here
SO, D'YOU LIKE IT HERE? ENJOYIN' LIFE AMONG THE SEPTICS?
EH?
SEPTIC TANK: YANK.
NO, I DO LIKE IT, AYE. IT'S A BIT MAD AT FIRST, BUT YOU GET USED TO IT-- IT'S LIKE EVERY-THING YOU SAW ON T.V. OR IN A FILM, ALL COMIN' TRUE AT ONCE.
DO YOU NOT LIKE IT, THEN? DO AMERI-CANS JUST WIND YOU UP?
ARE YOU JOKIN'?
I LOVE THIS COUNTRY. YOU CAN GET A HUNDRED DIFFERENT SORTS OF DONUTS OR ANY OTHER OLD BOLLOCKS YOU DON'T NEED, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY. AN' THEY'RE ALL SO FUCKIN' STUPID, HUGHIE.
THEY'RE ALL SO SCARED OF LOSIN' WHATEVER LITTLE FORTUNE IT IS THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT, THEY NEVER DREAM OF HAVIN' A LOOK OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. YOU'RE CAREFUL ABOUT IT, YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH PRACTICALLY ANYTHING.
IT'S LIKE BACK HOME TIMES A THOUSAND.
AN' NEW YORK'S LIKE THE REST OF THE COUNTRY TIMES A MILLION.

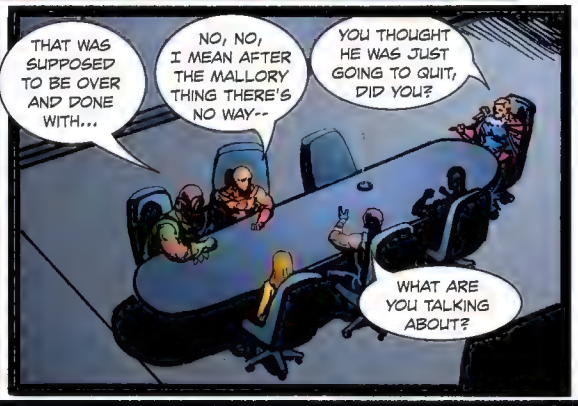
YOU THINK SO?
I KNOW SO. I'VE BEEN HERE NEARLY TWENTY YEARS, MATE.
YOU WAIT, YOU'LL SEE.
AYE...LOOK, I STILL HAVEN'T DECIDED IF I'M STAYIN' FOR GOOD, ALL RIGHT? I MEAN I CAME BACK BECAUSE--BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE THE REST OF IT, ALL THE SUPE STUFF YOU WERE TELLIN' US ABOUT...
BUT I'M SORRY, I STILL HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND...
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE.
NO MORE SURPRISES, RIGHT? NO MORE OF THAT SORTA SHIT. I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, THEN YOU CAN DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.
GIMME A MINUTE HERE, WILL YOU?
HELLO...
HEY.
ALL RIGHT, MATE?
IT'S SHOUT OUT.

LIVE
...AND I AM G--
I AM A GAY SUPER-HUMAN.
IT'S TAKEN A LOT OF SOUL-SEARCHING, IT'S BEEN A DIFFICULT ROAD TO TRAVEL. I KNOW I'VE CAUSED A LOT OF PEOPLE A LOT OF PAIN, AND, AND I WANT TO ASK FOR THEIR FORGIVENESS. IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I CAN ASK ANYONE TO TRUST ME AGAIN.
I'VE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT AND... I'M GOING TO...I'M TAKING A HIATUS FROM, FROM TEENAGE KIX. I DON'T THINK IT'S FAIR FOR THEM TO BEAR A BURDEN THAT IS MINE TO CARRY ALONE.
BUT I WANT TO-- TO SAY JUST HOW MUCH THEIR-- SUPPORT HAS MEANT TO ME AT THIS DIFFICULT TIME...
LIVE
HARD NOT TO.
YEAH. BLACK PLUS GAY PLUS HUMBLE PIE, EQUALS NO ONE'S SAYING SHIT ABOUT THIS ONE.
I TAKE IT WE CAN ALL SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE...?
I SEE.
AND THAT'S THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT OF THE SEARING INSIGHT ON OFFER TODAY, IS IT?

HUH?
COME AGAIN?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE SHIT WHO MAKES THE MARTINIS...?


I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THIS HALF-ASSED SNOW JOB BY TEEN-AGE KIX. I'M TALKING ABOUT WHO'S BEHIND WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM.
BECAUSE FROM WHERE I'M SITTING, IT'S GOT **HIS** NAME WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

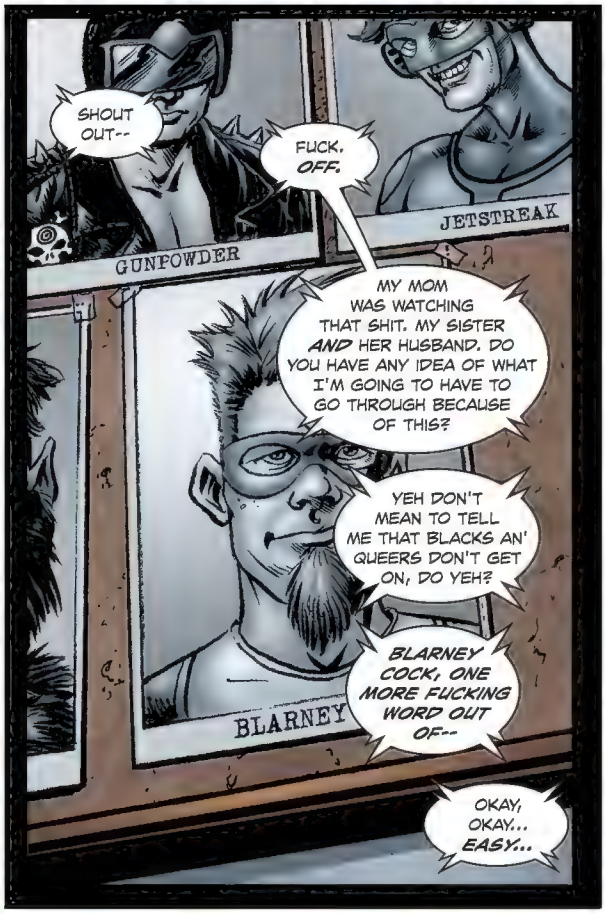
...NO.

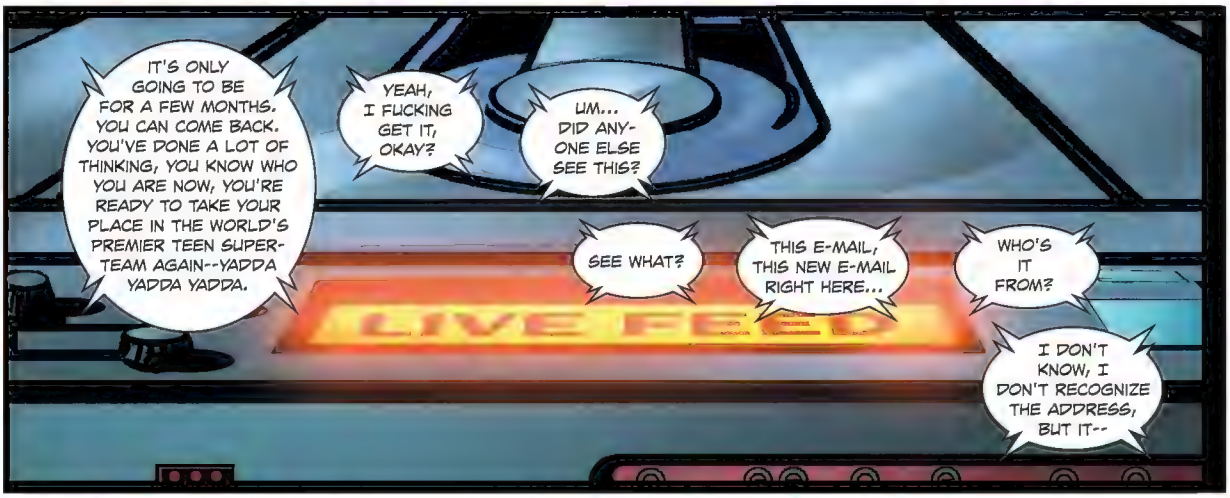

THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER AND DONE WITH...
NO, NO, I MEAN AFTER THE MALLORY THING THERE'S NO WAY--
YOU THOUGHT HE WAS JUST GOING TO QUIT, DID YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

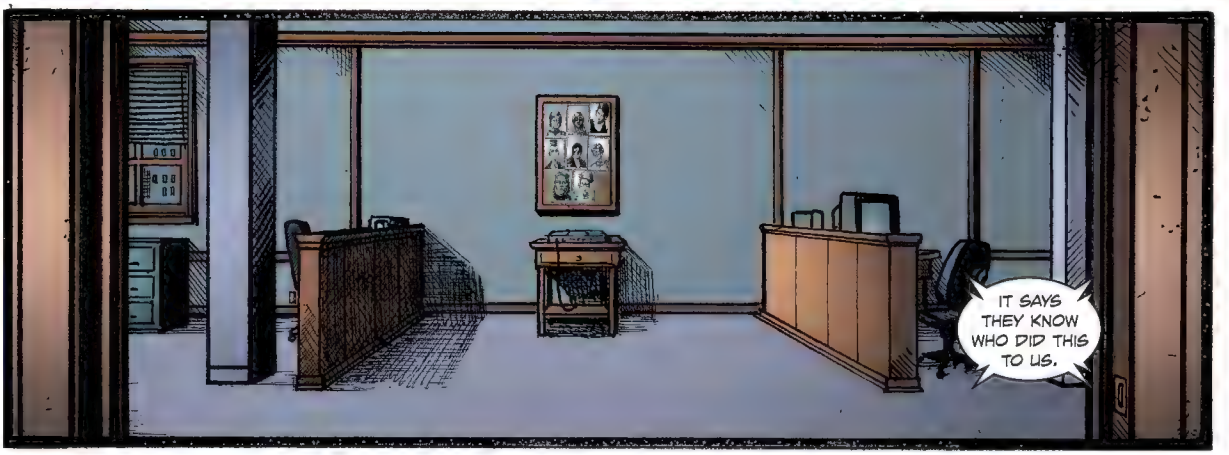
I'M SORRY, I'M OUT OF THE LOOP HERE. WAS THIS BEFORE MY TIME?
EXCUSE ME...?
EXCUSE ME, EVERYONE?

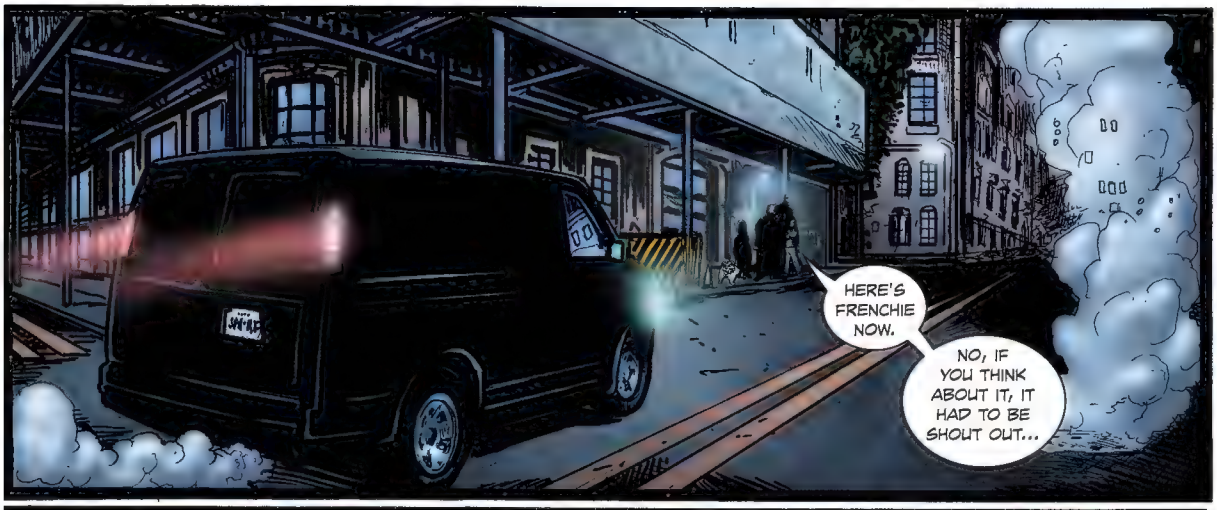
UM...
ALL I WANTED TO SAY WAS, WELL, SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO SHOW OUR SUPPORT FOR SHOUT OUT? I MEAN YOU KNOW, JUST TO LET HIM AND THE REST OF TEENAGE KIX KNOW WE'RE THINKING OF THEM?
I THOUGHT, UH...MAYBE IF WE BEGAN WITH A PRAYER, AND WE INVITED THEM...TO...
OH YES, STARLIGHT. THAT REMINDS ME.
MEMO FROM VOUGHT AMERICAN. NEW COSTUME CONCEPT FOR YOU, THEY WANT SOMETHING A BIT MORE PHOTO-GENIC.
MORE OR LESS--
LIKE THIS.
GET THE IDEA?
THIS IS WHO WE THINK IT IS. HE'S NOT GOING TO GO AWAY, HE'S NOT GOING TO GIVE UP. SHOUT OUT WAS JUST HIS WAY OF REMINDING US OF THAT.
SO FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS, BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO BE A BITCH OF A RIDE.
BUT--
BUT WHO IS IT?

LOOK... IT HAD TO BE SOME-ONE...
BIG GAME
SHOUT OUT
POWLAR
WHACK JOB
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
DOGKNOTT
BLARNEY COCK
FUCK OFF.

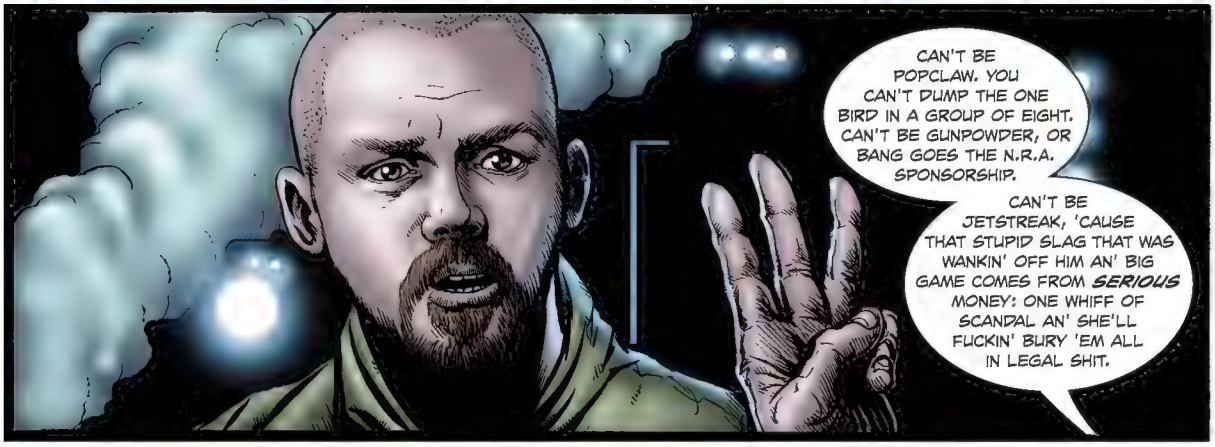

SHOUT OUT--
FUCK, OFF.
GUNPOWDER
JETSTREAK
MY MOM WAS WATCHING THAT SHIT. MY SISTER AND HER HUSBAND. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO THROUGH BECAUSE OF THIS?
YEH DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT BLACKS AN' QUEERS DON'T GET ON, DO YEH?
BLARNEY
BLARNEY COCK, ONE MORE FUCKING WORD OUT OF--
OKAY, OKAY... EASY...

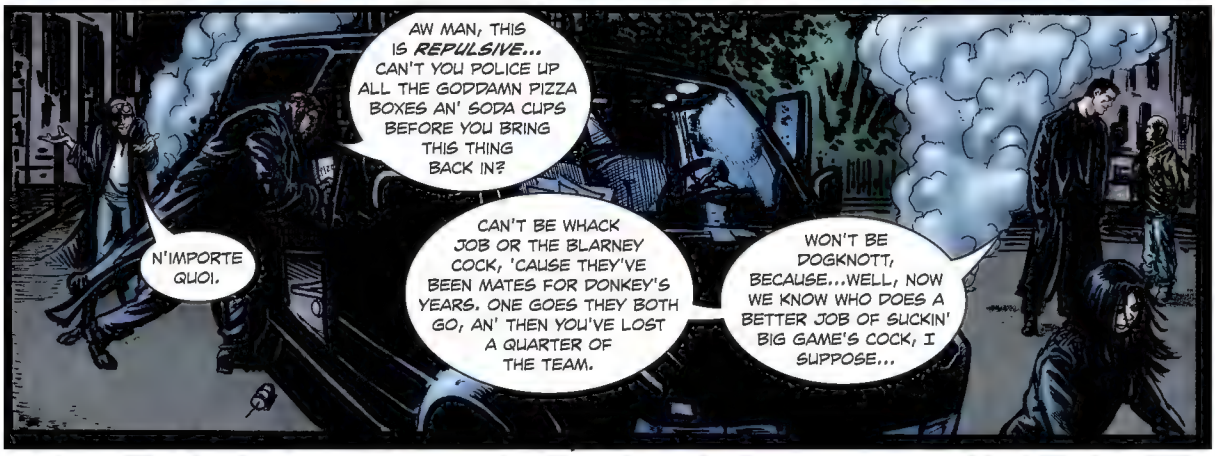

IT'S ONLY GOING TO BE FOR A FEW MONTHS. YOU CAN COME BACK. YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF THINKING, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW, YOU'RE READY TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD'S PREMIER TEEN SUPER-TEAM AGAIN--YADDA YADDA YADDA.
YEAH, I FUCKING GET IT, OKAY?
UM... DID ANY-ONE ELSE SEE THIS?
SEE WHAT?
THIS E-MAIL, THIS NEW E-MAIL RIGHT HERE...
WHO'S IT FROM?
I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE ADDRESS, BUT IT--


IT SAYS THEY KNOW WHO DID THIS TO US.


HERE'S FRENCHIE NOW.
NO, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, IT HAD TO BE SHOUT OUT...

HEY, FRENCHIE.
LAIT DE LA MERE!
BECAUSE HE'S BLACK?
WELL YEAH, THAT DOESN'T HURT. BUT WHAT YOU'VE GOTTA THINK ABOUT, IS WHO CAN DO THE MOST DAMAGE TO THE TEAM IF THEY GO DOWN...


CAN'T BE POPCLAW. YOU CAN'T DUMP THE ONE BIRD IN A GROUP OF EIGHT. CAN'T BE GUNPOWDER, OR BANG GOES THE N.R.A. SPONSORSHIP.
CAN'T BE JETSTREAK, 'CAUSE THAT STUPID SLAG THAT WAS WANKIN' OFF HIM AN' BIG GAME COMES FROM SERIOUS MONEY: ONE WHIFF OF SCANDAL AN' SHE'LL FUCKIN' BURY 'EM ALL IN LEGAL SHIT.


AW MAN, THIS IS REPULSIVE... CAN'T YOU POLICE UP ALL THE GODDAMN PIZZA BOXES AN' SODA CUPS BEFORE YOU BRING THIS THING BACK IN?
N'IMPORTE QUOI.
CAN'T BE WHACK JOB OR THE BLARNEY COCK, 'CAUSE THEY'VE BEEN MATES FOR DONKEY'S YEARS. ONE GOES THEY BOTH GO, AN' THEN YOU'VE LOST A QUARTER OF THE TEAM.
WON'T BE DOGKNOTT, BECAUSE...WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHO DOES A BETTER JOB OF SUCKIN' BIG GAME'S COCK, I SUPPOSE...

BIG GAME?
WELL THERE'S NO WAY HE'S GONNA FALL ON HIS SWORD, HE'S THE BOSS. EVEN IF HE WANTED TO, THE OTHERS'D BE INSANE TO LET HIM GO.
THERE'S ALWAYS ONE ALPHA DOG HOLDIN' THESE PACKS OF TWATS TOGETHER. THEY KNOW IT, TOO.
THEY ALL KNOW WHICH SIDE THEIR BREAD'S BUTTERED ON.
SNFF SNFF
RIGHT, I'LL SEE YOU LOT TO-MORROW--
ARRH!
TERROR?
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
COME ON, MATE, KNOCK IT ON THE HEAD...!
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
TERROR, MATE, WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU--
US.

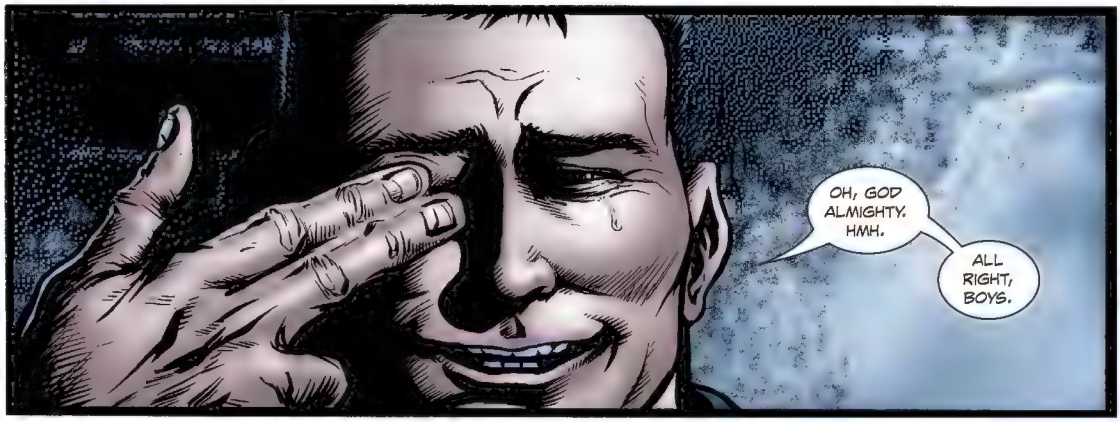
OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WEREN'T EXPECTING US? MM?
HEH.

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD HIDE FROM US? YOU BLACKMAIL US, YOU TRY TO DESTROY US AS A TEAM, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO FACE US, DO YOU?
HEH HEH HEH.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU PEOPLE ARE OR WHY YOU DECIDED TO FUCK WITH US, BUT THIS ENDS RIGHT HERE.
WE'RE TEENAGE KIX. YOU GET OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, YOU BE SURE AND REMEMBER THAT NAME.
HEH...
HEH! HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!

'CAUSE NOW IT'S TIME FOR ALL RIGHT, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH?!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!


OH, GOD ALMIGHTY. HMH.
ALL RIGHT, BOYS.

LET'S GIVE 'EM A *FUCKIN' SPANKIN'*.
NEXT: AND I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER

DYNAMITE
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
Garth Ennis
Darick Robertson
The BOYS
R.I.P.
DA RI CK 2006

OKAY, LET THEM COME TO US! SPREAD IT OUT! FLIERS FIRST, REST OF YOU ON BACK-UP!
LET'S SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO FUCK WITH TEENAGE--
K

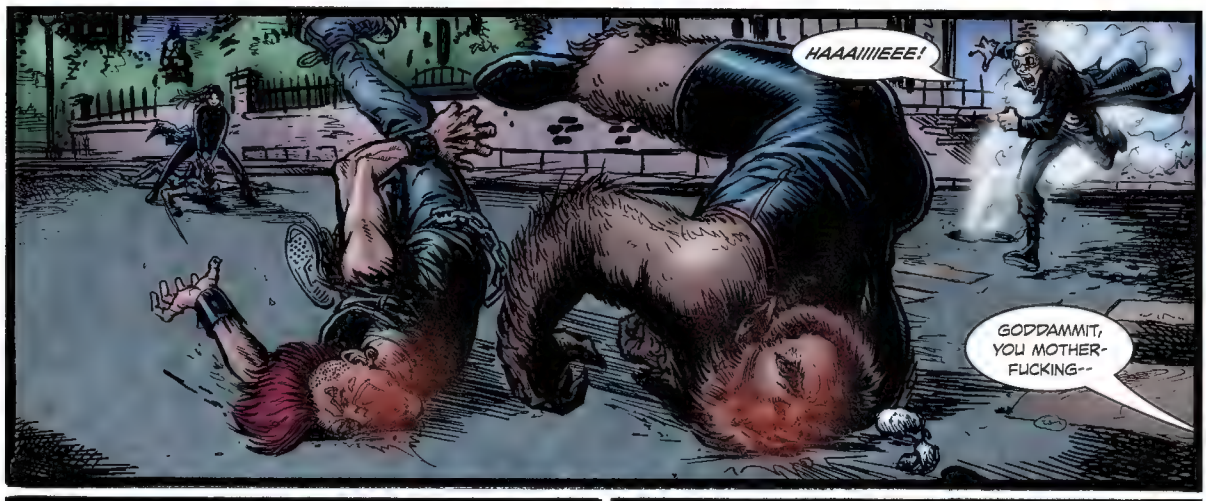
HNNHH

NUHH

EEEEIIIIGGHHH!!!

SHITE--!

HUGHIE, STAY CLEAR OF 'EM, MATE! YOU JUST TAKE THE COCK!
WHAT...?
HE MEANS ME, YEH CUNT YEH.
MOVE, MOVE, I CAN'T--
ULK--!
C'MERE, BITCH.
UFFF!


HAAAIIIIEEE!
GODDAMMIT, YOU MOTHER-FUCKING--

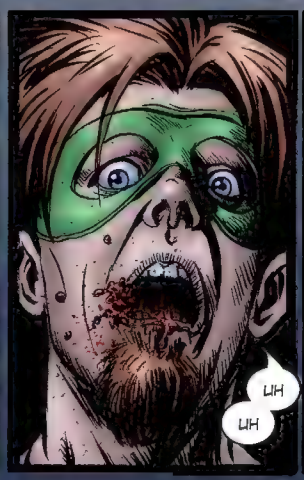
HUH
HELLO.

I'LL FUCKIN' BLATTER YEH, YEH BASTARD--
WAAAH--!

TAKE YER FUCKIN' EYES OUT--
NO--NO--
RIP YER BOLLOCKS OFF--

YEH LITTLE FUCKER YEH, I'LL PUT YER HEAD THROUGH THAT FUCKIN' WALL--!

NONONOGETOFFMENO!


UH
UH

FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KILL THEM...

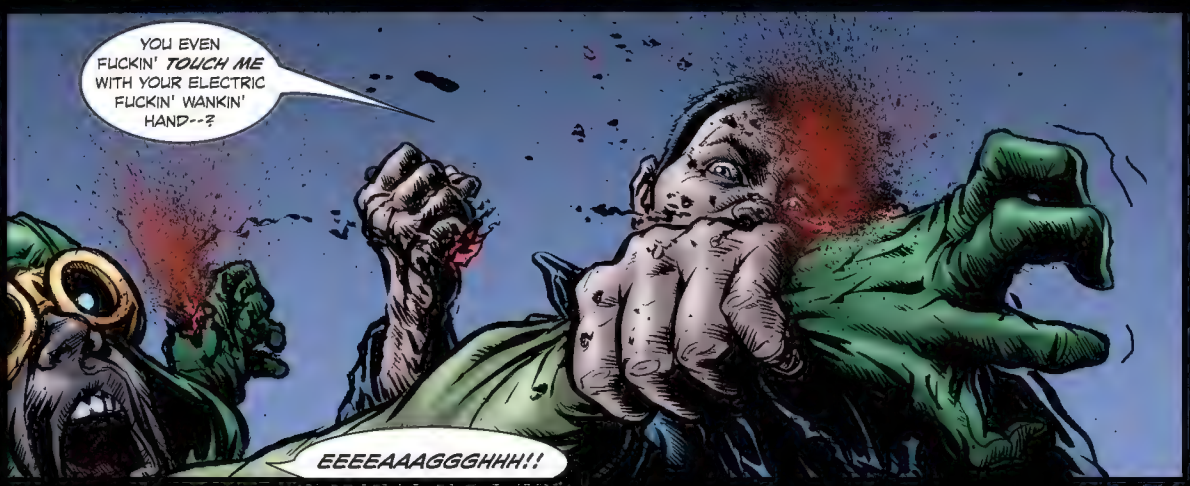
AWH--!

FUCKING HANDS OFF ME--
SHIT!

OH JESUS!

COURAGE, PETIT HUGHIE!
IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY, JUST DON'T BE LOOKIN' AT IT--
RIGHT, YOU--
AAAAHH!!

YOU BURN ME? YOU FUCKIN' BURN ME?


YOU EVEN FUCKIN' TOUCH ME WITH YOUR ELECTRIC FUCKIN' WANKIN' HAND--?
EEEEAAAGGGHHH!!

HE--HE--HE--
I KNOW. JUST CHILL. JUST TAKE A MOMENT AN' BREATHE AN' GET YOUR SHIT STRAIGHT.
BUT HE--I--I KI--
IT HAPPENS. YOU AIN'T USED TO IT, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOIN'. JUST CHILL.
BUT... UH...
DON'T SWEAT IT, OKAY? YOU CAN'T BE--
UH?
Q'EST-CE QUE C'EST...?
OH...
EEEWWW--!
HUH?

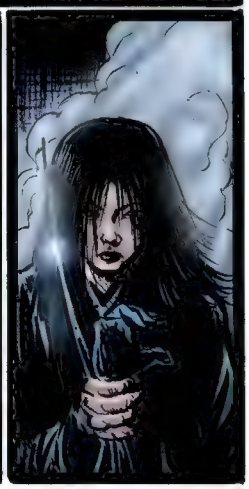
AW, NO...!

MERDE.
THAT IS SOME TRULY APPALLIN' SHIT...
AW, THE POOR WEE MAN--!

I AIN'T TOUCHIN' THE GODDAMN THING...
CAN WE NOT DO SOMETHIN' FOR HIM?
AW, BUT HE'S STUCK IN ALL THAT HORRIBLE TAPE--

HUGHIE, DON'T BE PICKIN' IT UP, MAN!
WHAT IS IT? OH, FUCK ME RIGID...!

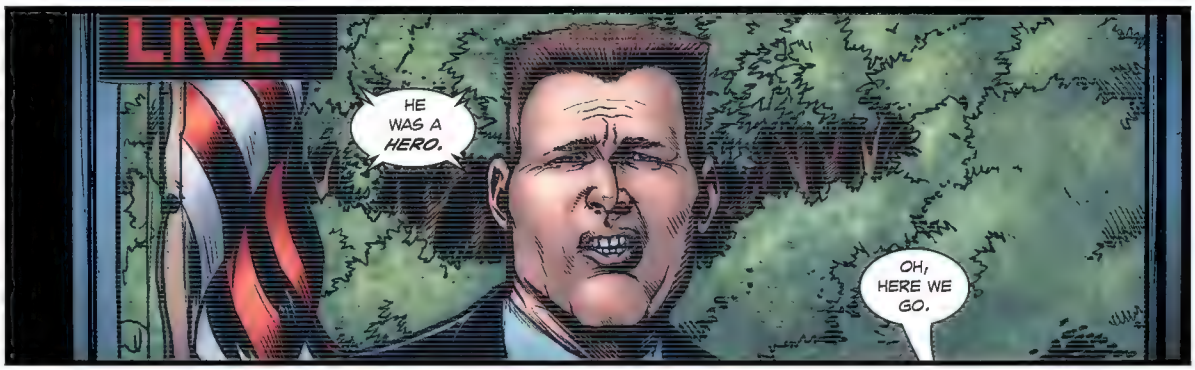
GET IT THE FUCK AWAY--!
WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM!
SPEAK FOR YOUR FUCKIN' SELF, DOCTOR DOLITTLE...



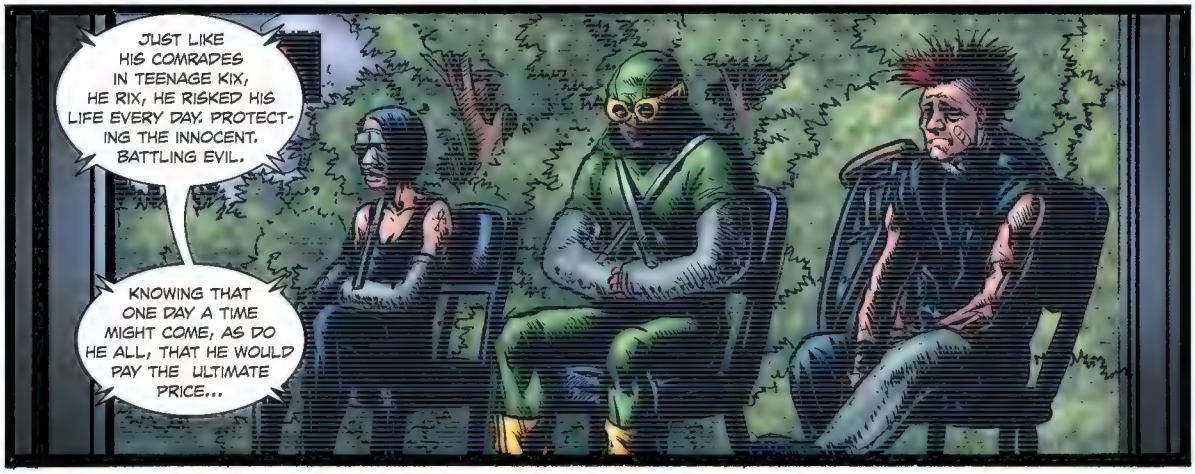
WELL NOW I'VE FUCKIN' SEEN EVERY-THING.
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK TO THE PLOD. THE REST OF YOU PISS OFF INSIDE.
JINGS.
CITI
OH, HUGHIE.
NOW THEY'RE GONNA HAVE ONE OF THOSE FUCKIN' FUNERALS.

NOT LIKE THEM TO LET IT GET SO PUBLIC, IS IT?
ALERT
I MEAN A BRAWL IN THE STREET, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FLATIRON...IT COULD MEAN, YOU KNOW, IT COULD MEAN THEY'RE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE...
SO LONG AS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THIS, SHOULDN'T MAEVE BE HERE, TOO? AS THE OTHER REMNANT OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS?
I DOUBT IT.
HER MAJESTY IS ABOVE SUCH WORLDLY CONCERNS. SO LONG AS SHE'S GOT ENOUGH GIN INSIDE HER, AT ANY RATE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT CONDITION THE REST OF HIS CREATURES ARE IN, BUTCHER HIMSELF IS GOING TO BE AS DANGEROUS AS EVER. THE MAN DOES NOT FUCK UP.
JUST ASK THE LAMP-LIGHTER.
ALL RIGHT, BIG SMILES FOR THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS.

LET HIM ALONE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, ANYWAY. THOUGHT HE COULD DO WITH A REST.
THAT WAS A LOT LOUDER THAN I'D'VE LIKED IT TO BE, BOYS.
WHERE'S HUGHIE?
HEH.
HE'S SORTIN' OUT THE GEAR FOR HIS NEW HAMSTER. I'M MEETIN' HIM LATER ON.
SACRE BLEU...
SO WHO TIPPED OFF THE KIX?
YEAH, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THAT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.
KESSLER?
MONKEY?
COME ON, MATE, HE WOULDN'T FUCKIN' DARE...!
RAYNER?

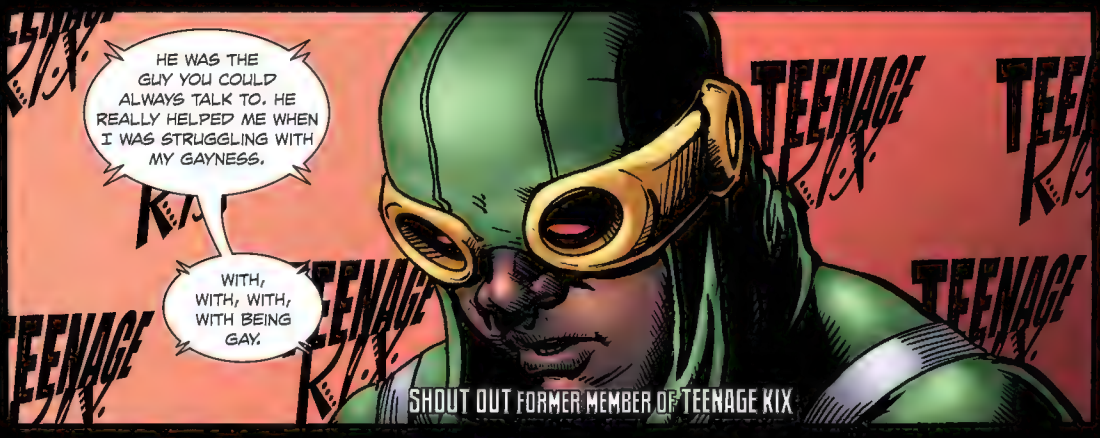

LIVE
HE WAS A HERO.
OH, HERE WE GO.

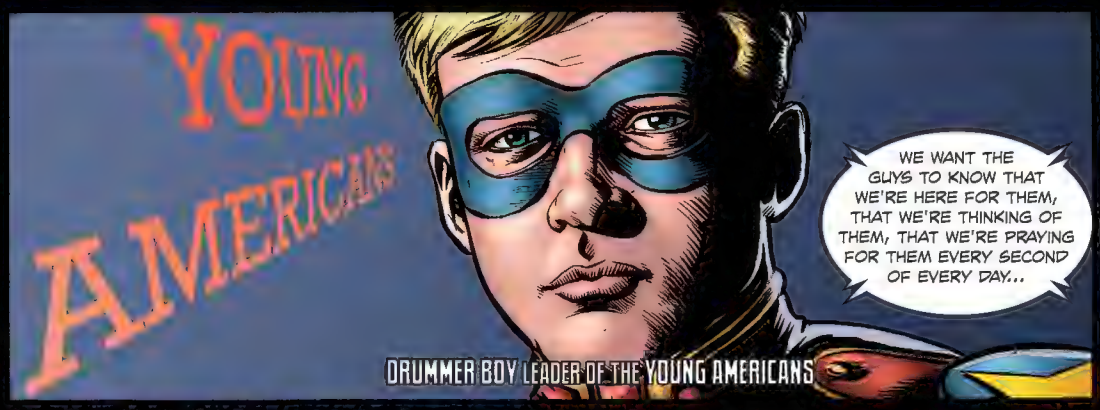
THAT'S, THAT'S A WORD THAT GETS THROWN AROUND A LOT THESE DAYS. SPORTS STARS AND HOLLYWOOD. PERSONALITIES...HOLLY-WOOD PERSONALITIES.
BUT BLARNEY COCK WAS THE REAL THING.
HERE, THAT'S...
VIC THE VEEP, YEAH.


JUST LIKE HIS COMRADES IN TEENAGE KIX, HE RIX, HE RISKED HIS LIFE EVERY DAY. PROTECT-ING THE INNOCENT. BATTLING EVIL.
KNOWING THAT ONE DAY A TIME MIGHT COME, AS DO HE ALL, THAT HE WOULD PAY THE ULTIMATE PRICE...

IN STANDING UP FOR THE CAUSE OF FURDOM.
BSN
HEROES IN MOURNING

HE WASTH THE BESTHT OF USTH. HE WASTH A GREAT GUY, YOU KNEW HE WASTH GRATEFUL FOR THE CHANCTHE HE'D BEEN GIVEN TO DO GOOD.
WE'RE ALL JUSTHT GOING TO MISSTH HIM LIKE CRAZTHY.
BIG GAME LEADER OF TEENAGE KIX

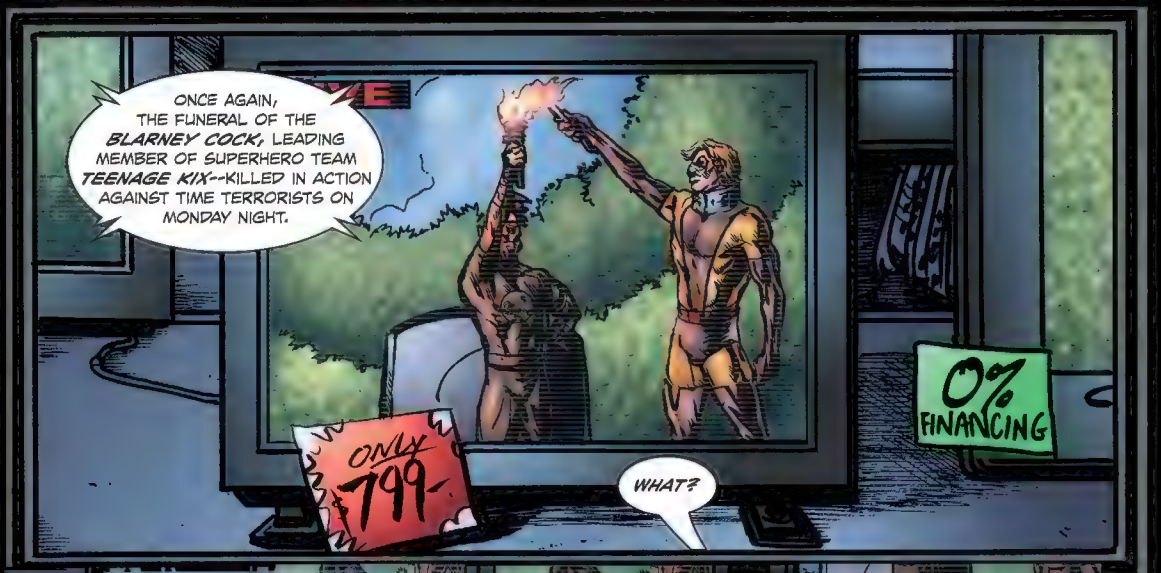

HE WAS THE GUY YOU COULD ALWAYS TALK TO. HE REALLY HELPED ME WHEN I WAS STRUGGLING WITH MY GAYNESS.
WITH, WITH, WITH, WITH BEING GAY.
TEENAGE K.I.X.
SHOUT OUT FORMER MEMBER OF TEENAGE KIX

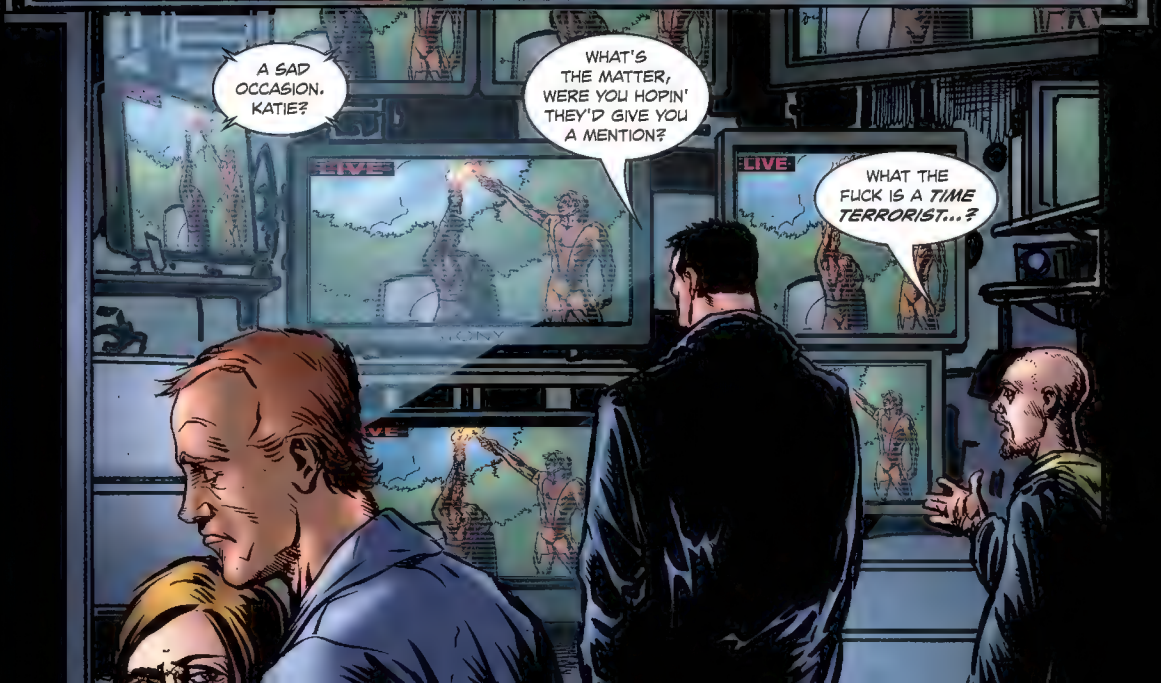

YOUNG AMERICANS
WE WANT THE GUYS TO KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE FOR THEM, THAT WE'RE THINKING OF THEM, THAT WE'RE PRAYING FOR THEM EVERY SECOND OF EVERY DAY...
DRUMMER BOY LEADER OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS

7
THE SEVEN REGRET THAT THEY CAN'T JOIN US THIS AFTERNOON, BECAUSE OF SOME EXCITING DEVELOPMENTS OF THEIR OWN WHICH I ADVISE ALL OF US TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR. BUT BARNEY WAS A FRIEND, HE WAS THEIR FRIEND, HE'LL ALWAYS BE A FRIEND...
ADAM FLEISHER SPOKESMAN FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN

LIVE
...IN THE SURE AND, IN FACT, DEFINITE RESURRECTION, I DON'T THINK ANY OF US ARE IN ANY DOUBT ABOUT THAT...
EH?
TELL YOU LATER.
WE'RE IN THE HOME STRAIT NOW. ONE LAST BIT OF BOLLOCKS AFTER THE PADRE, HERE.

LIVE
GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND.
I'LL MISSTH YOU.
THE BLARNEY COCK


ONCE AGAIN, THE FUNERAL OF THE BLARNEY COCK, LEADING MEMBER OF SUPERHERO TEAM TEENAGE KIX--KILLED IN ACTION AGAINST TIME TERRORISTS ON MONDAY NIGHT.
ONLY 799-
0% FINANCING
WHAT?


A SAD OCCASION. KATIE?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WERE YOU HOPIN' THEY'D GIVE YOU A MENTION?
LIVE
LIVE
WHAT THE FUCK IS A TIME TERRORIST...?

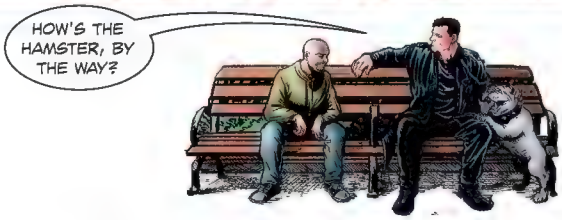
SO.
I CAN'T STAY.
I, UH...
I...
HHHH.
I KILLED SOMEONE. I KNOW IT WAS SELF-DEFENCE AN' I DIDN'T MEAN TO AN' ALL THAT, BUT I STILL DID IT.
AN' IT'S NOT LIKE I FEEL I NEED TO BE PUNISHED FOR IT, I DON'T HAVE SOME BURNIN' DESIRE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF A FUCKIN' AMERICAN PRISON, BUT I DON'T WANNA BE IN SOMETHIN' WHERE I CAN DO THINGS LIKE THAT AN' GET AWAY WITH IT...
WELL, I CAN ALWAYS MAKE ANOTHER PHONE CALL...
I SAID I DIDN'T--
I'M JOKIN', MATE.

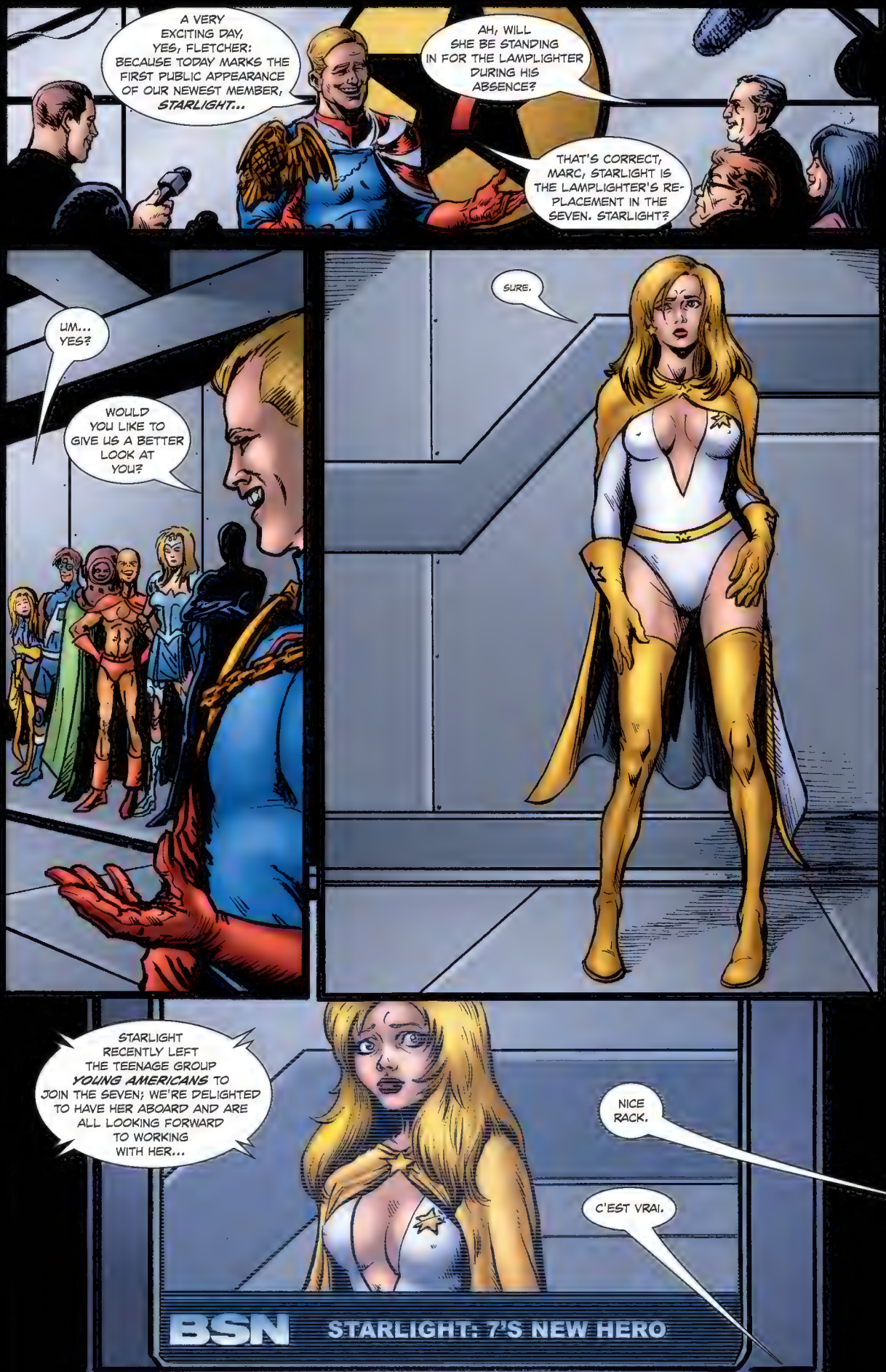
WELL I'M NOT GONNA TRY AN' STOP YOU, HUGHIE. I SAID ALL ALONG IT WAS GONNA BE YOUR DECISION.
BUT I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU, MATE, I THINK YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE.
WHY...?
I MEAN WHAT'S SO BLOODY BRILLIANT ABOUT SPYIN' ON THESE EEJITS ANYWAY? BLACKMAILIN' THEM, MAKIN' THEM SCARED ALL THE TIME? WHO GIVES A FUCK ABOUT BLOODY SUPERHEROES?
I MEAN-- WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT? WHY DO YOU BOTHER WITH THEM...?
ONE OF 'EM RAPED ME WIFE.
SHE NEVER TOLD ME. SHAME OR SOMETHIN'. I READ ABOUT IT IN HER DIARY AFTERWARDS.
FIRST I KNEW ABOUT IT, I WOKE UP ONE NIGHT AN' HER GUTS WERE ALL OVER THE BED, AN' THERE WAS THIS...SUPER-FETUS THING, CRAWLIN' OUT OF HER STOMACH. TOO MUCH FOR AN ORDINARY WOMAN TO CARRY TO TERM, SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
HAD TO BEAT IT TO DEATH WITH THE FUCKIN' LAMPSTAND.
SEE THAT? THAT WAS ITS HEAT VISION DONE THAT.

I LOVED MY WIFE, HUGHIE. BECKY, HER NAME WAS.
SHE WAS A DOLL. SHE MADE YOU-- BELIEVE IN THINGS.
I KNOW WHICH ONE IT WAS DONE IT TO HER. AN' I'M GONNA FUCKIN' HAVE HIM FOR IT.
WHO...?
ONE OF THE BIG BOYS.
D'YOU KNOW THE SUPES HAVE A CASUALTY ALLOWANCE?
UH...
CASUALTY ALLOWANCE IS A LIMIT SET FOR POLICE TACTICAL UNITS WHEN THEY'RE RESCUIN' HOSTAGES: YOU LOSE LESS THAN TWENTY PERCENT OF THE BODS YOU'RE THERE FOR, SAY, AN' YOU'RE RECKONED TO HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT. NOBODY'S GONNA LOSE THEIR JOB OVER IT.
'CEPT FOR SUPES IT'S SET AT SIXTY PERCENT, NOW WHY D'YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS?

I... WELL...
GO ON, HAVE A GUESS.
'CAUSE THEY'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT IT?
IN ONE.
THEY'RE NOT TRAINED, THEY'RE JUST A LOAD OF AMATEURS DECIDED THEY WERE GONNA DO THIS. THEY HAVEN'T BEEN LICENSED, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN AUTHORIZED. WHY'S THAT, D'YOU THINK?
WHY WOULD THE COPS AN' THE WHITE HOUSE AN' EVEN THE FUCKIN' MILITARY JUST SIT BACK AN' LET THESE CUNTS GET ON WITH IT?
...THEY'RE SCARED OF THEM.
AN' THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN.
I WON'T BULLSHIT YOU, HUGHIE: THIS WOULDN'T BE THE LAST TIME YOU'D HAVE TO TOP SOMEONE. IT'S BIG BOYS' RULES NOW. ALL THE NICE-GUY STUFF YOU GET TO DO 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE, THAT ALL GOES OUT THE WINDOW IF YOU WANNA WIN.
YOU SAW VIC THE VEEP AT THE FUNERAL TODAY, YEAH?
AYE...
SEE, IT USED TO BE A FUCKSIGHT SIMPLER, MATE. THE SUPES ARE BACKED BY THE BIG CORPORATIONS, AN' WE KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM FOR THE GOVERNMENT. THAT HASN'T CHANGED.
BUT NOW THE LINES ARE BLURRED. DAKOTA BOB HATES SUPES, HE KNOWS HOW DANGEROUS THEY ARE--BUT VIC THE VEEP, HE'S A VOUGHT-AMERICAN MAN THOUGH AN' THROUGH. HE USED TO RUN THE FUCKIN' PLACE; THEY'RE THE ONES GOT HIM ON THE TICKET IN 2000.
AN' WHAT THAT MEANS, MY SON, IS WE ARE ONE BAD DAY AWAY FROM A SUPE-FRIENDLY PRESIDENT IN THE OVAL OFFICE.

AN' THIS IS WHY YOU THINK I SHOULD STAY?
I THINK YOU SHOULD STAY 'CAUSE YOU'RE GOOD AT IT.
YOU LIKE IT.
YOU'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE, SO YOU WANT IT.
ALL THAT, AN' I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER.


HOW'S THE HAMSTER, BY THE WAY?


A VERY EXCITING DAY, YES, FLETCHER: BECAUSE TODAY MARKS THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF OUR NEWEST MEMBER, STARLIGHT...
AH, WILL SHE BE STANDING IN FOR THE LAMPLIGHTER DURING HIS ABSENCE?
THAT'S CORRECT, MARC, STARLIGHT IS THE LAMPLIGHTER'S REPLACEMENT IN THE SEVEN. STARLIGHT?
UM... YES?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE US A BETTER LOOK AT YOU?
SURE.
STARLIGHT RECENTLY LEFT THE TEENAGE GROUP YOUNG AMERICANS TO JOIN THE SEVEN; WE'RE DELIGHTED TO HAVE HER ABOARD AND ARE ALL LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH HER...
NICE RACK.
C'EST VRAI.
BSN
STARLIGHT: 7'S NEW HERO

LIVE
WELL, HOMELANDER, THANKS FOR INVITING US ABOARD TODAY; IT'S ALWAYS GREAT SPENDING TIME WITH THE WORLD'S FAVORITE SUPERHEROES...
THANK YOU, SCOTT. IT'S BEEN OUR PLEASURE.
FOR US, DUTY CALLS-- BUT LET ME JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO REMIND THE PEOPLE AT HOME THAT WE'RE STILL WATCHING OUT FOR THEM.
THAT'S OUR JOB. THAT'S WHAT WE DO. AND SHOULD THE WORST EVER HAPPEN, PLEASE, JUST REMEMBER:
LIVE
WE'LL BE THERE FOR YOU.
WELL, THERE GO THE SEVEN...
OFF TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR WHITE PEOPLE AGAIN.
HEARD THAT.
I DUNNO, THOUGH.
I MEAN THIS IS GONNA SOUND A LITTLE WEIRD COMIN' FROM ME, BUT YOU EVER THINK A COUPLE OF 'EM MIGHT HAVE THEIR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE? LIKE THERE MIGHT BE ONE OR TWO GOOD SUPES OUT THERE?
HEH.
WELL, IF THERE ARE:

CHERRY

conclusion

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS

ILLUSTRATED BY DARICK ROBERTSON

COLORED BY TONY AVIÑA

LETTERED BY GREG THOMPSON

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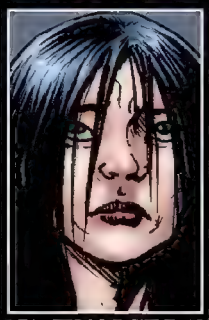
The BOYS™

SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in The Boys.

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GET SOME

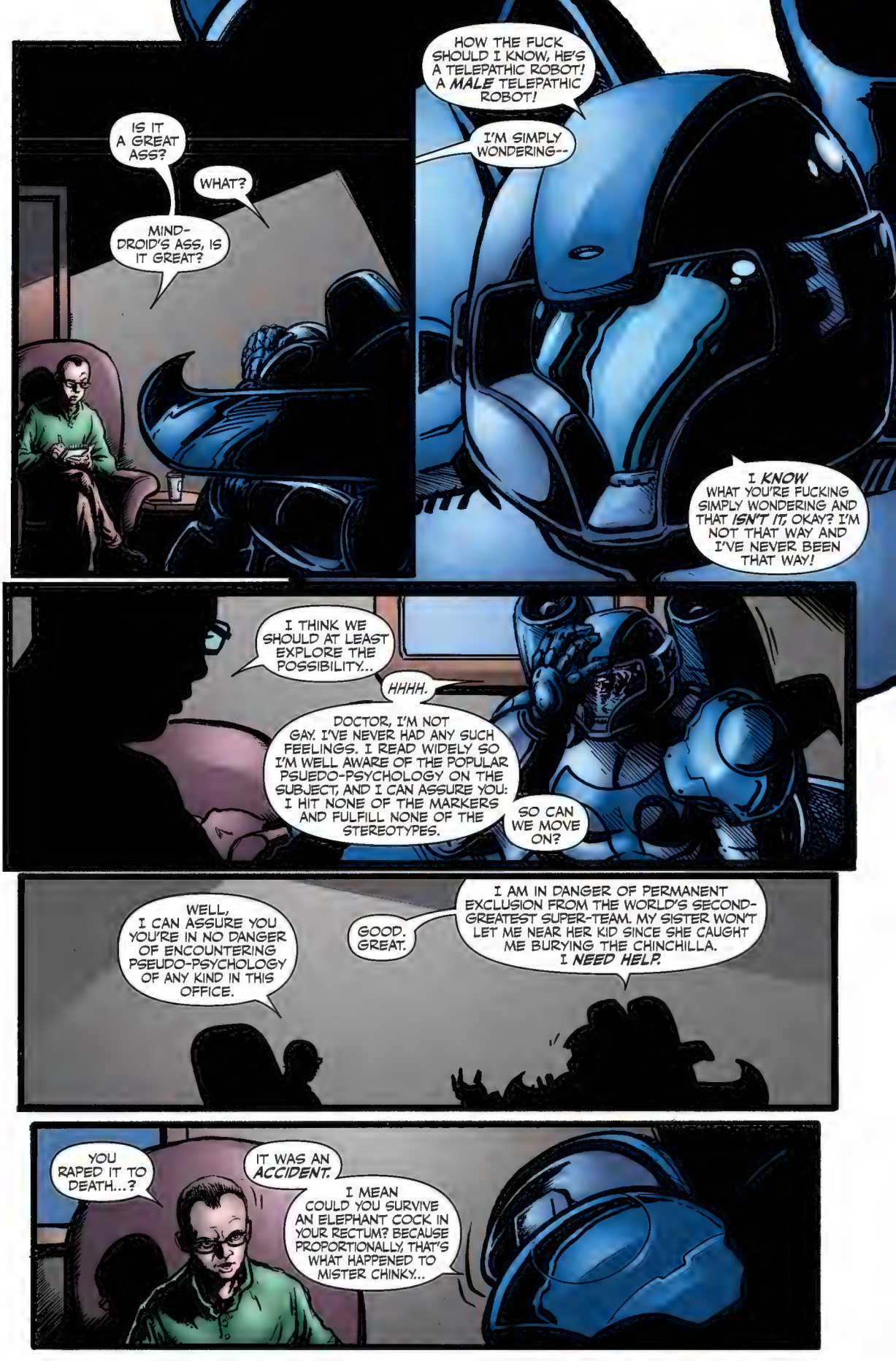
part one

HMM.
PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO START AT THE BEGINNING. YOU'RE...THE TEK-KNIGHT, IS THAT CORRECT?
YES.
AND WHAT DO YOU DO?
DON'T YOU KNOW...?
I MEAN I'M--I'M THE TEK-KNIGHT, I'M ONE OF THE FOUNDING MEMBERS OF PAYBACK...
AH, I'M AFRAID I DON'T REALLY FOLLOW THE SUPERHEROES. ONE OF MY WIFE'S FRIENDS IS QUITE KEEN, SHE READS ALL THE MAGAZINES AND SO ON...
BUT WE SAVE THE WORLD ON ALMOST A WEEKLY BASIS!
INTERESTING THAT YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THAT LIGHT. GO ON.
...OH, GOD.
I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.

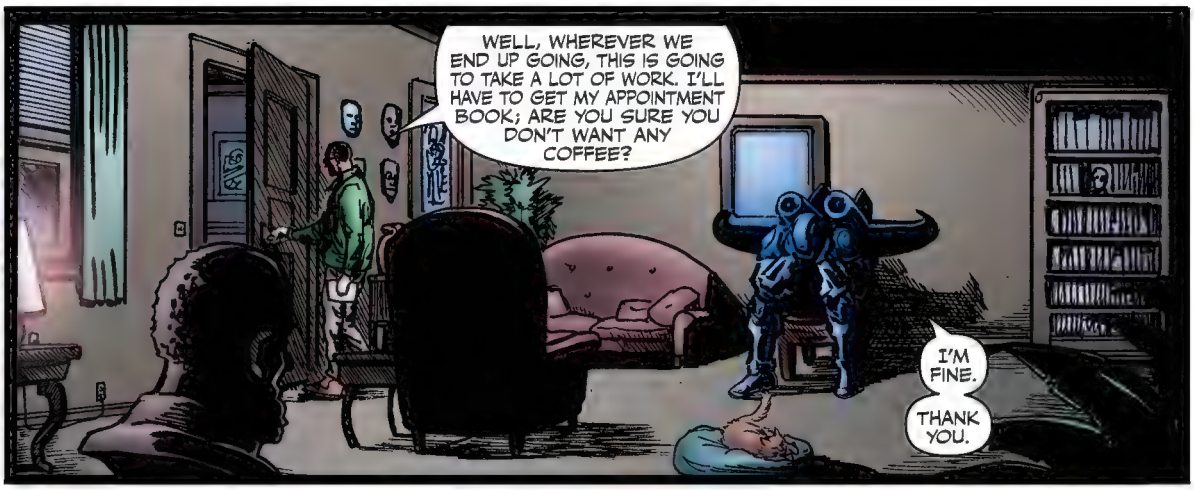
IT'S JUST THAT AN EXAGGERATED SENSE OF--
LOOK, WE WERE ON PATROL OVER BAYONNE, OKAY?
"WE'D HAD A TIP-OFF THAT *FINAL FATE* WAS BRINGING A TERRORIST ARMY IN THROUGH THE PORT. STORMFRONT, MIND-DROID, SWATTO AND I WERE ON AERIAL RECON-- THE OTHERS WENT IN ON FOOT.
"COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME. WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO TURN FOR HOME...
"AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS, THE THOUGHT POPPED INTO MY HEAD LIKE IT WAS THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD:
"MAN...HASN'T MIND-DROID GOT A *GREAT ASS?*"

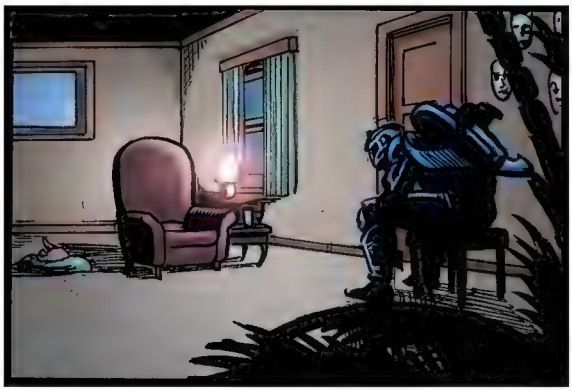
JUST LIKE THAT, LIKE--PASTRAMI ON RYE BUT NOT TOO MUCH MUSTARD, MM-MM, OR GO YANKEES, OR WHERE CAN I GET A CAR LIKE THAT?
"LOOK AT MIND-DROID'S ASS, ISN'T IT GREAT?"
AND... THEN...
THERE WAS THIS...OTHER THOUGHT...AND IT WAS JUST LIKE THE FIRST ONE, IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE BUT IT IT JUST MADE PERFECT SENSE--
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO... TO...WOULDN'T IT FEEL SO GOOD IF YOU...
"OH, GOD."
YOU... DID IT RIGHT THEN AND THERE?
THANK CHRIST WE WERE AT ALTITUDE.
THEY SUSPENDED ME, OBVIOUSLY. SINCE THEN IT'S BEEN A SIDE OF BEEF, MY NIECE'S CHINCHILLA, A HOLE I FOUND IN THE WALL OF MY CAVE...
DOCTOR, WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO?

HOW YOU DOIN', JAMIE?
YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, WEE PAL?
I MUST SAY YOU'RE DOIN' AWFUL WELL, CONSIDERIN'. MUCH BETTER'N I'D BE, IF...
AYE. WELL.
ANYWAY.
Hands off cocks and On with socks
TIME TO GO TO WORK.
GOD, ISN'T THAT MENTAL, JAMIE? ME WI' AN ACTUAL JOB?
HAMSTER CHOW
TRY AN' KEEP IT DOWN A BIT TODAY, JAMIE. NOT TOO MUCH O' YER WEE WHEEL, DON'T FORGET YOU'RE NOT REALLY ALLOWED IN HERE.
SEE YOU LATER THEN, PAL.
SEE YOU.

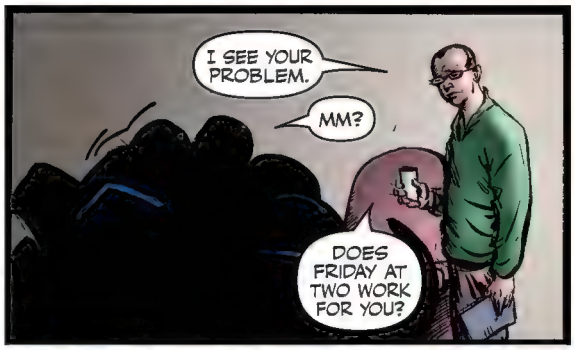

IS IT A GREAT ASS?
WHAT?
MIND-DROID'S ASS, IS IT GREAT?
HOW THE FUCK SHOULD I KNOW, HE'S A TELEPATHIC ROBOT! A MALE TELEPATHIC ROBOT!
I'M SIMPLY WONDERING--
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE FUCKING SIMPLY WONDERING AND THAT ISN'T IT, OKAY? I'M NOT THAT WAY AND I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT WAY!
I THINK WE SHOULD AT LEAST EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITY...
HHHH.
DOCTOR, I'M NOT GAY. I'VE NEVER HAD ANY SUCH FEELINGS. I READ WIDELY SO I'M WELL AWARE OF THE POPULAR PSUEDO-PSYCHOLOGY ON THE SUBJECT, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU: I HIT NONE OF THE MARKERS AND FULFILL NONE OF THE STEREOTYPES.
SO CAN WE MOVE ON?
WELL, I CAN ASSURE YOU YOU'RE IN NO DANGER OF ENCOUNTERING PSEUDO-PSYCHOLOGY OF ANY KIND IN THIS OFFICE.
GOOD. GREAT.
I AM IN DANGER OF PERMANENT EXCLUSION FROM THE WORLD'S SECOND-GREATEST SUPER-TEAM. MY SISTER WON'T LET ME NEAR HER KID SINCE SHE CAUGHT ME BURYING THE CHINCHILLA. I NEED HELP.
YOU RAPED IT TO DEATH...?
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
I MEAN COULD YOU SURVIVE AN ELEPHANT COCK IN YOUR RECTUM? BECAUSE PROPORTIONALLY, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MISTER CHINKY...

LET'S GO BACK TO THESE... THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, URGES THAT YOU MENTIONED. WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THEM AS OVERWHELMING?
NO.
NO, OBVIOUS WOULD BE A BETTER WAY OF PUTTING IT. COMPLETELY NATURAL. LIKE WHY ON EARTH WOULDN'T I DO THIS, YOU KNOW?
LIKE...WHY NOT MASTURBATE?
LIKE WHY NOT PICK MY NOSE. THERE'S NOTHING REALLY--I DON'T KNOW, LUSTFUL, SEXUAL, ABOUT THAT INITIAL IMPULSE.
BUT YOU ARE TUMESCENT DURING THE ACT.
YES...
SO YOU HAVE THE IDEA...
AND OFF I GO. END OF STORY.
THAT'S REALLY ALL THERE IS TO IT?
WELL... I...
GO ON.
I TALK DIRTY WHEN I'M DOING IT.
YOU KNOW. RAUNCHY.
SO AT THAT STAGE THERE IS A SEXUAL ELEMENT...
YES, A VERY LOUD ONE. LADDIO HEARD ME DOING THE TEK-MOBILE UP ITS TAILPIPE LAST NIGHT. THAT TOOK SOME CAREFUL EXPLAINING, I CAN ASSURE YOU.
FORTUNATELY HE'S NOT EXACTLY THE SHARPEST KNIFE IN THE DRAWER...
LADDIO?
MY BOY SIDEKICK.
DON'T EVEN FUCKING GO THERE, DOCTOR...

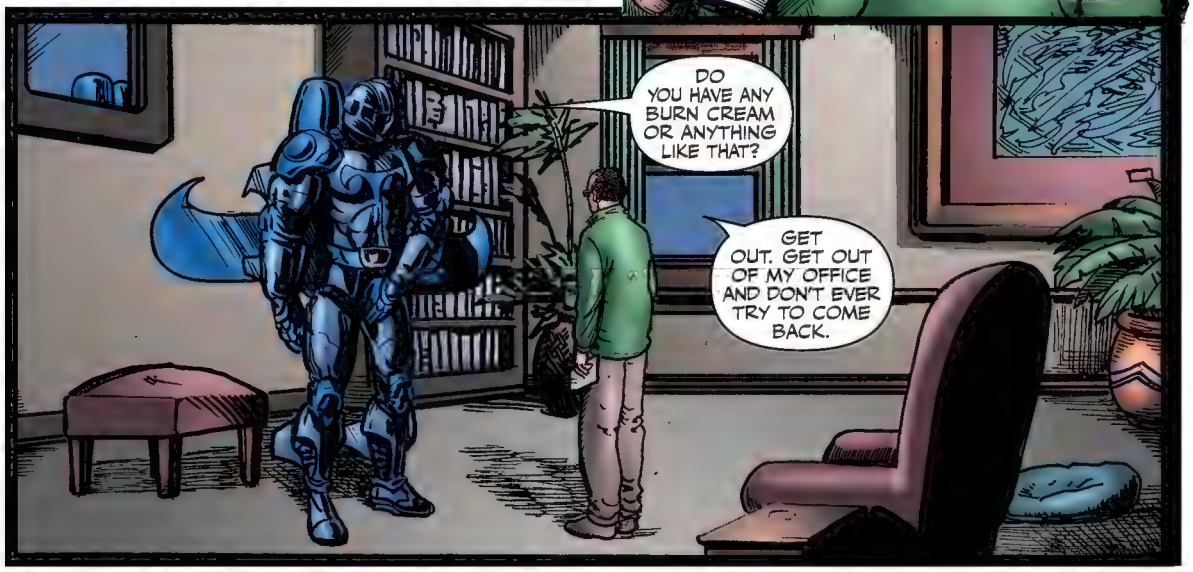

WELL, WHEREVER WE END UP GOING, THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF WORK. I'LL HAVE TO GET MY APPOINTMENT BOOK; ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY COFFEE?
I'M FINE.
THANK YOU.



RRAAAAAOOOOOOWW


I SEE YOUR PROBLEM.
MM?
DOES FRIDAY AT TWO WORK FOR YOU?

...OH, NO.
IT WASN'T THE CAT, WAS IT?


DO YOU HAVE ANY BURN CREAM OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
GET OUT. GET OUT OF MY OFFICE AND DON'T EVER TRY TO COME BACK.

PETIT HUGHIE! GENIAL!
'LO, FRENCHIE.
WHAT'RE THEY DOIN'...?
SAME THING THEY'RE ALWAYS DOIN'. WAITIN' FOR BUTCHER TO TELL 'EM TO FUCK SOMEBODY UP.
BUT WHY'RE THEY PLAYIN' MONOPOLY ON A CLUEDO BOARD?
'CAUSE THEY'RE A COUPLA CRAZY MUTHAFUCKAS.
OKAY...
DON'T BE LOOKIN' FOR NO LOGICAL SHIT 'ROUND HERE.
HE TOLD ME THEY WERE THE MUSCLE WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE. I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT 'TIL I SAW IT FOR MYSELF.
YEAH.
BETTER THEY'RE HERE WITH US LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW? I MEAN THE FRENCHMAN'S JUST CRAZY, BUT THE FEMALE...SHE'S DRAWN TO PUTTIN' A HURT ON FOLKS. THAT'S HOW COME SHE WAS WORKIN' FOR THE MOB, SHE'S GOT NO IDEA HOW TO STOP DOIN' WHAT SHE DO.
LITTLE BIT SAD.
HUH.

DO THEY HAVE NAMES?
THE FRENCHMAN AN' THE FEMALE? THE FRENCHMAN AN' THE FEMALE.
AIN'T NOBODY KNOWS SHIT ABOUT EITHER OF 'EM, HUGHIE. 'LESS BUTCHER GOT SOMETHIN' HE AIN'T MENTIONED.
WHICH AIN'T TOO GODDAMN UNLIKELY, TRUTH BE TOLD...
SO THEY JUST SIT HERE, AN'...WAIT TO BE LET LOOSE.
THAT IS A WEE BIT SAD, ISN'T IT?
'LEAST THIS WAY THEY AIN'T RUNNIN' ROUND OUT THERE. ALLA THAT VIOLENCE AN' SHIT GETS DIRECTED AT ASSHOLES DESERVE IT.
'KAY, HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM HERE IN AN HOUR. YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THERE?
M TRAIN TO BAY PARKWAY?
YOU WIN THE STAR PRIZE, BABY.
EH?
SLIX
AW, FUCKIN' GREAT...!
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO ASK WHY YOUZ ALL WEAR THESE...
SLIX
5th Ave

IT'S SO WE LOOK LIKE A PACKA SCARY HARD FUCKIN' BASTARDS, MATE.
THINK IT'S WORKIN' YET? D'YOU FEEL HARDER AN' SCARIER?
WELL I DEFINITELY FEEL A BIT TALLER...
THERE YOU GO.
NEXT TIME WE GET IN A BARNEY, HUGHIE, JUST TWAT ANYTHING NOT WEARIN' A BLACK OVERCOAT. YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW MANY TIMES THAT'S SAVED THE DAY.
AYE, WELL I'M HOPIN' THAT'S NOT GONNA BE ANY TIME SOON, YOU KNOW?
VINNIE'S COMICS
BASEBAL
CARDS.
ACTION FIGURES
WOK
FRY
LIQU
140
YOU! YOU PUT THAT FUCKIN' BOBA FETT DOWN OR I'LL BREAK YA FUCKIN' NECK, YA LITTLE COCKSUCKUH!
I--I WASN'T--
I CATCH YA STEALIN' FROM ME AGAIN I'LL BUST A BASEBALL BAT OVAH YA HEAD AN' STICK THE SPLINTUHD END UP YA ASS, MUTHAFUCKUH!
WHAT'RE WE GOIN' IN HERE FOR...?

SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET.
BUT-- BUT--!
WHAT, YA GONNA FUCKIN' *TALK BACK TA ME NOW?* SEAN, TEAR UP THIS FUCKIN' MUTT'S ORDUH CARD! TEAR UP ALLA THE BOOKS IN HIS FUCKIN' ORDUH!
DO IT YASELF, YA LAZY MUTHAFUCKUH...
FUCK YOU...
FUCK *YOU...*
YOU STILL HERE, *FAGGUT?* GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, I'LL CRACK YA SKULL OPEN AN' SHIT IN YA FUCKIN' BRAINPAN...
BUTCHUH! YA LIMEY BASTUHD, HOW THE FUCK ARE YA?
HELLO, LADS.

HUGHIE, THIS IS GUISEPPE MCGUINEA...
HEY, HUGHIE. WATCH OUT FUH THIS GUY, HE'LL FUCK YA INNA ASS AS SOON AS LOOK ATCHA.
AN' THAT'S HIS BROTHER, SEAN.
YO.

HE AIN'T QUITE READY FUH YA, BUTCHUH. 'BOUT FIVE MINUTES, OKAY?
NO RUSH, MATE.
YOU WANTED ME TO MEET *THEM?*
EH? OH FUCK, NO, THEY JUST RUN THE PLACE. NO, IT'S THE BLOKE DOWNSTAIRS, YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE.
C'MON AN' WE'LL HAVE A LOOK 'ROUND.

COMICS...
YOU READ 'EM?
ONLY WHEN I WAS WEE.
HIGHLY ENTERTAININ'.
THIS IS WHERE THEY PUT OUT THE OFFICIAL VERSION, HUGHIE. PUBLIC GETS TO READ ABOUT THRILLIN' HEROICS AN' CRUSADERS FOR JUSTICE, AN' IN THE MEANTIME THE SUPES GET ON WITH ALL THE HORRIBLE SHIT THEY'RE REALLY DOIN'.

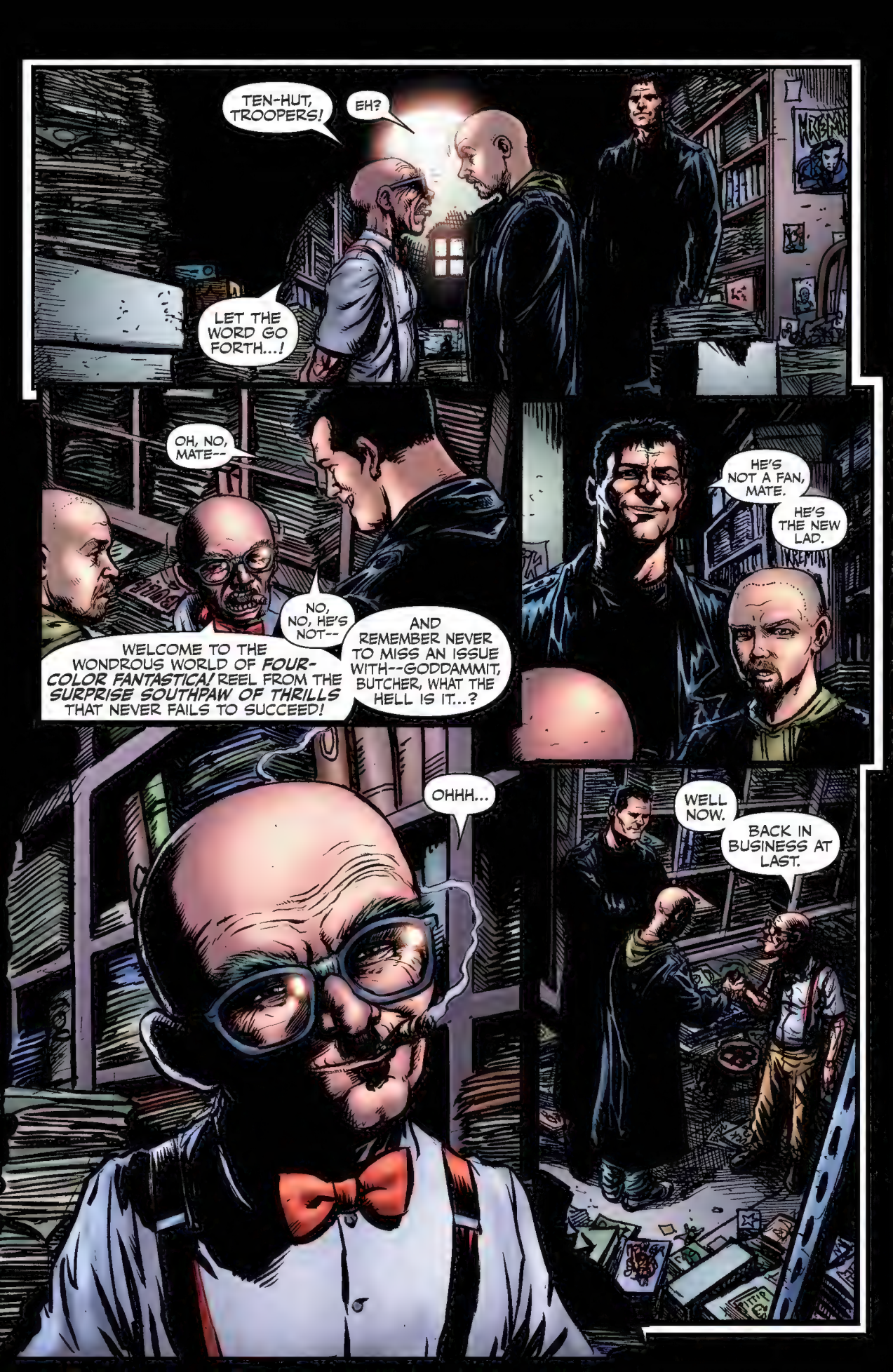
HIGHLY ENTERTAININ', AS I SAID.
'SPECIALLY IF YOU'VE GOT THE INSIDE SCOOP.

POOF.
DYKE.
POOF, POOF, POOF. DYKE. POOF. BOTH POOFS, YOU'LL HARDLY BE SURPRISED TO HEAR. POOF.
SHE'S GOT A COCK...HE'S IN THE KLAN...CAPTAIN *DATERAPE*, MORE LIKE...*MANDELA X*-- BLACK POWER MY ARSE, THAT BLOKE'S HAD MORE WHITE PUSSY THAN YOU AN' ME'LL SEE IN OUR LIFETIMES PUT TOGETHER...
POOF.. DYKE...KIDDIE-FUCKER... POOF...
WAIT A MINUTE, EVEN I'VE HEARDA *HIM*. HE DIED SAVIN' THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.
CHOKED ON *CUM*...
HIM THERE? FULL-BLOWN AIDS. KNEW HE HAD IT, DID NOTHIN' ABOUT IT, INFECTED AT LEAST THREE GIRLS THAT I KNOW OF.
SO I CUT HIS DICK OFF, AN' TO THIS DAY THE SAVIOUR OF HELL'S KITCHEN'S BEEN SITTIN' DOWN TO PISS...
WHAT?
FUCKSAKE, THIS IS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF A NIGHTMARE...
HENCE THE COMICS.
WORKS FOR US TOO, MATE. I MEAN THERE'D BE NO POINT TRYNNA BLACKMAIL A BLOKE EVERYONE ALREADY KNOWS IS A CUNT, WOULD THERE?

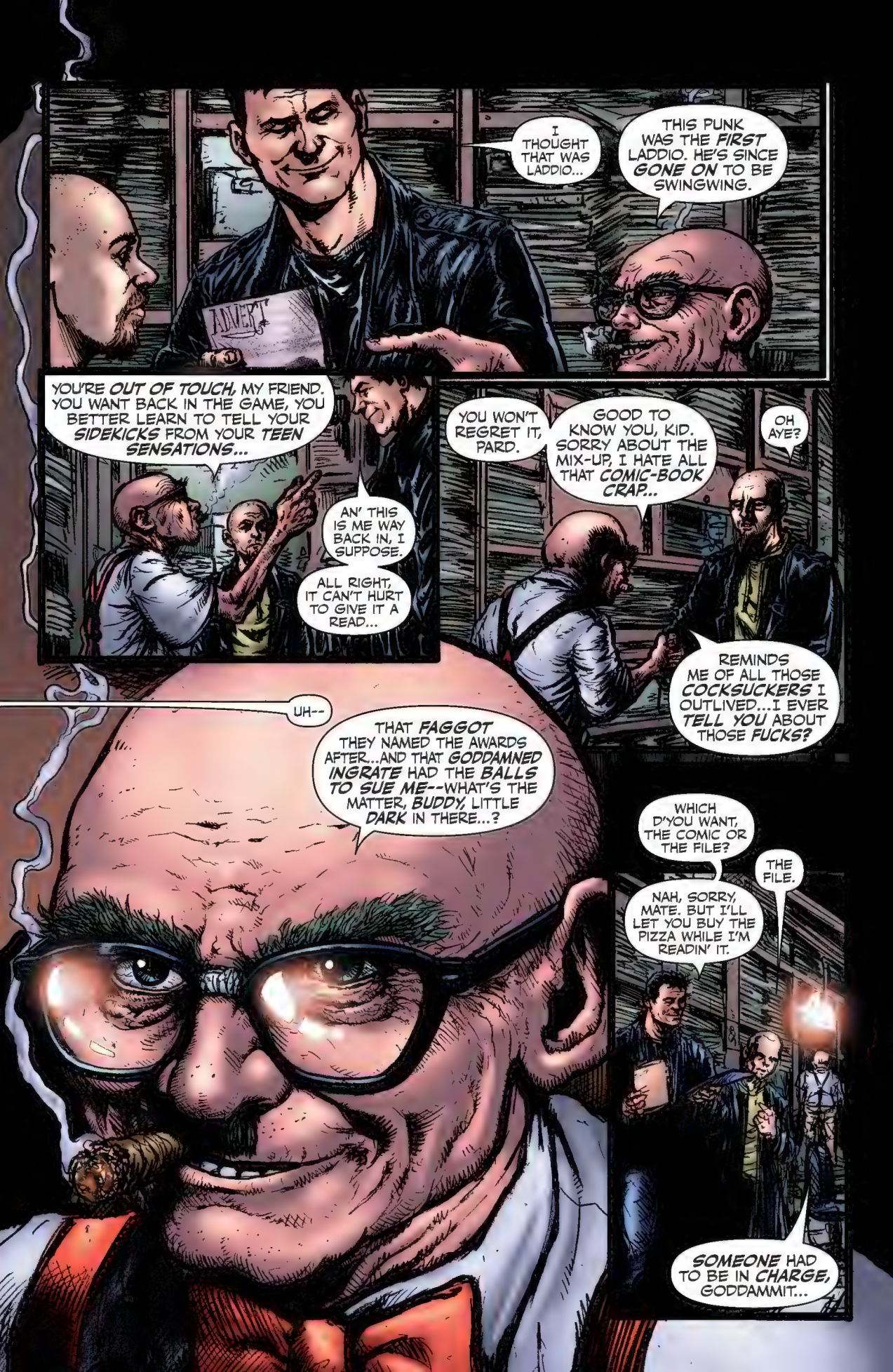
HIYA, T.K.!
HELLO, LADDIO...
SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BIG GUY?
YOU WANNA HIT THE WEIGHT ROOM--GOOD HARD WORKOUT, REALLY PUMP THOSE BLUES AWAY?
NO THANKS, LADDIO. YOU GO AHEAD.
AW, C'MON! LET'S GET THOSE JUICES FLOWING!
ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO--
ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO--
OH, SHIT.

HEY BUTCHUH, YA CAN GO ON DOWN NOW...
CHEERS, MATE.
HAW.
YO 'SEPPE, AIN'T THIS THE ONE YA LIKE JERKIN' OFF TA?
FUCK YOU, YA FUCKIN' DOUCHE!
HAW.
SO WHO'S THIS WE'RE...?
WELL, WHEN THEY STARTED DOIN' THE COMICS IN THE FIFTIES, THEY NEEDED SOMEONE WHO CAME FROM PUBLISHIN' TO RUN THE OFFICE. HE'S THE BLOKE GOT THE JOB.
AN' WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SUPES IS NOT WORTH KNOWIN', BELIEVE YOU ME...
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
HE HASN'T GOT A NAME, MATE. HE'S GOT A LEGEND.
HE IS A LEGEND...
ARISE, MJOLNIR...!

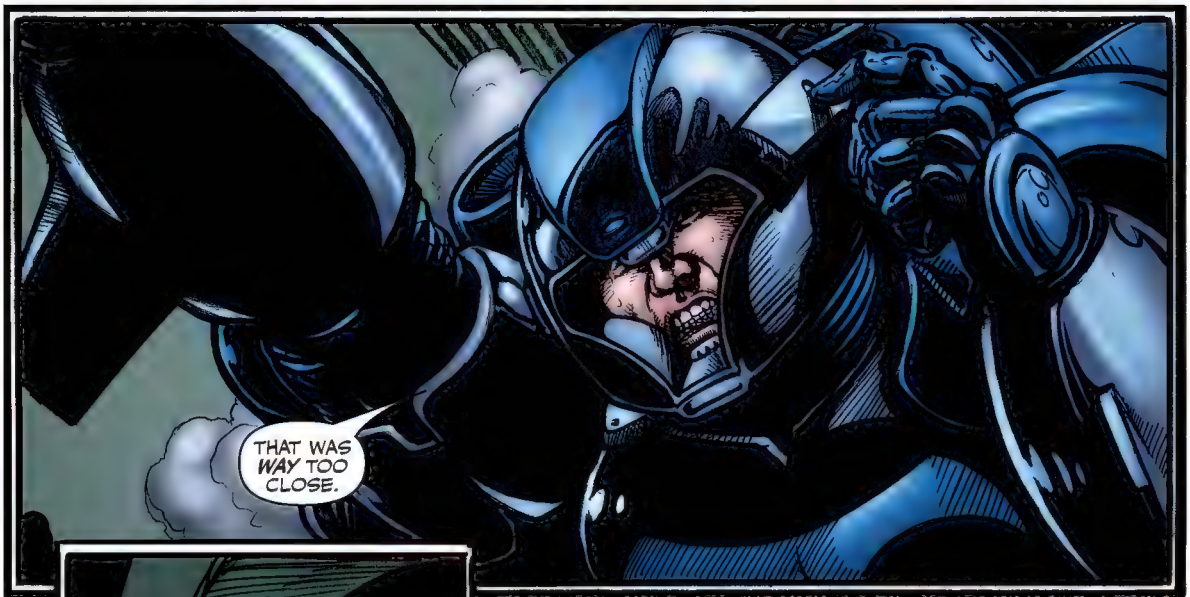
WHAT THE HELL...?
OH, BOLLOCKS--!
GOD DAMMIT, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE FUCKING PRIVACY...OH, SHIT, I BET THIS IS THOSE MICK-WOP SONS OF BITCHES' IDEA OF A FUCKING JOKE...!
SORRY, MATE--
AH, THE HECK WITH IT, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SHOOT POOL WITH A LENGTH OF GODDAMN ROPE...
GET YOUR TEN BUCKS FROM THE APE AT THE COUNTER, SWEETHEART. SAME TIME NEXT WEEK.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH...


TEN-HUT, TROOPERS!
EH?
LET THE WORD GO FORTH...!
OH, NO, MATE--
NO, NO, HE'S NOT--
WELCOME TO THE WONDROUS WORLD OF FOUR-COLOR FANTASTICA! REEL FROM THE SURPRISE SOUTHPAW OF THRILLS THAT NEVER FAILS TO SUCCEED!
AND REMEMBER NEVER TO MISS AN ISSUE WITH--GODDAMMIT, BUTCHER, WHAT THE HELL IS IT...?
HE'S NOT A FAN, MATE.
HE'S THE NEW LAD.
OHHH...
WELL NOW.
BACK IN BUSINESS AT LAST.

YOU KNOW, THAT JUST MIGHT MAKE THIS A LITTLE EASIER...
YEAH, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE. WHAT'S THIS YOU WANT US TO LOOK INTO, THEN?
MY SISTER'S GRANDSON. LITTLE SWISH. SOMEONE PITCHED HIM OFF A ROOFTOP SIX MONTHS BACK.
FRANK JOHNS IN THE ONE-NINE SENT THAT OVER. HE SAYS THE P.D. AIN'T EXACTLY BUSTING THEIR ASSES LOOKING FOR THE PERP...
SO...YOU CAME TO THE BLOKE WHO TAKES THE CASES THE COPS WON'T TOUCH? THE MAN WHO STANDS FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE NO MATTER WHAT?
WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU GIVIN' THIS TO ME FOR...?
'CAUSE FIRST OF ALL, YOU OWE ME.
AN' SECOND OF ALL, HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BENDIN' OVER FOR THIS SON OF A BITCH.
SWINGWING...?
TEK-KNIGHT'S BOY.


I THOUGHT THAT WAS LADDIO...
THIS PUNK WAS THE *FIRST* LADDIO. HE'S SINCE *GONE ON* TO BE SWINGWING.
YOU'RE *OUT OF TOUCH,* MY FRIEND. YOU WANT BACK IN THE GAME, YOU BETTER LEARN TO TELL YOUR *SIDEKICKS* FROM YOUR *TEEN SENSATIONS...*
AN' THIS IS ME WAY BACK IN, I SUPPOSE.
ALL RIGHT, IT CAN'T HURT TO GIVE IT A READ...
YOU WON'T REGRET IT, PARD.
GOOD TO KNOW YOU, KID. SORRY ABOUT THE MIX-UP, I HATE ALL THAT *COMIC-BOOK CRAP...*
OH AYE?
REMINDS ME OF ALL THOSE *COCKSUCKERS* I OUTLIVED...I EVER *TELL YOU* ABOUT THOSE *FUCKS?*
UH--
THAT *FAGGOT* THEY NAMED THE AWARDS AFTER...AND THAT *GODDAMNED INGRATE* HAD THE *BALLS TO SUE ME*--WHAT'S THE MATTER, *BUDDY,* LITTLE *DARK* IN THERE...?
WHICH D'YOU WANT, THE COMIC OR THE FILE?
THE FILE.
NAH, SORRY, MATE. BUT I'LL LET YOU BUY THE PIZZA WHILE I'M READIN' IT.
SOMEONE HAD TO BE IN *CHARGE,* GODDAMMIT...

GEE, T.K., I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SENDING ME ON A HERO QUEST...!
WELL, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT IT IS TO BE A MAN--TIME YOU, TIME YOU, TIME YOU WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD AND PROVED YOURSELF, AH...
AND YOU REALLY WANT ME TO VISIT ALL THE SUPERGROUPS?
THERE'S A LOT THEY CAN TEACH YOU. NOW--
THE SEVEN? THE MIDWEST GUARDIANS? TEENAGE KIX AND THE YOUNG AMERICANS? EVEN THE G-MEN?
THE G-MEN, G-FORCE, THE G-NOMADS, THE G-BRITS, G-WIZ, EVERY SINGLE LAST ONE OF THEM. THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE.
BUT THAT COULD TAKE YEARS...
GOOD! LET IT! GO, LADDIO!
JUST GO!
YOU GOT IT!
JESUS WEPT...



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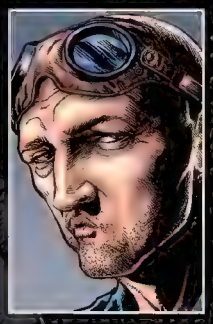
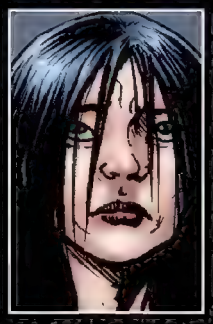

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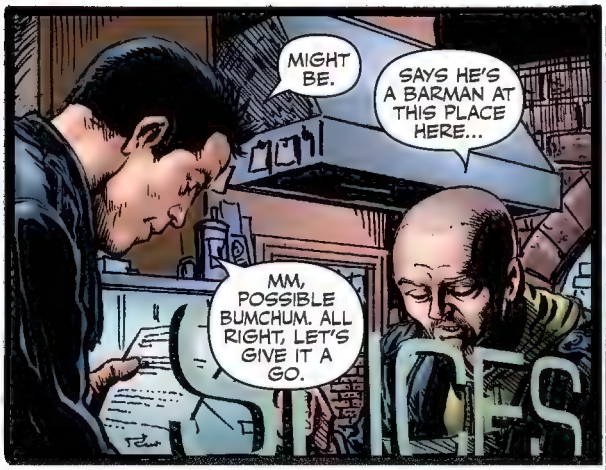
GET SOME

part two

PICK UP ORDER
IN BOLD...
WHY DO THEY DO THAT, ANYWAY? IT'S REALLY ANNOYIN' TRYNNA READ IT, IT MAKES IT LIKE STOP-START, STOP-START, STOP-START, YOU KNOW?
HSPIZZA
SLICES
I DUNNO, I JUST THINK THIS IS REALLY STUPID. I MEAN GAY FELLAS DO GET BEATEN UP, THERE ARE THESE FUCKERS GO AROUND DOIN' IT--AN' HERE'S THIS SHITE SAYIN' NOT TO WORRY, THERE'S A *SUPERHERO* ON THE WAY...
WELL, THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT A' SUPES, INNIT? SOMETHIN' COMPLICATED, YOU MAKE IT SIMPLE. YOU MAKE IT SOMETHIN' YOU CAN HIT, OR ELSE YOU JUST IGNORE IT.
YOU STAY AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE FROM THE REAL WORLD--
WHICH LET'S FACE IT, CAN BE A MESSY FUCKIN' PLACE.
AW, *NO...!*

IS THIS--?
KID THE LEGEND WANTS US LOOKIN' INTO. SAYS HE WAS FUCKIN' THE REAL-LIFE SWINGWING.
POOR BASTARD...
AW SHITE, THIS IS THE SORTA THING I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET USED TO, ISN'T IT?
YEP.
NAME OF DECEASED, STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN. AGED EIGHTEEN, STUDENT AT N.Y.U., APPARTMENT IN GRAMERCY BUT SPENT THE ODD WEEKEND WITH MUM IN YONKERS...A VERY NICE PART OF YONKERS...
PARENTS DIVORCED, DAD OVERSEAS, BENT AS A NINE-BOB NOTE AN' DEAD: FELL OFF THE ROOF OF A BUILDIN' AN' HIT NINTH AVENUE SIX STOREYS LATER.
NOTHIN' IN HERE TO SUGGEST FOUL PLAY AT ALL--WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY THE PLOD WEREN'T OVERLY INTERESTED...
EIGHTEEN.
THEN AGAIN, NO DRUGS, NO ALCOHOL. NO HISTORY OF MENTAL ILLNESS, NO TROUBLE AT COLLEGE OR WITH HIS MATES.
AN' NO MENTION OF SWINGWING, EITHER. HUH.
SHOULD WE...GO AN' TALK TO HIM?
NOT A BAD IDEA, EXCEPT I HAVEN'T A CLUE WHERE TO FIND THE CUNT.
THE OLD BASTARD WAS RIGHT, I AM A BIT OUTTA TOUCH...
QUAN

THEY INTERVIEWED A FEW O' HIS PALS...
WHAT ABOUT THIS LAD DRAKE, HE'S A BIT OLDER'N THE OTHERS, ISN'T HE? HE'S *NINE* YEARS OLDER'N STEPHEN, D'YOU THINK HE'D BE WORTH TALKIN' TO?


MIGHT BE.
SAYS HE'S A BARMAN AT THIS PLACE HERE...
MM, POSSIBLE BUMCHUM. ALL RIGHT, LET'S GIVE IT A GO.

...D'YOU HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THEM LIKE THAT?
EH?

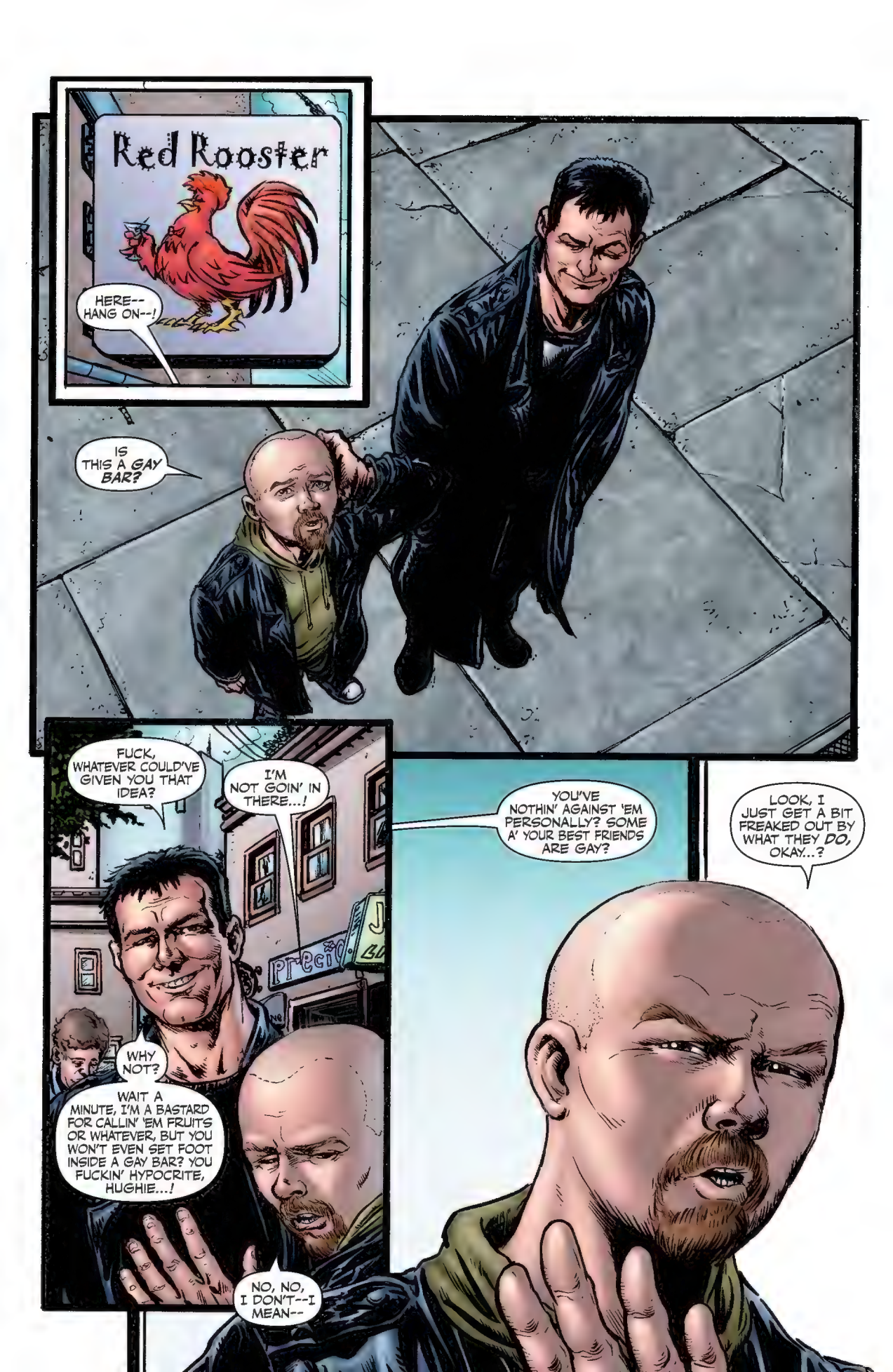
LIKE *BUMCHUM,* AN' *BENT* AN' *POOF.* IT'S...I DUNNO, I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY.
I MEAN APART FROM ANYTHIN' ELSE, THE WEE LAD'S LYIN' HERE DEAD...

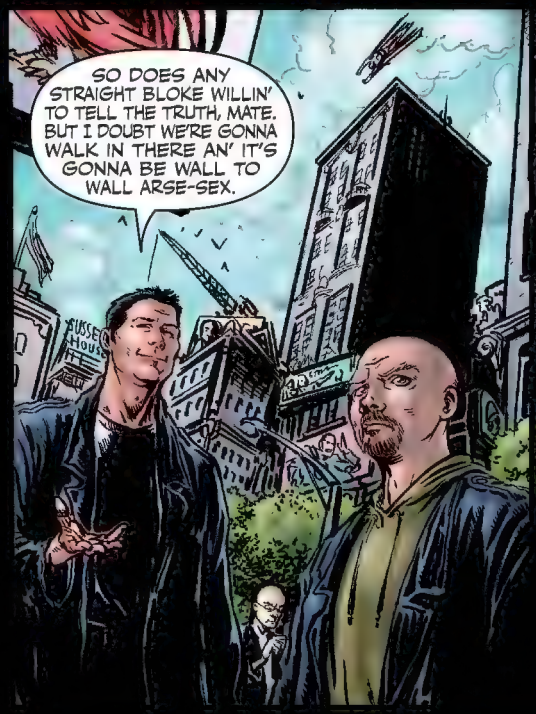
THAT A BAD WORD, IS IT? POOF?
I'M ONLY SAYIN'...
NO, I KNOW, HUGHIE. I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO MODIFY ME LANGUAGE TO SUIT YOUR DELICATE EARS.

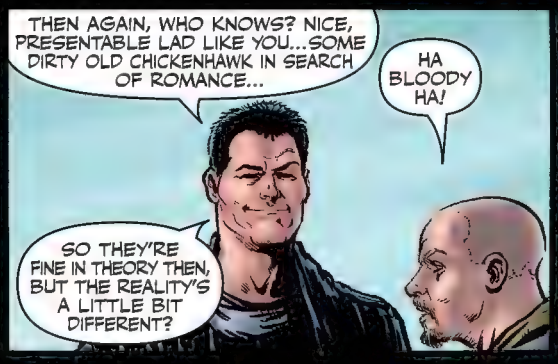
YOU WILL LET ME KNOW IF I SLIP UP, WON'T YOU?
LET'S JUST GO...

THOMAS, WON'T YOU RECONSIDER...?
TK421
I AM AFRAID NOT, MASTER ROBERT. MY MIND IS MADE UP.
BUT YOU'VE BEEN BUTLER TO THE VERNON FAMILY FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS...!
BE THAT AS IT MAY, SIR, I REGRET THAT I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE YOUR SERVICE FORTHWITH. MY POSITION HERE IS SIMPLY NO LONGER TENABLE.
LOOK, I--I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. IT'S...I MEAN WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, IT...
I PROMISE YOU, NOTHING LIKE THAT WILL EVER--
YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP, SIR. I SEEM TO BE A TRIFLE DEAF IN MY LEFT EAR.
OH, IS THAT THE ONE--?
YES...

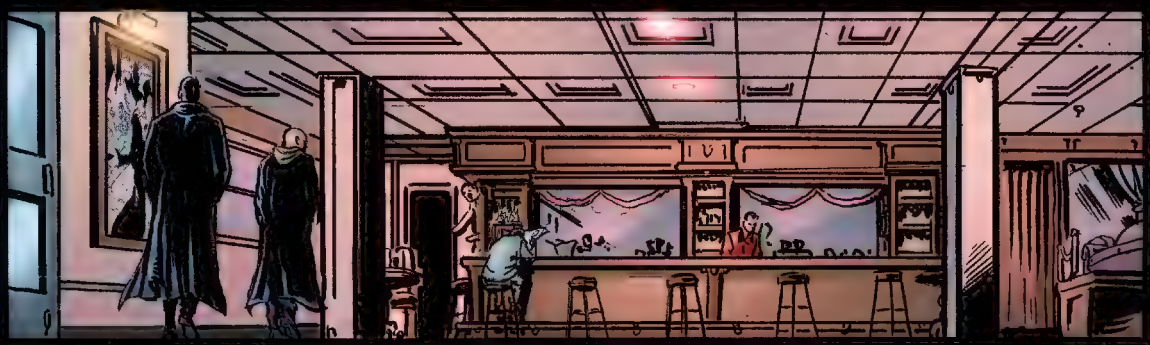
I COULD PAY TO HAVE IT SYRINGED...
NO THANK YOU.
BUT--
MASTER ROBERT.
THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN GENTLEMAN AND MANSERVANT IS AS CLEAR-CUT AS IT IS TIME-HONORED. I WILL SERVE YOUR MEALS. I WILL LAY OUT YOUR ATTIRE. I WILL ANNOUNCE YOUR GUESTS UPON THEIR ARRIVAL.
I WILL PUT YOU TO BED WHEN YOU ARE THE WORSE FOR STRONG LIQUOR, I WILL ENSURE THAT DISCRETION PREVAILS WHEN FEMALE COMPANY BECOMES UNRULY, I WILL BE YOUR CONFIDANTE-- WHEN APPROPRIATE, I WILL EVEN BE YOUR FRIEND.
WHAT I WILL *NOT* DO IS SUBJECT MYSELF TO MANHANDLING OR OPEN PHYSICAL ASSAULT; MOST CERTAINLY NOT THE *UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE* THAT WAS RECENTLY COMMITTED UPON MY PERSON...
THOMAS...!
NOW: I BELIEVE THAT IS THE TAXICAB I SUMMONED.
PLEASE REST ASSURED THAT YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE WITH ME, SIR.
ALL YOUR SECRETS.
SIR.
GOOD DAY TO YOU.

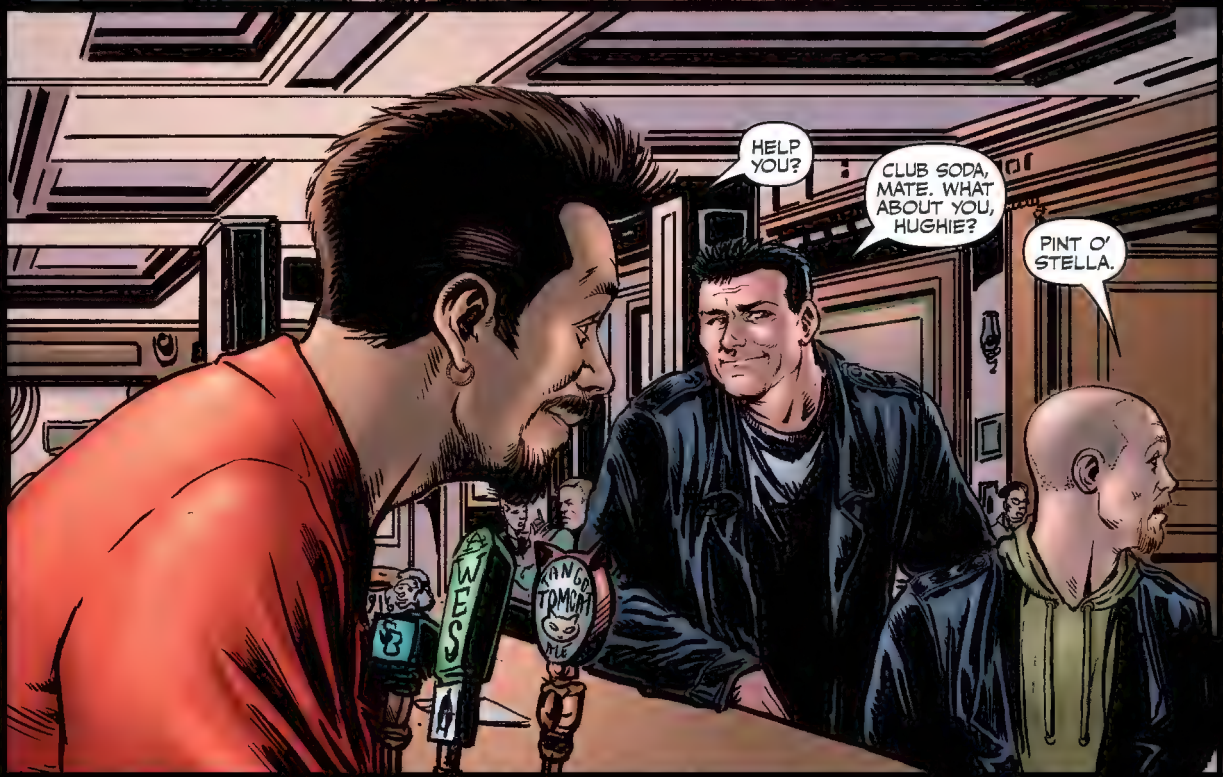

Red Rooster
HERE-- HANG ON--!
IS THIS A GAY BAR?
FUCK, WHATEVER COULD'VE GIVEN YOU THAT IDEA?
I'M NOT GOIN' IN THERE...!
WHY NOT?
WAIT A MINUTE, I'M A BASTARD FOR CALLIN' 'EM FRUITS OR WHATEVER, BUT YOU WON'T EVEN SET FOOT INSIDE A GAY BAR? YOU FUCKIN' HYPOCRITE, HUGHIE...!
NO, NO, I DON'T--I MEAN--
YOU'VE NOTHIN' AGAINST 'EM PERSONALLY? SOME A' YOUR BEST FRIENDS ARE GAY?
LOOK, I JUST GET A BIT FREAKED OUT BY WHAT THEY DO, OKAY...?

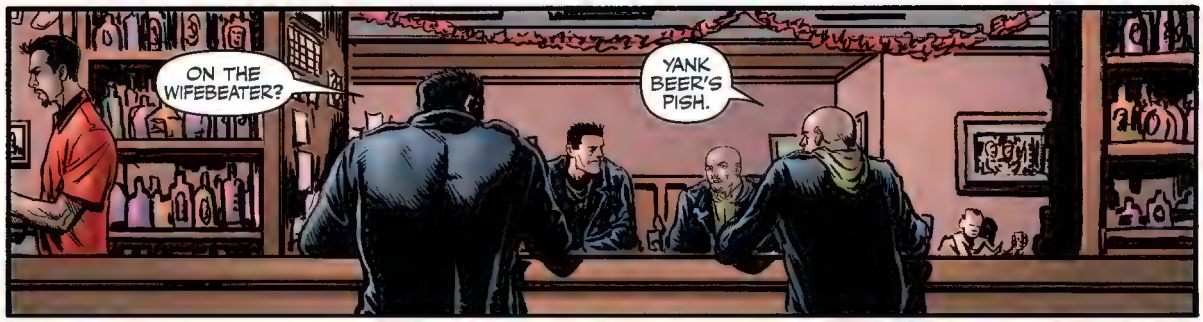

SO DOES ANY STRAIGHT BLOKE WILLIN' TO TELL THE TRUTH, MATE. BUT I DOUBT WE'RE GONNA WALK IN THERE AN' IT'S GONNA BE WALL TO WALL ARSE-SEX.


THEN AGAIN, WHO KNOWS? NICE, PRESENTABLE LAD LIKE YOU...SOME DIRTY OLD CHICKENHAWK IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE...
HA BLOODY HA!
SO THEY'RE FINE IN THEORY THEN, BUT THE REALITY'S A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT?

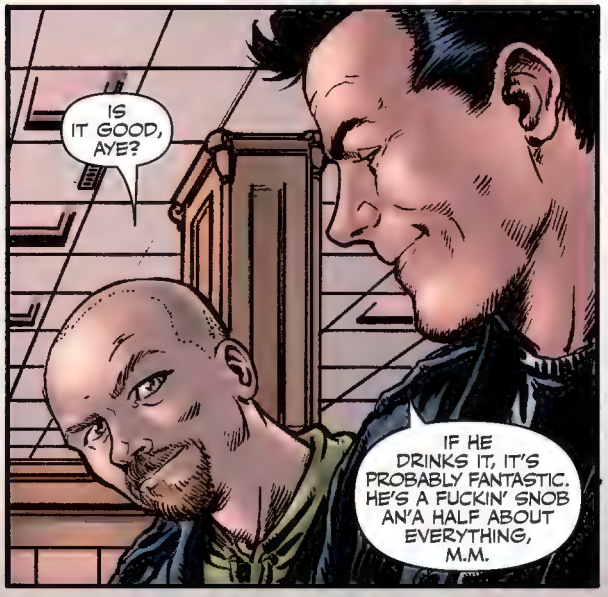
FUCKSAKE, D'YOU HAVE TO RUB IT IN SO MUCH?
YEAH, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SAYIN' THAT AGAIN LATER ON.
BUMS TO THE WALL...




HELP YOU?
CLUB SODA, MATE. WHAT ABOUT YOU, HUGHIE?
PINT O' STELLA.


ON THE WIFEBEATER?
YANK BEER'S PISH.

I WOULDN'T KNOW, I DON'T DRINK.
NO?
DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME. M.M. DRINKS THIS GEAR CALLED ANCHOR STEAM, YOU MIGHT WANNA GIVE THAT A TRY.


IS IT GOOD, AYE?
IF HE DRINKS IT, IT'S PROBABLY FANTASTIC. HE'S A FUCKIN' SNOB AN'A HALF ABOUT EVERYTHING, M.M.

YEAH...?
YEAH, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW GOOD THE COFFEE IS?
THANKS, MATE. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW A GUY BY THE NAME A' PAUL DRAKE, WOULD YOU?

I'M HIM...
OH, THAT'S A STROKE A' LUCK. WE'RE HERE TO TALK ABOUT STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN.

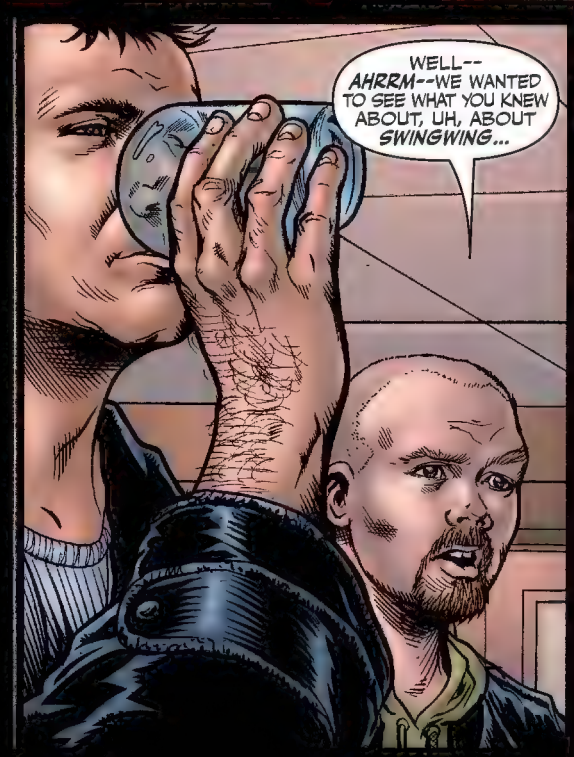
YOU ARE?
UH, SORRY, WHO ARE YOU?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT THE POLICE, NOT TALKING LIKE THAT.
WELL SPOTTED. NO, WE'RE LONDON C.I.D., ON EXCHANGE WITH A COUPLE OF N.Y.P.D. DETECTIVES. WE GOT CHELSEA AN' THEY GOT TOOTING.

RIGHT, I GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THERE ACTUALLY IS A PLACE CALLED THAT...NEVER MIND THE IDEA THAT A COUPLE OF BRITS ARE INTERESTED IN A SIX-MONTH DEAD GAY KID.
THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT STEPHEN'S DEATH TO ME, FELLAS. JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR ON THAT.

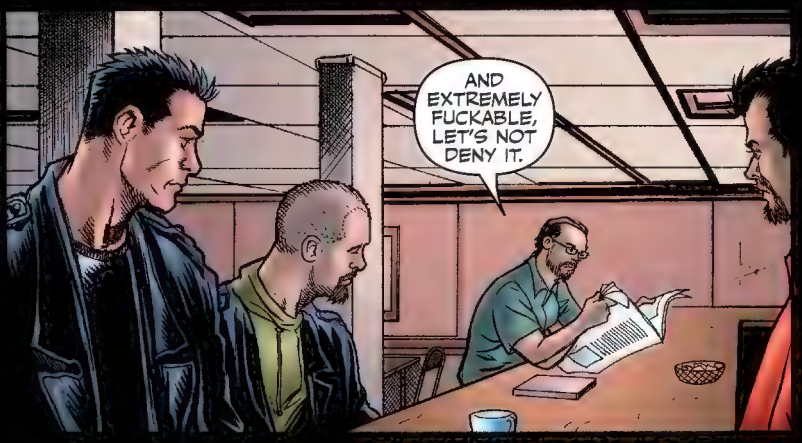
UNDERSTAND YOUR SCEPTICISM.
BE HONEST WITH YOU, OUR AMERICAN COLLEAGUES DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CLUE WHAT TO DO WITH US. AN' CONSTABLE CAMPBELL HERE, HE HAS A LOT OF SYMPATHY WITH YOU LADS--HE THOUGHT LOOKIN' INTO STEPHEN'S CASE'D BE A WORTHWHILE USE OF OUR TIME.
SO I DUNNO, UNLESS YOU WANNA WAIT FOR A BETTER OFFER...

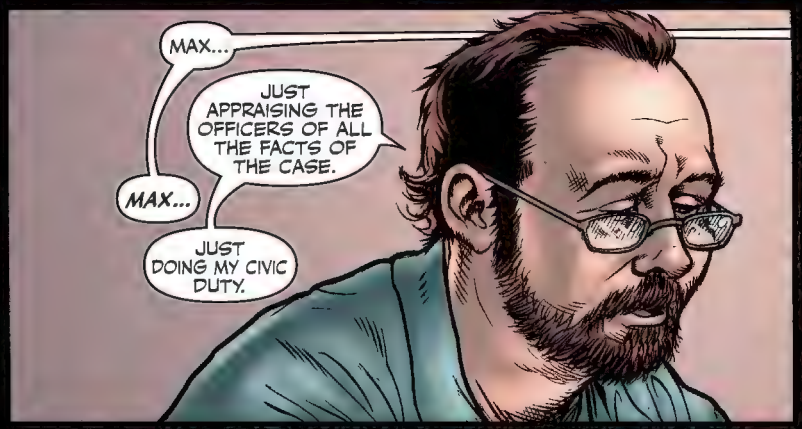
THAT RIGHT, CONSTABLE?
OH AYE.
SO WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK US LADS, EXACTLY?


WELL--AHRRM--WE WANTED TO SEE WHAT YOU KNEW ABOUT, UH, ABOUT SWINGWING...

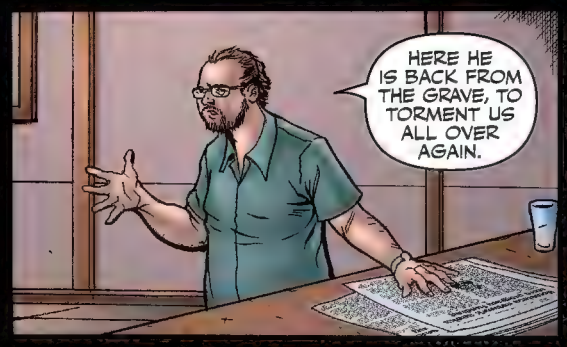
WELL, THAT IS ORIGINAL, THE OTHER DETECTIVES DIDN'T EVEN MENTION HIM.
THEN AGAIN, THE QUESTIONS THEY WERE ASKING, ALL THEY WERE DOING WAS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME EVEN CONSIDERING THE IDEA OF MURDER.

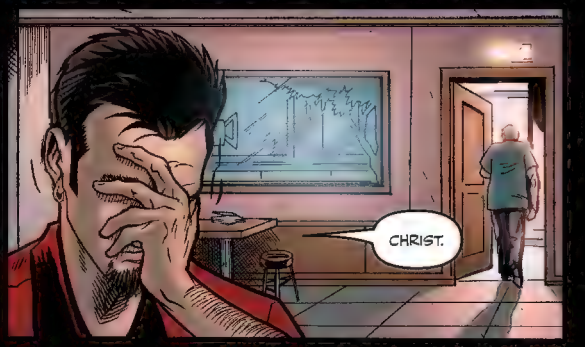
DID YOU? DO YOU?
I DON'T KNOW.
I THOUGHT STEPHEN WAS...VULNERABLE. CONFUSED. UPSET A LOT OF THE TIME.


AND EXTREMELY FUCKABLE, LET'S NOT DENY IT.


MAX...
JUST APPRAISING THE OFFICERS OF ALL THE FACTS OF THE CASE.
MAX...
JUST DOING MY CIVIC DUTY.

THIS IS MAX, MY BOYFRIEND. HE HAS AN OPINION OR TWO OF HIS OWN.
WHICH I BELIEVE I'M MORE THAN ENTITLED TO. GIVEN THAT I HAD TO SIT HERE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, WATCHING THE LATEST IN A LINE OF PRETTY YOUNG THINGS MAKING EYES AT YOU.
BECAUSE STEPHEN WAS YOUNG, WASN'T HE? AND HE WAS PRETTY. AND LO AND BE-FUCKING-HOLD, JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE WERE OVER ALL THAT--

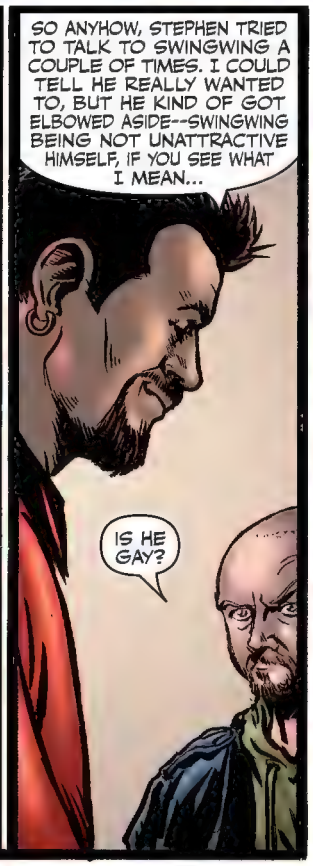

HERE HE IS BACK FROM THE GRAVE, TO TORMENT US ALL OVER AGAIN.

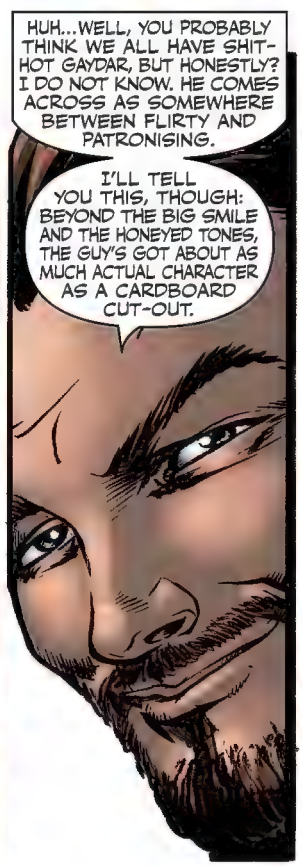

CHRIST.

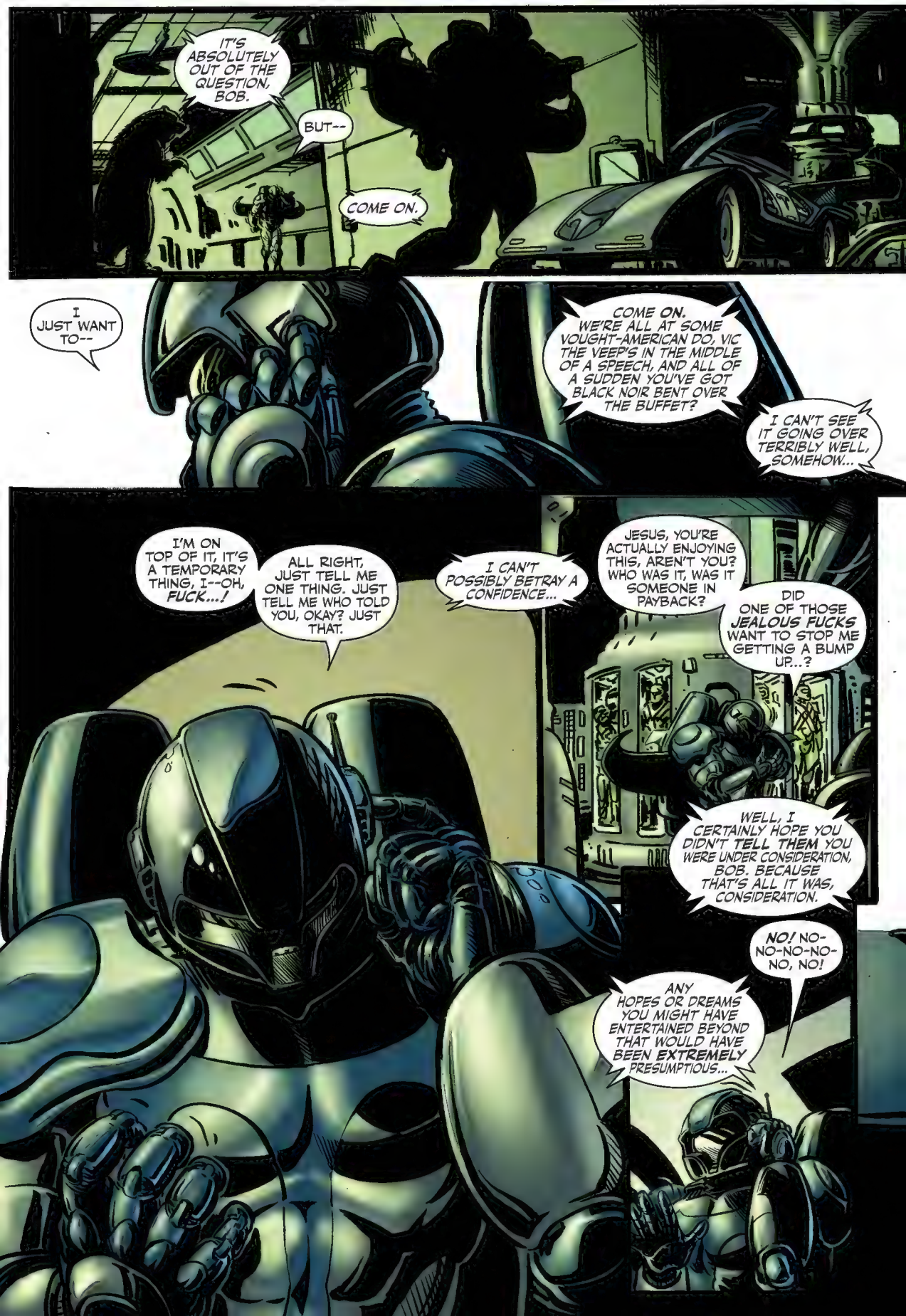
HE'S A LITTLE OLDER THAN ME. HE SEES ME TALKING TO--
ACTUALLY, I'VE NO IDEA WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS...
LANSKY
STOUT
SEAMUS ALE
WE'VE GOT THE SORTA FACES PEOPLE TRUST. DID YOU HAVE SOMETHIN' GOIN' WITH STEPHEN?
TESTING OUR THEORY, ARE WE?
NO. I MEAN HE KIND OF GLOMMED ONTO ME, AND I PROBABLY PLAYED UP TO IT A LITTLE BIT MORE THAN I SHOULD. HE WASN'T EXACTLY HARD ON THE EYE.
BUT ANYTHING ELSE...
YOU SAID HE WAS UPSET...HE WOULDN'TA BEEN, UH, HE WOULDN'TA MAYBE BEEN SUICIDAL...?
JESUS, NO. HE JUST HADN'T BEEN OUT LONG, HE HADN'T SAID ANYTHING TO HIS FOLKS. HE WAS AT A STAGE THAT MOST OF US GO THROUGH, THAT ISN'T A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT OF FUN.
I TALKED ABOUT IT WITH HIM. IT'S WHY HE WENT TO SEE SWINGWING, TOO.
WE WERE WONDERIN' WHERE HE CAME INTO IT...
STEPHEN READ HIS COMIC. SWINGWING'S THE GAY-FRIENDLY SUPERHERO, OR HADN'T YOU HEARD?
WE READ THE COMIC TOO.
HE COMES TO COMMUNITY MEETINGS NOW AND AGAIN. JUST LIKE THE COMIC, REALLY, SORT OF TALKING-TO-GAY-PEOPLE 101.
I SUPPOSE IT'S GOOD THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF SUPERHUMAN RESPONSE; IT'S JUST A BIT FUNNY BEING LECTURED ABOUT CRYSTAL METH BY A GUY DRESSED UP LIKE A FUCKING LUNATIC.
THE OTHER ONE, NOW, HE HAD A SERIOUS PROBLEM. HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM US.
WHAT OTHER ONE?
TEK KNIGHT.

"SWINGWING BROUGHT HIM ALONG A COUPLE OF TIMES. SHOW HE WASN'T THE ONLY SUPE WHO CARED, THAT KIND OF THING.

"TEK KNIGHT WAS HORRIFIED. YOU COULD PRACTICALLY HEAR HIS SPHINCTER CLOSE UP THE INSTANT HE WALKED IN THE ROOM, I MEAN THIS GUY FUCKING *LOATHED US...*"






IT'S ABSOLUTELY OUT OF THE QUESTION, BOB.
BUT--
COME ON.
I JUST WANT TO--
COME ON. WE'RE ALL AT SOME VOUGHT-AMERICAN DO, VIC THE VEEP'S IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPEECH, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'VE GOT BLACK NOIR BENT OVER THE BUFFET?
I CAN'T SEE IT GOING OVER TERRIBLY WELL, SOMEHOW...
I'M ON TOP OF IT, IT'S A TEMPORARY THING, I--OH, FUCK...!
ALL RIGHT, JUST TELL ME ONE THING. JUST TELL ME WHO TOLD YOU, OKAY? JUST THAT.
I CAN'T POSSIBLY BETRAY A CONFIDENCE...
JESUS, YOU'RE ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS, AREN'T YOU? WHO WAS IT, WAS IT SOMEONE IN PAYBACK?
DID ONE OF THOSE JEALOUS FUCKS WANT TO STOP ME GETTING A BUMP UP...?
WELL, I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM YOU WERE UNDER CONSIDERATION, BOB. BECAUSE THAT'S ALL IT WAS, CONSIDERATION.
NO! NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, NO!
ANY HOPES OR DREAMS YOU MIGHT HAVE ENTERTAINED BEYOND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY PRESUMPTIOUS...

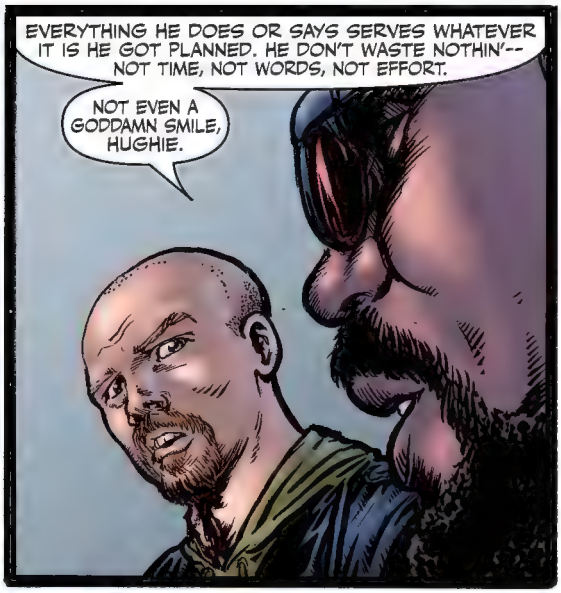
COME ON, THE POSITION'S FILLED, ANYWAY. YOU KNOW THAT.
I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS PERMANENT, I...
I JUST HOPED, YOU KNOW? THAT'S ALL.
HOW THE HELL DID IT HAPPEN IN THE FIRST PLACE? I MEAN WHAT'S CAUSING IT?
I DON'T KNOW. I'VE BEEN RACKING MY BRAIN, IT... MIGHT HAVE BEEN WHEN WE WERE FIGHTING THE ZODOMITE, THOSE RAYS HE SHOOTS OUT...
IT'S A MYSTERY. A GRADE ONE, PRIMO, FULL-ON, EVEN THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE COULDN'T SOLVE THIS MOTHERFUCKER, MYSTERY...
HMM.
WELL, RATHER YOU THAN ME, IS THE SUM TOTAL OF SAGE-LIKE WISDOM I HAVE TO OFFER ON THIS ONE. PLUS, IF PAYBACK DO EVER RELENT? STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME AT THE NEXT TITANIC TEAM-UP.
YOU STILL THERE?
YES...
ALL RIGHT, LOOK: FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, I'M GOING TO THROW YOU A BONE. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO TOLD US?
WHO?
LITTLE FRIEND OF YOURS.
LADDIO?!
NOT THAT LITTLE. THINK ABOUT IT.
KLIK
...MOTHERFUCKER.

NON!!
DISASTER! CALAMITY! MERDE!
WHAT...?
LOOKS LIKE REVERSE-STRIP POKER, TO ME.
YOU LIKE YOUR BEER?
AYE, IT'S FUCKIN' GREAT, BEATS TEN COLORS A' SHITE OUTTA--
COASTER.
OH, SORRY.
THIS IS FROM MY PRIVATE STASH, HUGHIE. YOU HELP YOURSELF WHEN YOU WANT, BUT BE SURE AN' RE-STOCK THE REFRIGERATOR, 'HEAR?
OH, I WILL, AYE. I REALLY APPRECIATE IT; I FANCIED A BIT OF A BEVVY THIS AFTERNOON, BUT BUTCHER SAID I WAS ON THE TWO-PINT RULE...

AIN'T A BAD RULE, WHEN YOU'RE WORKIN'. LEARNED THAT ONE IN THE MILITARY.
HE WAS IN YOUR ROYAL MARINES. I WAS A ARMY RANGER.
HE WAS A SOLDIER? OR YOU WERE?
AYE.
LOOK...YOU CAN TELL ME TO FUCK OFF IF YOU WANT, I MEAN IT REALLY IS NONE O' MY BUSINESS... BUT...
DID YOU EVER KILL ANYBODY?
YOU'RE THINKIN' ABOUT THE BLARNEY COCK.
I CAN'T STOP THINKIN' ABOUT THE FUCKIN' BLARNEY COCK...!
YEAH, I KILLED SOME PEOPLE. YEAH, THEY'RE IN MY HEAD-- NO, THEY AIN'T COMIN' OUT.
DUDES I WASTED IN THE ARMY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY WERE. TELL MYSELF IT WAS THE JOB, OR I HAD ORDERS, OR IT WAS THEM OR ME.
MUTHAFUCKAS I KILLED SINCE I JOINED THIS OUTFIT? I KNOW FOR A GODDAMN FACT THE WORLD IS A BETTER PLACE, WITHOUT THOSE SONSABITCHES STILL AROUND TO STINK IT UP.
I'M GLAD I PUT 'EM IN THE GROUND, EVERY SINGLE FUCKIN' ONE OF 'EM. ONLY REGRET I GOT IS I DIDN'T GET TO DO 'EM TWICE EACH.
JINGS...
YOU WANNA 'NOTHER BEER?

CHEERS.
HAS, UH, HAS BUTCHER EVER KILLED ANYONE?
UM.
HE SLEEPS JUST FINE, TOO.
YOU KNOW, EVERY TIME I THINK I'VE GOT HIM PEGGED, HE DOES SOMETHIN' THAT PUTS ME RIGHT BACK TO SQUARE ONE. LIKE TODAY IN THE GAY BAR, HE COULDN'TA BEEN MORE RELAXED WI' THESE GUYS, MORE NATURAL...
BUT IF YOU'D TOLD ME BEFOREHAND, I'DA SAID YOU WERE DAFT. I'DA SAID THERE WAS NO WAY HE'D EVEN'VE SET FOOT IN A PLACE LIKE THAT.
WHAT, 'CAUSE HE GOES AROUND SAYIN'--WHAT'S THAT STUPID GODDAMN WORD YOU FOOLS HAVE INSTEADA FAG?
POOF?
POOF. WANKER, NOBBER, AUBERGINE, WHAT THE FUCK IS UP WIT' YOU PEOPLE?
BUTCHER DON'T HATE GAYS, HUGHIE. HE DON'T HATE ANYONE IF THERE AIN'T NO POINT TO IT.
YOU WANNA UNDERSTAND THE MAN, THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA KNOW RIGHT THERE.

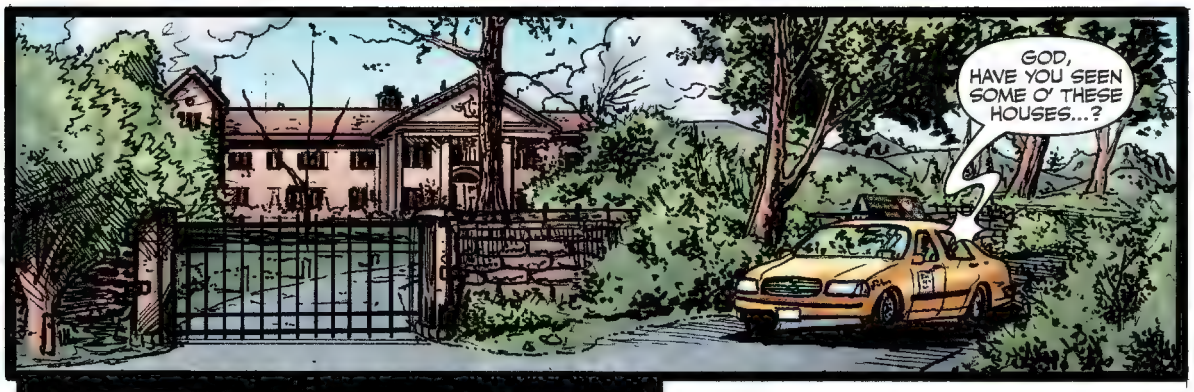
UH...
CHECK IT OUT: YOU'RE EITHER A PROBLEM, OR YOU CAN HELP HIM, OR HE DON'T CARE. THERE AIN'T NO SENSE GETTING' PISSED AT SOMEONE 'CAUSE OF WHO THEY FUCKIN', THAT'S HOW HE SEES IT.


EVERYTHING HE DOES OR SAYS SERVES WHATEVER IT IS HE GOT PLANNED. HE DON'T WASTE NOTHIN'-- NOT TIME, NOT WORDS, NOT EFFORT.
NOT EVEN A GODDAMN SMILE, HUGHIE.

ME, NOW, I USEDTA HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WIT' FAGS...
WHY?

PLACE I GREW UP, THAT WAS JUST HOW IT WAS.
THEY WERE WEAK. THEY WERE DISGUSTIN'. YOU HATED THE MUTHAFUCKAS, OR THERE MIGHTA BEEN SOMETHIN' WRONG WIT' YOU, TOO.
AN' THEN, ONE DAY?

I FOUND OUT WHAT HATE TRULY IS.
AN' IT AIN'T A BUNCHA LAZY-ASS FUCKIN' BULLSHIT.


GOD, HAVE YOU SEEN SOME O' THESE HOUSES...?

WESTCHESTER, MATE. LOT OF OLD MONEY OUT HERE.
D'YOU READ THE REST A' THOSE COMICS, THEN?
EH? OH AYE.
THEY DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.

WELL, SWINGWING YOU KNOW ABOUT, THEY'RE ALWAYS WRITIN' IN SOME CAUSE O' THE MONTH FOR HIM TO GET HET UP ABOUT. VERY POLITICALLY CORRECT, AN' ABOUT AS SUBTLE AS A BRICK THROUGH A WINDOW.
ANY IDEA HOW TO FIND HIM?
NAH. THERE'S ADS IN THE COMIC FOR H.I.V. CHARITIES AN' ALL-- I PHONED A FEW O' THEM, THEY SAID THEY ONLY DEAL WI' THE PUBLISHER.

LADDIO'S A DEAD END. ALL HE DOES IS FIGHT PEOPLE THE SAME SIZE AS HIM.
AN' TEK KNIGHT... TEK KNIGHT'S *BORIN'*. THEY HAVE HIM AS THIS DARK, DRIVEN AVENGIN' FELLA, BUT THEY ALWAYS PULL THEIR PUNCHES. AN' I MEAN THE SECRET IDENTITY...

YEAH, I KNOW. THEY DON'T EVEN BOTHER MAKIN' IT ALL THAT DIFFERENT TO THE REAL-LIFE ONE.
IT'S FUNNY, HE'S BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, BUT HE'S NEVER GIVEN US ANY REASON TO TAKE AN INTEREST. NOTHIN' DODGY, NOTHIN' DIRTY...FUCK, HE IS BORIN', ISN'T HE?

HMH.
HE'S THE ONLY ONE A' THE BIG BOYS WE NEVER WENT NEAR.

THOMAS?
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, THOMAS!
WHY AREN'T YOU--
OH, SHIT...
COMING! BE RIGHT THERE!
CHRIST--!
COMING...!
HELLO?

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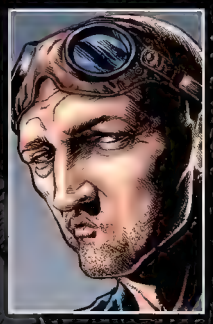
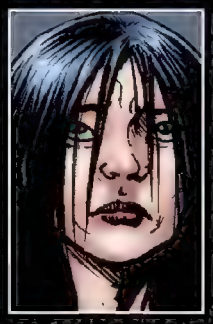

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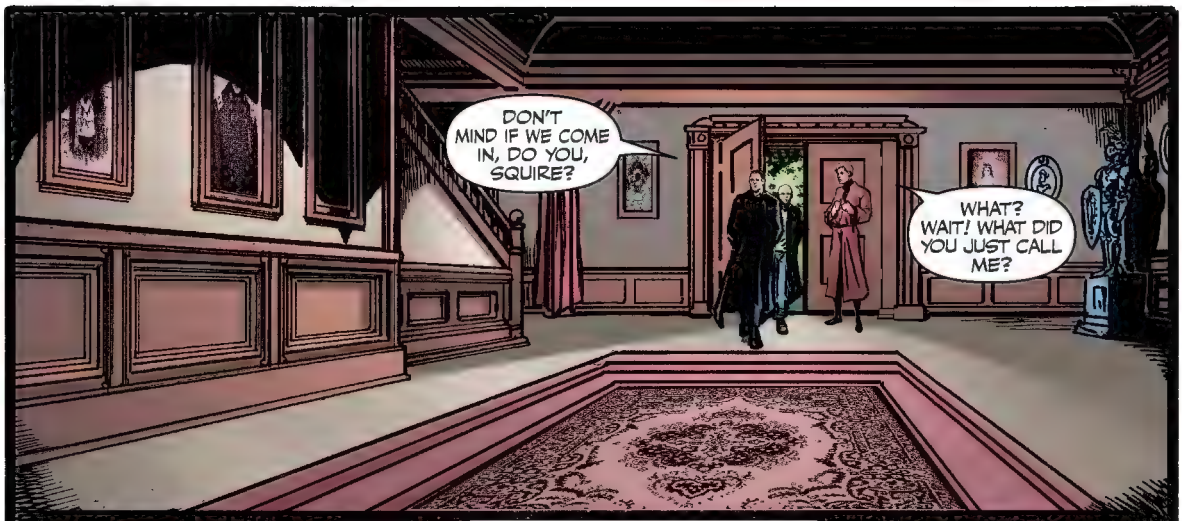
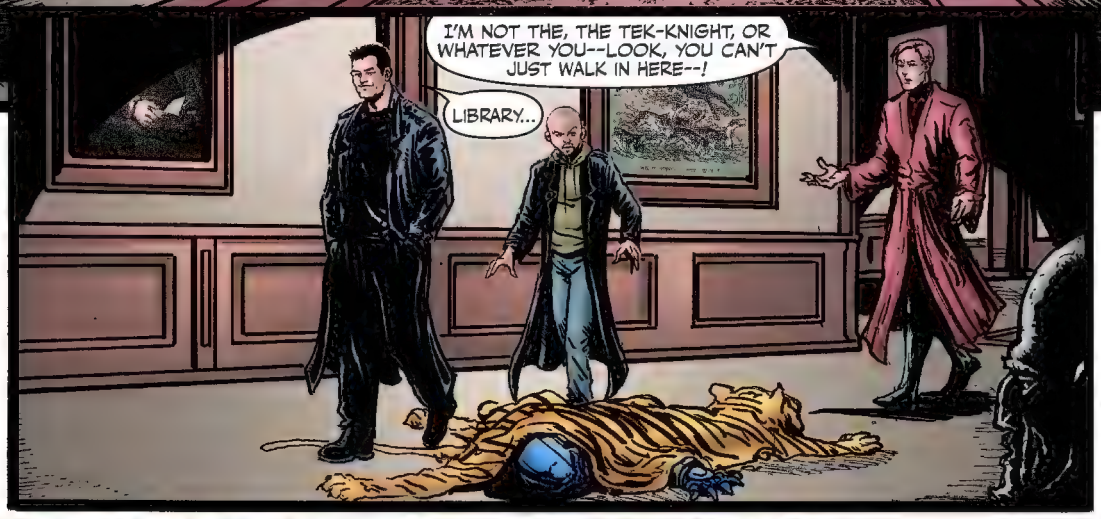

DON'T MIND IF WE COME IN, DO YOU, SQUIRE?
WHAT? WAIT! WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?


I'M NOT THE, THE TEK-KNIGHT, OR WHATEVER YOU--LOOK, YOU CAN'T JUST WALK IN HERE--!
LIBRARY...

ALPHABETICAL. THAT IS HANDY.
P... P, P, P...

BINGO.
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, BUT I AM NOT THE TEK-KNIGHT!
I'M NOT! ARE YOU LISTENING? I AM NOT THE--

GET SOME part three

ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO, ONE OF YOUR MATES IN PAYBACK GOT COKED OFF HIS TITS AND BEAT HIS GIRLFRIEND INTO A COMA. DON'T BOTHER TRYNNA GUESS WHO, IT WAS EAGLE THE ARCHER.
I KEPT IT A SECRET. IN EXCHANGE HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT EVERY ONE OF HIS TEAM-MATES, RIGHT DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL. DAYLIGHT.
JESUS--!
WHO... WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE...?
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH SHOCKS FOR ONE DAY, MATE. WE'VE GOT A COUPLA QUESTIONS WE WANTED TO ASK YOU.
AYE, YOU COULDN'T TELL US WHERE THE BOG IS, COULD YOU?
BOG?
RESTROOM.
OH, UH... AT THE BACK BEHIND THE TEK-WING.
IS THAT ALL?

GOOD START.
I'VE GOTTA GO...!
WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A MATE OF YOURS.
TK
SWINGWING? OF COURSE HE'S GAY.
I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN...
I DON'T KNOW IF HE ACTUALLY HAD A THING GOING WITH THIS--RUBENSTEIN? THIS BOY...BUT YES, I KNOW HE TENDS TO PREFER PEOPLE HIS OWN AGE OR YOUNGER...
BLOKE WE SPOKE TO YESTERDAY DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.
HE'S GAY, AN' HE'S MET SWINGWING LOADSA TIMES.

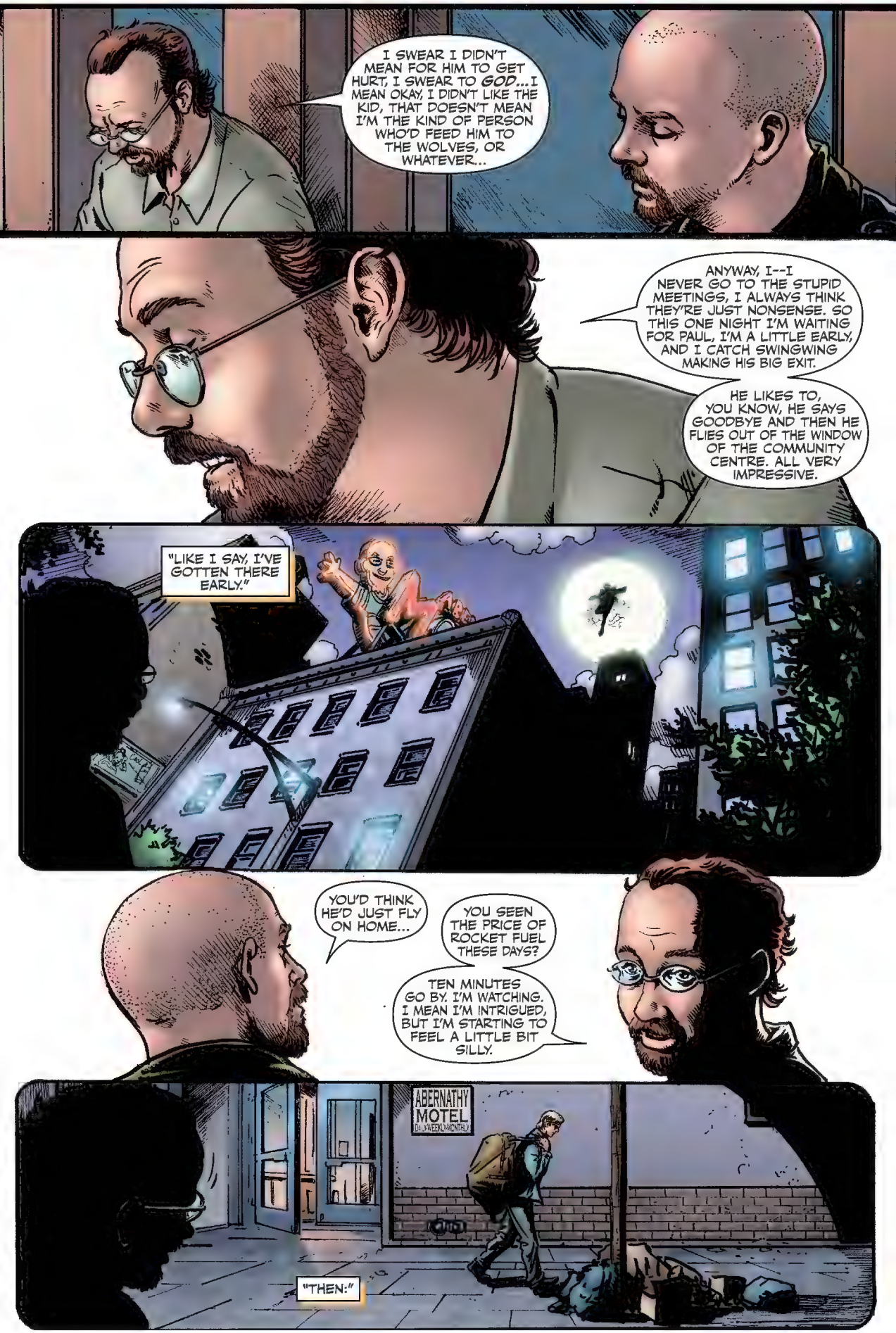
WELL...IS HE OLDER?
THERE YOU ARE THEN.
BIT.
LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING SWINGWING ISN'T DISCRETE--I'M NOT REALLY SAYING ANYTHING, WHAT HE GETS UP TO IS HIS BUSINESS. BUT HE IS GAY.
AW, YOU'RE FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME...
THAT BOTHER YOU AT ALL?
WHY WOULD IT?
SAME BLOKE RECKONS YOU HATE QUEERS. LIKE YOU CAN'T EVEN STAND TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR 'EM.
WELL-- IT'S A LITTLE DIFFICULT ANSWERING ACCUSATIONS WHEN I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO'S MADE THEM, BUT...
ALL RIGHT, PERHAPS I'M NOT ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE AROUND GAY PEOPLE. BUT SWINGWING USED TO BE MY SIDEKICK, AND WE'RE STILL CLOSE, AND HIS SPONSORS--YOU KNOW, THE COMIC PUBLISHERS AND SO ON--THEY DECIDED HE SHOULD BE INVOLVED WITH GAY...GROUPS, SOCIETY, WHAT HAVE YOU. SO I WENT ALONG A COUPLE OF TIMES TO SHOW SUPPORT.
PLUS HE IS GAY.
SO HE'D WANT TO BE INVOLVED ANYWAY.
OBVIOUSLY.
'SCUSE ME, HOW DO AAAWWHH!!

AW NO--
I'VE GOT THE TURTLE'S HEAD--
ANY IDEA HOW I MIGHT GET IN TOUCH WITH SWINGWING, THEN?
I'M SURE IT WOULD.
I'M GUESSING YOU'RE...GOVERNMENT, RATHER THAN LAW ENFORCEMENT. I'VE ANSWERED YOUR QUESTIONS AS FULLY AND CIVILLY AS I CAN UNDER THE SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT THERE ARE LIMITS.
AND, INCIDENTALLY, I'M CURRENTLY APPROACHING MY OWN.
EAGLE HEARD ME TURN THE LIGHTS ON.
BUT NOT THE DEFENSE GRID.
WE'LL USE THE DOOR BY THE WATERFALL, IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU.
HUGHIE!!
WELL, ACTUALLY, I NEED TO SEE HIM MYSELF ON A MATTER OF SOME URGENCY. IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR NUMBER I'LL BE SURE TO PASS IT ON.
BE EASIER IF YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE HE IS.
FAIR ENOUGH.
YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE, WE CAN LET OURSELVES OUT.
FUCKIN' BURRITOS...!

YOU TOOK A DUMP IN HIS CAVE--?
I DIDN'T'VE ANY CHOICE.
OH, SHIT...OH, SHIT...!
AW, WHAT'D YOU HAVE TO TELL EVERYBODY FOR...?
'CAUSE IT'S FUCKIN' FUNNY, MATE.
VRAIMENT, PETIT HUGHIE! C'EST LE "COLLECTABLE FIRST APPEARANCE", NON?
HA!!
FUCKSAKE, BOYS, IT'S REALLY EMBARRASSIN'! I MEAN COME ON, THERE'S A LASSIE PRESENT!
YOU WHAT?
OH, YEAH.
NICE TRY.

YOU IMAGINE HE STEPS IN IT? YOU KNOW, HE SHOWS UP TO FIGHT ROCKHOPPER AN' MUDBAKE, AN'--
"UH, 'SCUSE ME, BEFORE WE START: CAN ANYONE ELSE SMELL SHIT?"
ALL RIGHT, COME ON NOW! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO HERE!
I'M SERIOUS...!
LOOK, THE LEGEND SAID STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN WAS SLEEPIN' WI' SWINGWING BEFORE HE DIED, RIGHT? WELL WE'VE HEARD NOTHIN' TO CONTRADICT THAT, SO WHY DON'T WE GO AN' TALK TO SWINGWING?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, WE DUNNO WHERE TO FIND THE CUNT. TEK KNIGHT MIGHTA TOLD ME, EXCEPT HE GREW HIS BOLLOCKS BACK AN' THREATENED TO DEATH-RAY ME IN HALF INSTEAD.
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING: DRAKE WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM HATING POOFTERS. HE FELL OVER HIMSELF A BIT WHEN I ASKED HIM THAT ONE.
'NUFF TO WASTE A DUDE FOR FUCKIN' HIS EX-SIDEKICK? WAY TOO THIN.
FRENCHIE... WHEN DID THIS COME IN?
PARDON?
SOMEONE LOOKING FOR UN GENDARME. WRONG NUMBER, CERTAINMENT.
"CONSTABLE CAMPBELL..."
OUI.

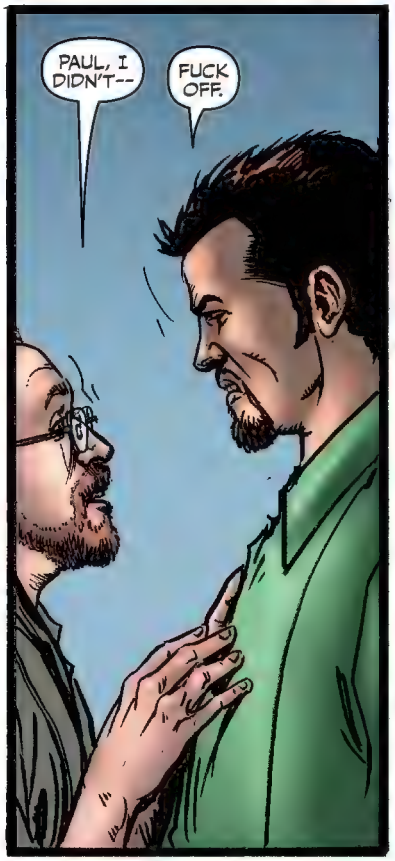
Red Rooster
MAX REMEMBERED SOMETHING HE FORGOT TO TELL YOU.
OR CONFESS TO YOU, IS A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT.
PAUL, I SWEAR TO YOU--
JUST TELL HIM.
AFTER YOU CAME HERE YESTERDAY...
I...PAUL AND I HAD A FIGHT. AND I TOLD HIM-- I MEAN IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T-- BUT--
I SENT STEPHEN TO TALK TO SWINGWING.
AW, FUCK...
TELL HIM THE REST.


I SWEAR I DIDN'T MEAN FOR HIM TO GET HURT, I SWEAR TO GOD... I MEAN OKAY, I DIDN'T LIKE THE KID, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M THE KIND OF PERSON WHO'D FEED HIM TO THE WOLVES, OR WHATEVER...
ANYWAY, I--I NEVER GO TO THE STUPID MEETINGS, I ALWAYS THINK THEY'RE JUST NONSENSE. SO THIS ONE NIGHT I'M WAITING FOR PAUL, I'M A LITTLE EARLY, AND I CATCH SWINGWING MAKING HIS BIG EXIT.
HE LIKES TO, YOU KNOW, HE SAYS GOODBYE AND THEN HE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW OF THE COMMUNITY CENTRE. ALL VERY IMPRESSIVE.
"LIKE I SAY, I'VE GOTTEN THERE EARLY."
YOU'D THINK HE'D JUST FLY ON HOME...
YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF ROCKET FUEL THESE DAYS?
TEN MINUTES GO BY. I'M WATCHING. I MEAN I'M INTRIGUED, BUT I'M STARTING TO FEEL A LITTLE BIT SILLY.
ABERNATHY MOTEL
"THEN:"

I KNOW THESE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR MASKS AND SECRET IDENTITIES AND SO ON, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS. ALL YOU'D NEED IS TO MEET SWINGWING IN COSTUME--WHICH I HAVE--AND AFTER THAT YOU'D KNOW HIS FACE ANYWHERE.
SO, A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AFTER THAT I'M HAVING A DRINK IN THE ROOSTER, AND PAUL'S BEHIND THE BAR, AND STEPHEN WILL NOT LEAVE HIM ALONE AND I AM UTTERLY SICK OF IT--

SO I TAKE HIM ASIDE AND TELL HIM WHERE HE CAN FIND SWINGWING.
I KNOW HE LIKES HIM, HE NEVER SHUTS UP ABOUT THE GUY. THE WAY I SEE IT, IF I CAN BRING HIM AND HIS IDOL TOGETHER, MAYBE HE'LL LEAVE MY MAN ALONE FOR A CHANGE.
UH-HUH.

AND IF SWINGWING TURNS OUT TO BE A LITTLE OVER-PROTECTIVE OF HIS SECRET IDENTITY, WELL, I GUESS THAT'S JUST TOUGH SHIT FOR STEPHEN.

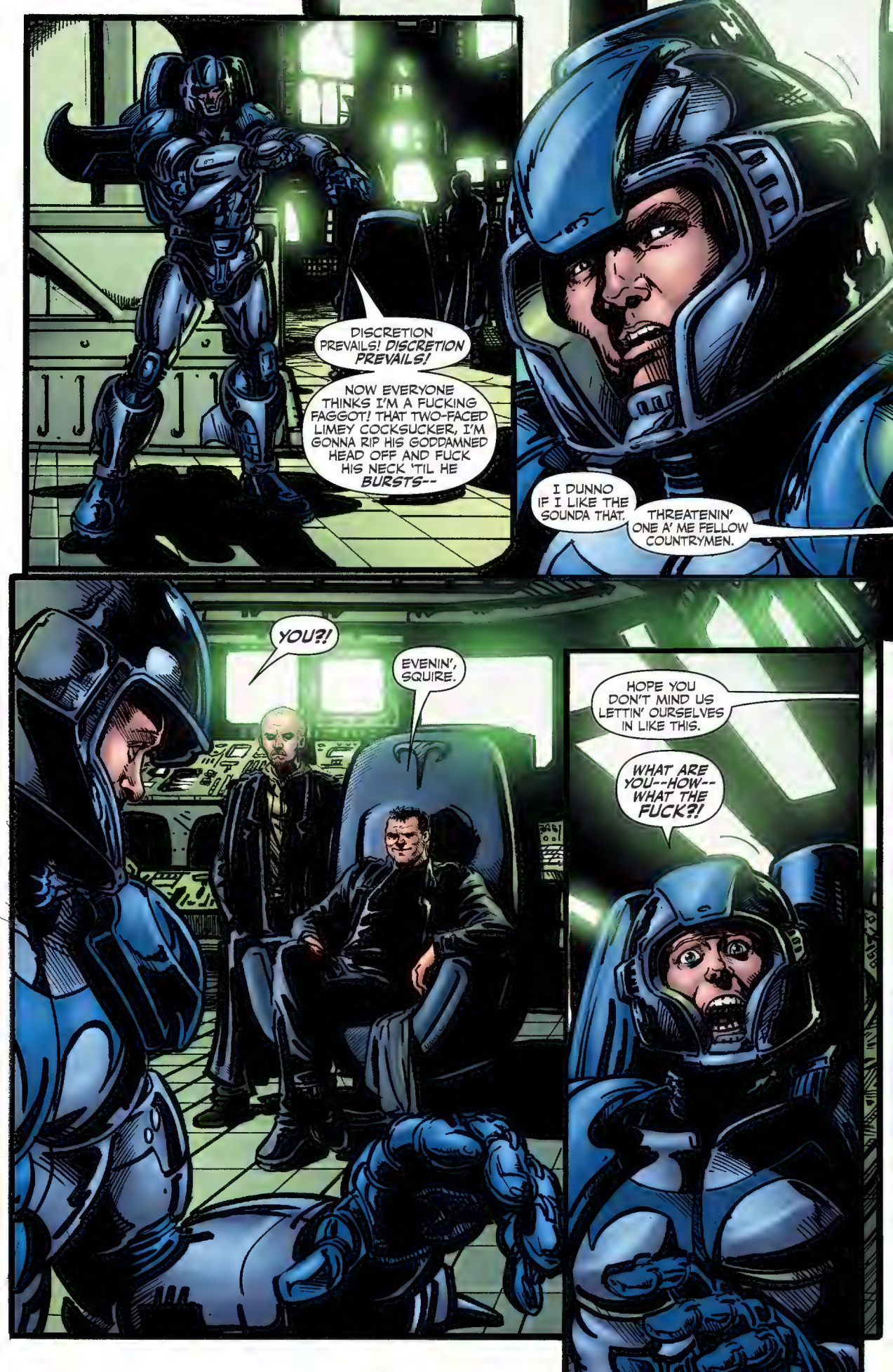

PAUL, I DIDN'T--
FUCK OFF.

I WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THE BOY TO GET HURT, NOT IN A MILLION YEARS...I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SWINGWING UNTIL YOU MENTIONED HIM YESTERDAY...
AYE, LOOK, I'M SORRY, PAL: BUT I HAVE GOT TO GO.

LISTEN, I THINK--
OH, FUCK ME...!
HEADQUART
PRIVAT
READ ALL ABOUT IT, MATE.
NEW YORK POST
METRO EDITION
50¢
HOMO HERO
• Millionaire Socialite revealed to be TEK KNIGHT
• Tried To Rape Family Butler
• PERVERT
HOW DID--
DUDE WROTE THE PIECE SAYS THE BUTLER QUIT A COUPLE DAYS AGO, CALLED THE PAPERS RIGHT AWAY. HAD 'EM BIDDIN' ON THE STORY.
SO MUCH FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.
HE...TRIED TO FUCK HIS BUTLER? SO TEK KNIGHT'S GAY AS WELL, THEN?
SO HOW COME HE WAS SO PISSED OFF WHEN DRAKE SAW HIM?
IT WASN'T THE BENDERS, IT WAS SWINGWING TALKIN' TO 'EM. MAYBE TEK KNIGHT WAS JUST JEALOUS.
THEY WERE TOGETHER A LONG TIME; SWINGWING USED TO BE LADDIO. I MEAN I KNOW IT'S A BIT OBVIOUS, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA WONDER ABOUT A BLOKE HAS SOME TEN YEAR-OLD IN A PAIRA Y-FRONTS HELPIN' HIM FIGHT CRIME...
AN' IF HE SAW SWINGWING WI' SOMEBODY ELSE...
AW, SHITE.

DRAKE'S BOYFRIEND SENT STEPHEN TO SEE SWINGWING. JUST TO GET HIM TO LEAVE OFF DRAKE, HE WASN'T TRYNNA... YOU KNOW...
MOOT POINT, INNIT? WE'VE GOTTA GO AN' SEE TEK KNIGHT; NOW HE'S BEEN OUTTED THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL DO.
WE'VE GOTTA GO?
SURE HE'S GOT THAT BIG CAVE FULLA GIZMOS, I MEAN FUCK KNOWS WHAT HE COULD DO TO US...
MM. PROBABLY NOT TOO PLEASED ABOUT THAT TIGER YOU PARKED ON HIS FLOOR, EITHER.
HA BLOODY HA.
THE THING ABOUT TEK-KNIGHT IS, TECHNICALLY SPEAKIN' HE'S NOT REALLY A SUPE. IF WE COULD GET HIM OUTTA THAT SUIT HE'D BE A PUSHOVER.
HE'S NOT A SUPE?
NEVER TOOK COMPOUND V.
MOST OF 'EM HAVE, MOST OF 'EM'VE CHANGED THEIR BODY CHEMISTRY EITHER BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN--SOMETIMES THEY EVEN TAKE IT A STEP FURTHER WITH SURGICAL ENHANCEMENTS, LIKE THAT SILLY BITCH POPCLAW. BUT YOU DO GET A FEW GO THE OTHER WAY.
MEANIN'...
MONEY.
BLOKE LIKE VERNON, HE SEES ALL THESE SUPES FLYIN' AROUND, SAYS--I FANCY A BIT A' THAT. HE'S GOT A FORTUNE, HE JUST KEEPS THROWIN' CASH AT THE PROBLEM 'TIL SOMEONE BUILDS HIM A WORKIN' SUPER-SUIT.
AYE, I SAW IT. IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUTTA SCIENCE FICTION.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT SOME A' THE STUFF THEY CAN DO NOWADAYS, PROVIDED THEY'RE WILLIN' TO SPEND THE MONEY.
LOOK AT CONCORDE: YOU USED TO BE ABLE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THREE HOURS FLAT. THEN THE CUNTS STUCK THE FUTURE IN A MUSEUM.

IF WE DO GET HIM OUTTA THE SUIT...
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO TO HIM?
I MEAN, Y'KNOW, THERE'S NOT MUCH HE CAN DO TO US IF HE'S NOT REALLY A SUPE... THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANY NEED TO...TO...
IS THERE?
WELL, IF HE BEHAVES HIMSELF, WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT HIS FUTURE. BE HANDY HAVIN' A MEMBER OF PAYBACK IN OUR POCKET, NO MATTER HOW DAMAGED HE IS.
AN' IF HE DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF...HE'LL GET A SLAP.
AYE...
I KNOW THIS IS THE SIDE A' THINGS WORRIES YOU, HUGHIE. YOU GOT OFF TO A FUCKIN' HORRIBLE START, THERE'S NO DENYIN' IT.
BUT I'M NOT GONNA SAY-- DON'T WORRY, MATE, YOU CAN LEAVE THE ROUGH STUFF TO ME. EVERYONE PULLS THEIR WEIGHT IN THIS MOB.
NO EXCEPTIONS.
SOONER OR LATER, MY SON--
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO HURT PEOPLE.


DISCRETION PREVAILS! DISCRETION PREVAILS!
NOW EVERYONE THINKS I'M A FUCKING FAGGOT! THAT TWO-FACED LIMEY COCKSUCKER, I'M GONNA RIP HIS GODDAMNED HEAD OFF AND FUCK HIS NECK 'TIL HE BURSTS--
I DUNNO IF I LIKE THE SOUNDA THAT.
THREATENIN' ONE A' ME FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.
YOU?!
EVENIN', SQUIRE.
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US LETTIN' OURSELVES IN LIKE THIS.
WHAT ARE YOU--HOW--WHAT THE FUCK?!

WELL SAID.
WE WANNA 'NOTHER WORD WITH YOU ABOUT STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN. ABOUT WHAT YOU DID TO HIM.
WELL YOU CAN GO AND--
C'MON, BE A GOOD LAD. WE DON'T WANNA HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY.
I FUCKING DO.

PROXIMITY ALERT
PROXIMITY ALERT
EEEEEEAAAAAAGGGHHH!!
BET YOU FEEL LIKE A RIGHT CUNT.

I DIDN'T KILL HIM.
I'VE NEVER EVEN MET HIM.
YOU'RE DENYIN' YOU SAW STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN WI' SWINGWING?
YES.
I MEAN YOU CAN BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME AND I'LL SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO SAY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD THAT'LL DO YOU.
BUT YOU TOLD US SWINGWING WAS GAY...
I ONLY SAID THAT SO YOU'D GO AFTER HIM NEXT. AS FAR AS I KNOW HE'S STRAIGHT AS A DIE.
SO WHY WOULDN'T YOU TELL US WHERE TO FIND HIM?
BECAUSE I WAS GETTING SICK OF YOUR FUCKING ATTITUDE AND I DIDN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD MAKE IT EASY ON YOU.
BUT WHY WOULD YOU WANNA FUCK THINGS UP FOR SWINGWING ANYWAY? IS HE NOT YOUR PAL?
OH, CHRIST...!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM.
I'VE TAKEN TO...FUCKING THINGS, PEOPLE, INANIMATE OBJECTS. I'VE NO CONTROL OVER IT, I JUST PULL MY COCK OUT AND GET STUCK IN.
AND SWINGWING WAS KIND ENOUGH TO TELL THE SEVEN ABOUT THIS, BECAUSE HE'D HEARD I HAD A CHANCE OF JOINING THEM AND HE WANTED TO MESS IT UP FOR ME. WHICH HE DID.
AND THE REASON HE WANTED TO DO THAT, APART FROM THE POSSIBILITY THAT IT'D CLEAR THE WAY FOR HIM, HAS TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE TALON...
WHAT, YOU MEAN...?
YEAH.
IT GOES RIGHT BACK TO WHEN SWINGWING WAS LADDIO. RIGHT BACK TO THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ROGUE'S GALLERY.
"THE TALON'S ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO BOUNCE BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN FIGHTING CRIME AND COMMITTING IT. SOMETIMES SHE'S ON OUR SIDE, SOMETIMES WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE HER DOWN.
"LADDIO--AS SWINGWING WAS THEN--HE AND I WERE ALWAYS CHASING HER OVER SOME ROOFTOP OR OTHER. EVENTUALLY I THINK WE ALL REALISED WE WERE JUST THREE FRIENDS PLAYING A GAME, AS MUCH AS ANYTHING ELSE."

ANYWAY... A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO SHE SHOWS UP OUT OF THE BLUE, AND TO TELL THE TRUTH NEITHER OF US CAN REALLY REMEMBER IF SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BAD GIRL OR A GOOD GIRL THIS TIME AROUND.
SO WE JUST COME BACK HERE AND ORDER TAKE-OUT, OPEN A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF WINE. IT'S NO BIG DEAL HER SEEING THE TEK-CAVE; SHE TAILED ME BACK HERE RIGHT AT THE VERY START.
SHE SAYS, YOU KNOW, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE SWINGWING A CALL.
MAKE IT A PROPER REUNION, THAT KIND OF THING.
"AND IT IS. IT'S REALLY GOOD FUN.
"WE TALK ABOUT OLD TIMES, ALL THE CRAZY SHIT THAT USED TO HAPPEN WHEN WE WERE HAVING ADVENTURES. WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE VARIOUS GROUPS AND TEAMS, WHO'S DOING WHAT TO WHO, ALL THAT.
"SWINGWING'S GOT SOME GREAT STORIES. LIKE I SAY, WE HAVE A GREAT TIME.
"WE REALLY...
"DO...
"HAVE...
"A GREAT TIME."

"SO I THINK, OKAY, FINE, AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO GET UP AND LEAVE THEM TO IT--"
WE DRINK MORE WINE. WE'RE SOMEWHERE BEYOND TIPSY BY THIS STAGE.
AND I'VE JUST FINISHED TOPPING OFF MY GLASS, AND I PUT THE BOTTLE DOWN AND I TURN AROUND AGAIN--
AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT WE'RE...
WE'RE...
OH, CHRIST.
PART OF ME CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT'S HAPPENING. ALL I CAN THINK IS-- DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE.
DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE.

"DON'T LOOK AT HIS FACE."
SUCK IT, BABY, SUCK HIS BIG BAMBOO--
"AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM THERE."
next: A LITTLE ANIMAL CRACKER HOME THEATRE

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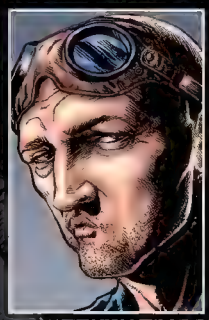
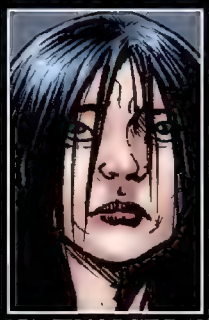

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in The Boys.

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WELL.
YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP. VERY ENLIGHTENIN'. WE CAN FIND OUR OWN WAY OUT, BUT YOU KNOW THAT ALREADY, DON'T YOU?
SO, UH, THANKS AGAIN.
FUCKMONGER.
IT'S TEK-KNIGHT...
NEW YORK POST
OMO HERO
illionaire Socialite
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE TEK-KNIGHT.
AREN'T I?
WOOO
OH, SHIT--

SO HIM AN' SWINGWING, THEY HAVE THIS THREESOME WITH THE TALON, AN' AFTERWARDS THEY FALL OUT OVER HER AN' THEY'VE BEEN AT DAGGERS DRAWN EVER SINCE...
AN' THEN...
THEN...
FUCK, I DUNNO. I AM ABSOLUTELY BLOODY STUMPED ON THIS ONE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.
I MEAN IT MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY TEK-KNIGHT'S STARTED RIDIN' THE ARSE OFF EVERYTHING HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON, BUT I DON'T THINK BEIN' AT ONE END OF A SPIT-ROAST'S ENOUGH TO DO THAT TO YOU...
DOESN'T MATTER.
AN' I SUPPOSE IT PROVES SWINGWING'S NOT--WELL, NOT COMPLETELY BENT, BUT THAT DOESN'T FIT WITH HIM PISSIN' ABOUT WITH THE RUBENSTEIN LAD...
DOESN'T MATTER.
LOOK...PEOPLE LOVE TO BRAND PARTICULAR PEOPLE GAY--THAT GUY'S SO OBVIOUSLY GAY, HE SHOULD JUST ADMIT IT AN' MOVE ON, BLAH-BLAH-BLAH, WHATEVER. BUT ALL THEY'RE TRYNNA DO'S LOOK SMARTER'N THEY ACTUALLY ARE, IT'S NOT REALLY ANYMORE INTELLIGENT THAN WEE KIDS CALLIN' EACH OTHER FRUITS IN THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.
AN' THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE WI' SWINGWING. WE'RE SO BUSY TRYNNA WORK OUT WHETHER HE'S INTO GIRLS OR BOYS, WE HAVEN'T STOPPED TO CONSIDER WHETHER IT'S GOT ANYTHIN' AT ALL TO DO WI' HIS MOTIVE...

WE DID THE SAME WI' TEK-KNIGHT, TOO. WE SAW THAT HEADLINE AN' WE THOUGHT, RIGHT, THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHIN'...
YEAH, BUT NO ONE WOULD'VE GUESSED WHAT THAT WAS REALLY ALL ABOUT IN A MILLION FUCKIN' YEARS, HUGHIE.
YOU SAID MOTIVE.
SO YOU THINK SWINGWING KILLED STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN.
I...
I THINK IT'S TIME WE FINALLY *MET* THE CUNT.
NOT A PROBLEM, NOW WE'VE GOT HIS BLOODY ADDRESS AT LONG LAST.
GIVE US A LOOK?
GAME AFOOT, IS IT?
AYE, IT IS.

GET SOME

conclusion

WHO ARE YOU--
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT?
WHAT HAPPENED WI' YOU AN' STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN?
I ASKED WHO YOU ARE.
ARE YOU THE POLICE? BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME I.D. RIGHT AWAY.
FUCK, HE'S A COOL ONE, ISN'T HE, HUGHIE?
THE OL' TEK-KNIGHT, HE WENT TO BLOODY BITS ON THE SPOT, BLABBED EVERYTHING HE KNEW--BUT NOT THIS BLOKE...
STEPHEN KNEW WHERE YOU CHANGE OUTTA YOUR SUIT AFTER THE COMMUNITY MEETINGS. EITHER HE WAS WAITIN' FOR YOU THERE OR HE FOLLOWED YOU BACK HERE: WHAT HAPPENED THEN?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHO STEPHEN IS, OR ABOUT THOSE OTHER NAMES YOU MENTIONED--IF THEY ARE NAMES. NOW EITHER SHOW ME SOME I.D. OR LEAVE, BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO CALL--
LISTEN, YOU BASTARD--!
SIX MONTHS AGO, THAT BOY WAS FOUND LYIN' DEAD ON THE FUCKIN' STREET. D'YOU KNOW THE LOOK HE HAD ON HIS FACE? MISERY. NOT PANIC--NOT FEAR--MISERY.
NOW YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, OR I PROMISE YOU: I WILL FUCKIN' BEAT THE TRUTH OUTTA YOU, SO HELP ME GOD...!

HUUHH!
JESUS--!
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE, FUCKIN' GET AFTER HIM!
GOIN' FOR THE ROOF!
I'LL GO UP THE FIRE ESCAPE AN' CUT HIM OFF.
NO!!
HUGHIE, THE LADDER'S FUCKED, MATE! YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE HIM BY YOURSELF!
YAAH--
KEEP CLOSED
FUCK!

AAAAAH--!
HUGHIE?
I--I--I CAN'T HIT HIM--
HE'S NOT A REAL SUPE, IF I HIT HIM I MIGHT FUCKIN' KILL HIM!
HUGHIE, DON'T BE A CUNT!
SHIT!
GET THE FUCK OFF ME, YOU--
YOU CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY! YOU'VE GOTTA HIT HIM! HIT HIM!
HUGHIE, FUCKIN' TWAT HIM ONE!

NICE ONE, MY SON.
STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN, THEN.
ONCE MORE WITH FEELIN'.
...SO HE WAS HIDING ON THE MOTEL ROOF OVER ON NINTH, AND HE POPPED UP WHEN I TOOK THE MASK OFF-- AND, YOU KNOW, AT THAT POINT IT WAS STILL OKAY...
I MEAN IT WAS ANNOYING, BUT HE WASN'T THE FIRST TO FIGURE OUT WHO I AM-- YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN, YOU CHANGE BEFORE YOU COME HOME, BUT...ANYWAY.
SO...
SO, WE TALKED.
AND, SURPRISE-SURPRISE, IT'S JUST THE SAME OLD FUCKING HOMO BULLSHIT.

"HE'S YOUNG, HE'S ONLY JUST COME OUT, HIS FAMILY DON'T KNOW, YADDA-YADDA.
"WHAT'S REALLY TORMENTING HIM, OF COURSE--AND I MEAN YOU JUST KNOW THIS LITTLE SHIT'S SUCKED EVERY COCK SOUTH OF THIRTY-SECOND STREET--IS THAT THERE'S ONE GUY HE REALLY WANTS, ONE GUY HE KNOWS HE CAN BE HAPPY WITH, IF ONLY HE HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL HIM...
"BUT I KNOW THE SHPIEL FROM TALKING TO THEM AT FUDGEPACKERS ANONYMOUS. I CAN PRETTY MUCH DO IT IN MY SLEEP."
STEPHEN, YOU HAVE TO TALK TO HIM. YOU HAVE TO TELL HIM HOW YOU FEEL.
BUT I'M SO SCARED HE'LL REJECT ME...
WELL, THEN, SO BE IT. YOU'RE NOT EVEN TWENTY YEARS OLD; I CAN GUARANTEE IT WON'T BE THE END OF THE WORLD.
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND TORMENTING YOURSELF, STEPHEN.
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER...YOU HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE.
OKAY?
STEPHEN?
IT'S YOU.
WHAT...?

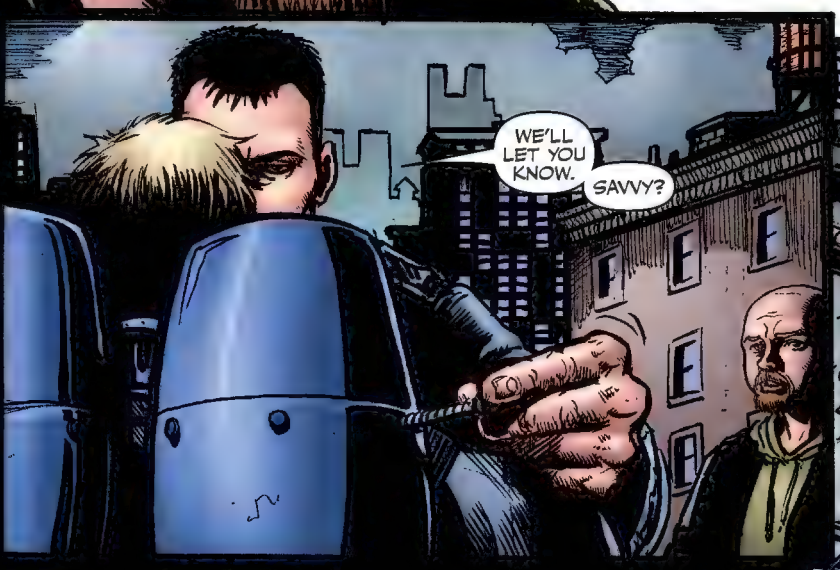
IT'S YOU, YOU'RE THE ONE I-- WAIT, NO, LISTEN--
GET OFF ME! GET OFF!
PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOU'RE EVERYTHING I--
JUST GET THE FUCK OFF ME, FAGGOT!
S-S-SWINGWING, PLEASE...!
OFF!!
AN' THEN?

LOOK, IT WAS A FUCKING ACCIDENT...I FORGOT I WAS ON THE EDGE OF...YOU KNOW...
HE DID WHAT THESE CUNTS ALWAYS DO. HE FUCKED OFF.
FLEW AWAY.
WHY DID IT FREAK YOU OUT SO MUCH? I MEAN W/ ALL THE TIME YOU SPEND AROUND GAYS--
THAT'S NOT ME, THAT'S SWINGWING...!
HE'S GOT THE SUIT AND THE MASK, AND A FUCKING JETPACK SO HE CAN FLY AWAY. HE'S GOT ARMOR.
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK TO THEM ANY LONGER THAN HE WANTS TO. I MEAN IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU, IT'S BY THE NUMBERS. IT'S EASY.
BUT...THIS LITTLE ASSHOLE... RIGHT UP CLOSE, LIKE RIGHT IN MY FACE, WITH THIS TWISTED SHIT HE'S MANAGED TO COOK UP INSIDE HIS HEAD...
I MEAN DO YOU THINK I LIKE HANGING AROUND THOSE FUCKING COCKSUCKERS? IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN, FOR THE COMIC-BOOK PEOPLE--YOU KNOW, OH, SWINGWING'S GOING TO BE NICE TO QUEERS. HE'S GOING TO LOOK AFTER THAT DEMOGRAPHIC FOR US. BUT NOBODY THINKS TO ASK SWINGWING, DO THEY? AND HE'S THE ONE HAS TO DO IT--TALK TO THEM, SMILE AT THEM, SHAKE HANDS WITH THEM, WITH THOSE FILTHY FUCKING DISEASE-RIDDEN FAGGOT SCUM!!
BLIMEY, MATE, TELL US HOW YOU REALLY FEEL.
GET UP.

WHAT?
ON YOUR FEET. SHARPISH.

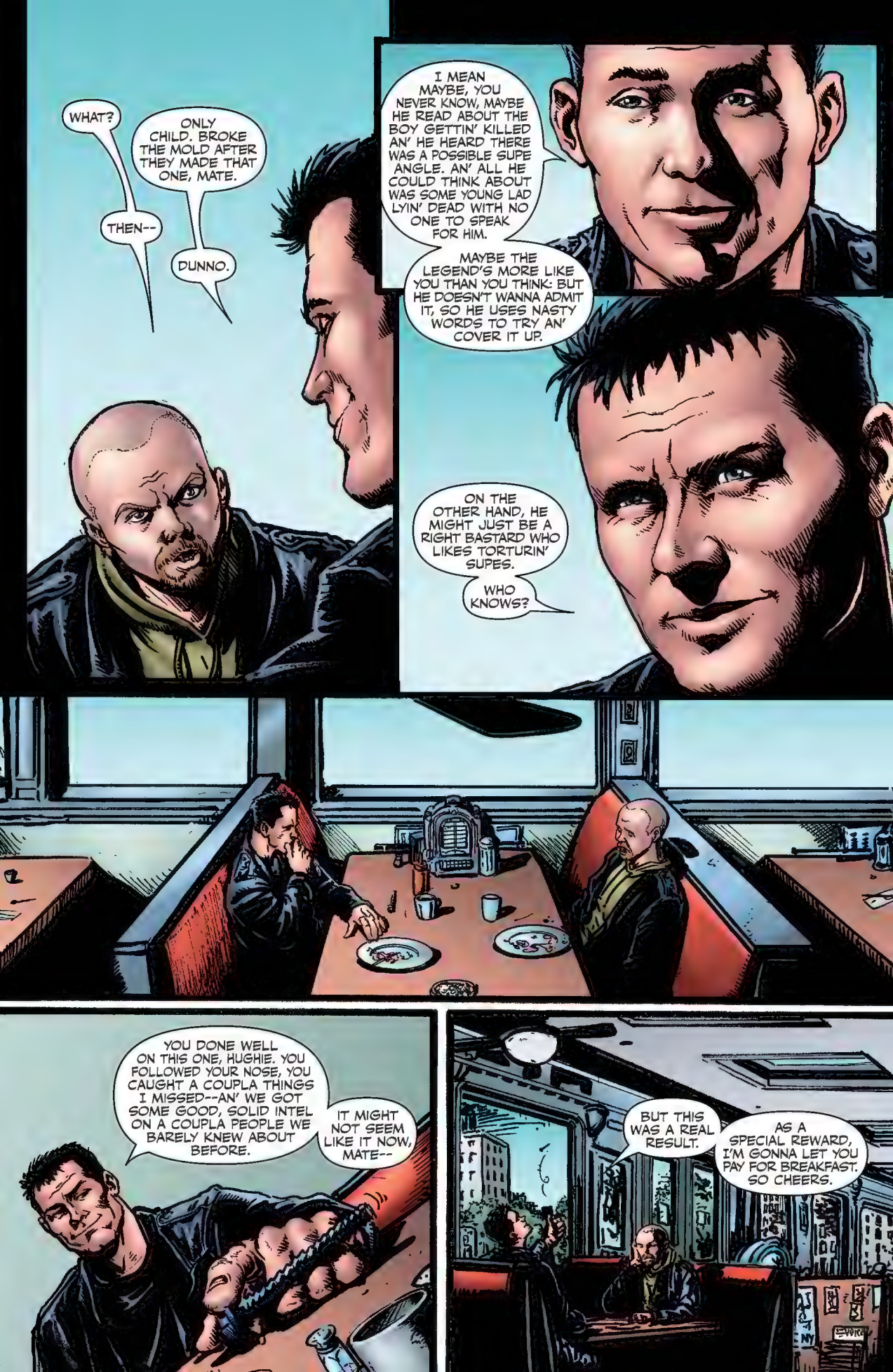
NOW.
YOU'VE BEEN A BAD LAD, AN' YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PAY FOR IT.

YOU'RE GONNA CARRY ON BEIN' SWINGWING. FIGHT CRIME, TEAM UP WITH PEOPLE, ALL THAT. PAYBACK ARE PROBABLY GONNA WANNA REPLACE THE TEK-KNIGHT SOON, THAT MIGHT BE YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.
YOU KEEP YOUR EYES AN' EARS OPEN, RIGHT? WE'LL BE IN TOUCH FROM TIME TO TIME, AN' WE'LL EXPECT TO HEAR WHAT'S GOIN' ON AN' WHO'S DOIN' WHAT TO WHO--YOUR SPECIALTY, THE WAY I UNDERSTAND IT.
AN' WHEN WE THINK YOU'VE SQUARED YOUR ACCOUNT FOR STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN...


WE'LL LET YOU KNOW.
SAVVY?

Y-Y-YOU BET, LISTEN, I--
GOOD.
FUCK OFF.

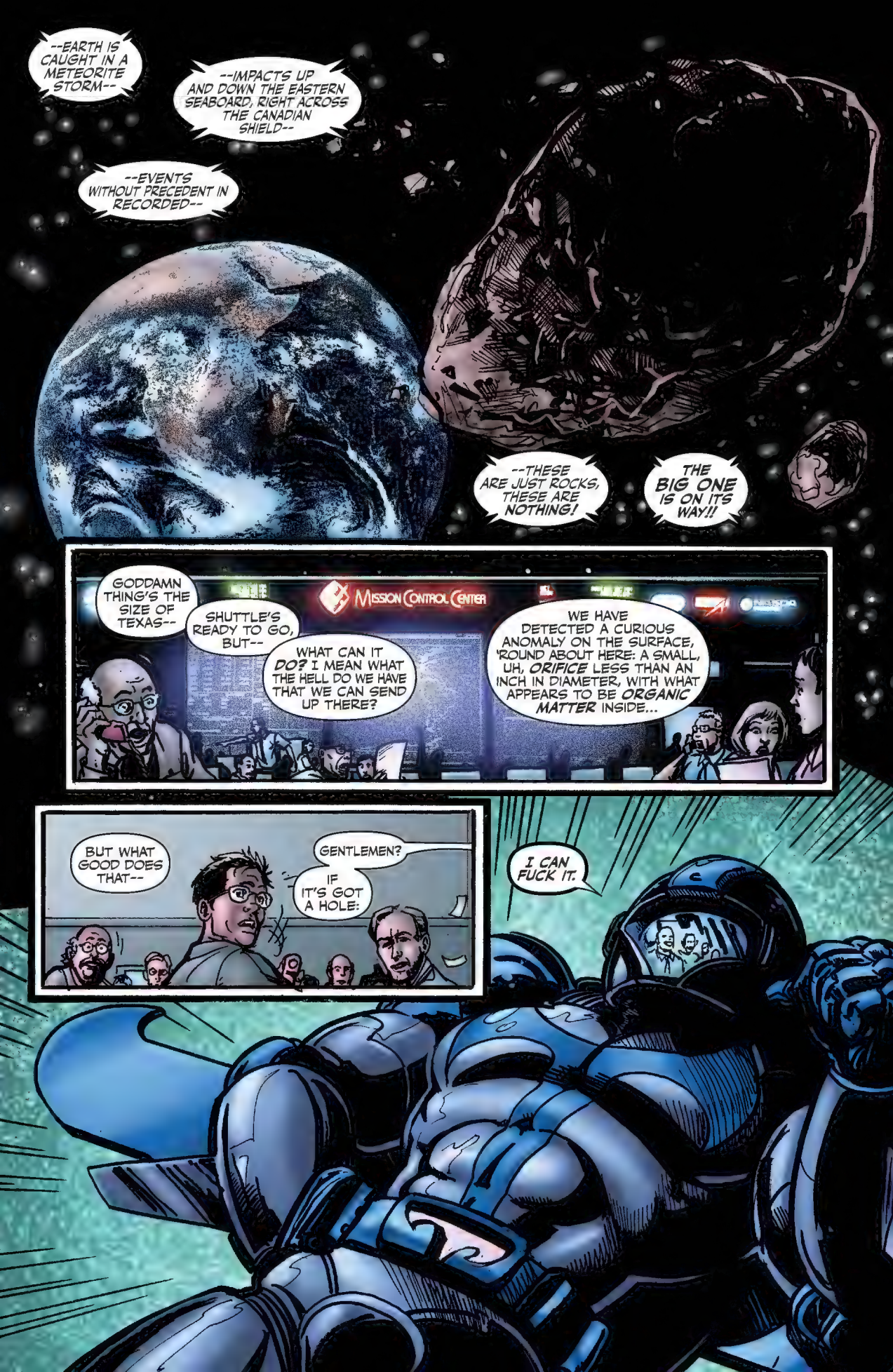
OWEN'S DINER
OPEN
CHRIST, I FEEL LIKE I COULD SLEEP FOR A FUCKIN' WEEK...
NOT HUNGRY?
S'POSE NOT.
SURPRISED I LET THE WANKER OFF SO LIGHTLY?
I DON'T THINK YOU DID LET HIM OFF LIGHTLY. I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIS LIFE A LIVIN' HELL, AN' MORE POWER TO YOU: A PART O' ME'S HOPIN' I GET TO TURN A COUPLA THE SCREWS MYSELF.
BUT...NO, I'M NOT SURPRISED. AN' THAT'S THE THING.
IT'S THE WORLD I'M IN NOW, THAT'S WHAT I'M HAVIN' TO REALISE. I MEAN ALL RIGHT, WE SOLVED THE MYSTERY--BUT THERE'S NO JUSTICE FOR THAT WEE FELLA, IS THERE?
ALL WE'RE DOIN'S MAKIN' THE FELLA WHO KILLED HIM ANOTHER COG IN OUR MACHINE. WE'RE... GATHERIN' INTELLIGENCE. PLAYIN' THE GAME.
I MEAN LET'S FACE IT: WE ONLY GOT INVOLVED IN THIS 'CAUSE YOU WANTED TO GET UP TO DATE ON THE SUPES, AN' THE LEGEND WANTED TO KNOW WHO KILLED HIS SISTER'S GRANDSON. FUCK, HE DIDN'T EVEN CARE THAT MUCH, HE CALLED HIM A LITTLE--
LEGEND HASN'T GOT A SISTER.


WHAT?
ONLY CHILD. BROKE THE MOLD AFTER THEY MADE THAT ONE, MATE.
THEN--
DUNNO.
I MEAN MAYBE, YOU NEVER KNOW, MAYBE HE READ ABOUT THE BOY GETTIN' KILLED AN' HE HEARD THERE WAS A POSSIBLE SUPE ANGLE. AN' ALL HE COULD THINK ABOUT WAS SOME YOUNG LAD LYIN' DEAD WITH NO ONE TO SPEAK FOR HIM.
MAYBE THE LEGEND'S MORE LIKE YOU THAN YOU THINK: BUT HE DOESN'T WANNA ADMIT IT, SO HE USES NASTY WORDS TO TRY AN' COVER IT UP.
ON THE OTHER HAND, HE MIGHT JUST BE A RIGHT BASTARD WHO LIKES TORTURIN' SUPES.
WHO KNOWS?
YOU DONE WELL ON THIS ONE, HUGHIE. YOU FOLLOWED YOUR NOSE, YOU CAUGHT A COUPLA THINGS I MISSED--AN' WE GOT SOME GOOD, SOLID INTEL ON A COUPLA PEOPLE WE BARELY KNEW ABOUT BEFORE.
IT MIGHT NOT SEEM LIKE IT NOW, MATE--
BUT THIS WAS A REAL RESULT.
AS A SPECIAL REWARD, I'M GONNA LET YOU PAY FOR BREAKFAST. SO CHEERS.

IT WAS SWINGWING...
WELL, SO WE, SO WE BELIEVE. I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANNA KNOW.
BUT DIDN'T HE JUST DIE FIGHTING...WHAT WAS IT, IT WAS ON THE NEWS LAST WEEK...?
AYE...I SHOULDN'T REALLY TELL YOU THIS, BUT WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED WAS HIS JETPACK BROKE DOWN IN MID-AIR AN' HE GOT RUN OVER BY THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY. NOBODY'S REALLY SURE HOW IT HAPPENED.
THEY HAVE PEOPLE WHO COVER THIS STUFF UP FOR THEM. THE SUPERHEROES, LIKE.
SO THERE'S NO JUSTICE...
BUT AT LEAST THERE ISN'T A MYSTERY.
IS THAT MAX?
WELL.
THANK YOU ANYWAY, CONSTABLE CAMPBELL.
OH, CHRIST, THE FUCKING IDIOT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME EVERYWHERE...!
HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY'VE KNOWN WHAT SWINGWING WAS REALLY LIKE, PAUL.
NOBODY COULD.

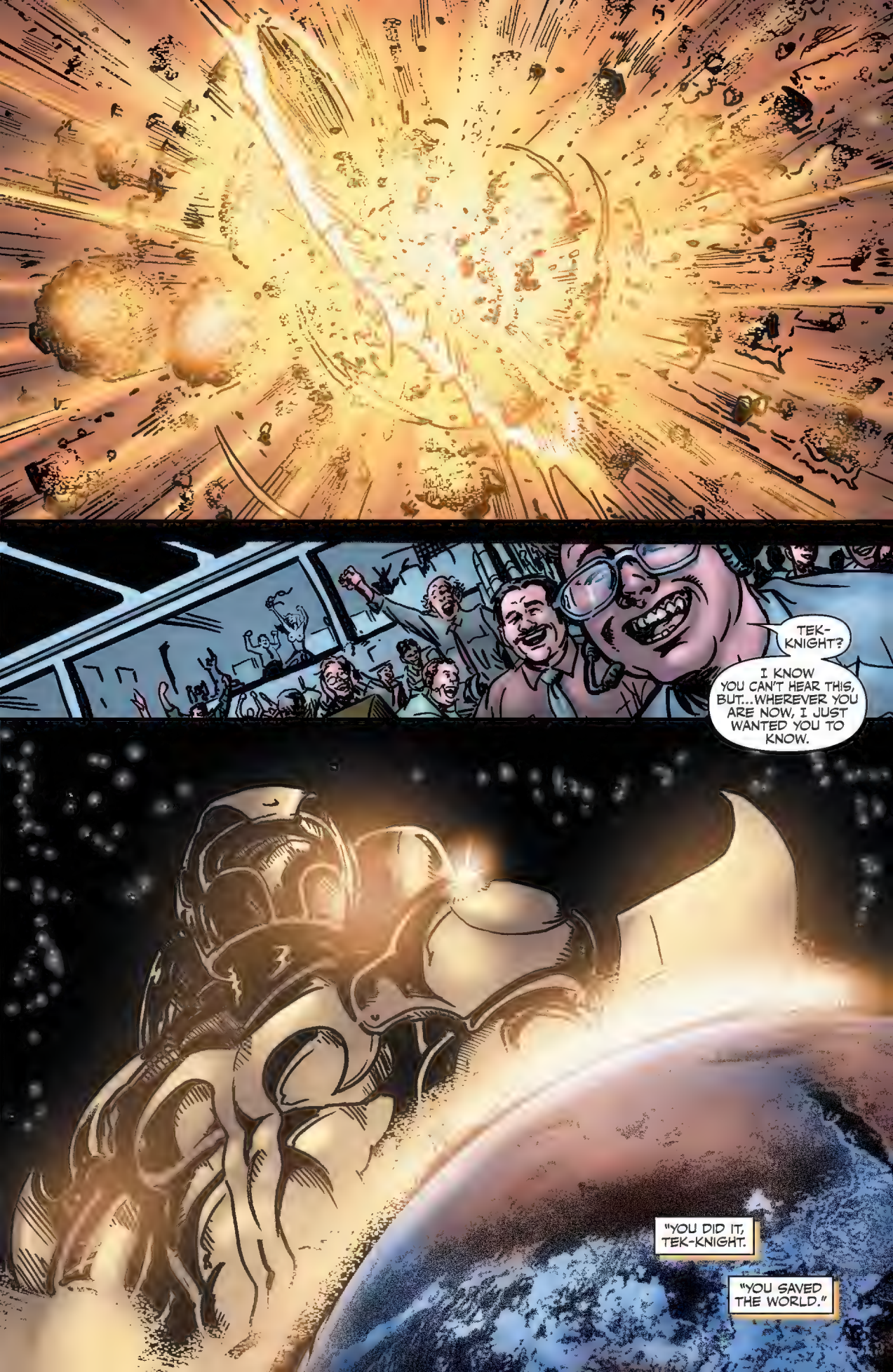
HMH.
WHAT IS IT ABOUT LOVE STORIES, YOU KNOW?
TWO PEOPLE FINDIN' EACH OTHER.
WHAT?

epilogue
I USED TO BE THE TEK-KNIGHT...AND NOW I'M NOBODY.
NOW I'M JUST... JUST...
HEY, LOOK, IT'S THE OWLFUCKER!
NOTHING AT ALL.
GOTTA MOVE!
YEEEOOW!
WHAT THE--?
OH MY GOD, MY BABY! THANK YOU!
BUT WHAT COULD HAVE--GOOD LORD!


--EARTH IS CAUGHT IN A METEORITE STORM--
--IMPACTS UP AND DOWN THE EASTERN SEABOARD, RIGHT ACROSS THE CANADIAN SHIELD--
--EVENTS WITHOUT PRECEDENT IN RECORDED--
--THESE ARE JUST ROCKS, THESE ARE NOTHING!
THE BIG ONE IS ON ITS WAY!!
MISSION CONTROL CENTER
GODDAMN THING'S THE SIZE OF TEXAS--
SHUTTLE'S READY TO GO, BUT--
WHAT CAN IT DO? I MEAN WHAT THE HELL DO WE HAVE THAT WE CAN SEND UP THERE?
WE HAVE DETECTED A CURIOUS ANOMALY ON THE SURFACE, 'ROUND ABOUT HERE: A SMALL, UH, ORIFICE LESS THAN AN INCH IN DIAMETER, WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE ORGANIC MATTER INSIDE...
BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THAT--
GENTLEMEN?
IF IT'S GOT A HOLE:
I CAN FUCK IT.

HOUSTON, I--I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I'M GETTING A LOT OF BREAK-UP--
BUT I CAN SEE IT.
MY GOD, IT'S HUGE.
HOMING IN ON THE ORIFICE CO-ORDINATES NOW. OKAY, I'VE GOT A LOCK.
TEN SECONDS, HOUSTON.
FIVE.
ONE.
RRRNNNGGGHHHH...!

OHHH, YEAH...
THAT'S IT...THAT'S IT, YOU FUCKING SLUT--!
YEAH, YEAH--NICE AND TIGHT, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE--
YOU FEEL THAT, BITCH? YEAH, YOU DO, I FUCKING KNOW YOU DO--!
THAT-- THAT HE BORE HIS CURSE IN SILENCE FOR SO LONG!
HE IS A TRUE HERO...!
OH, YOU'RE GONNA COME, AREN'T YOU? I FUCKED YOU GOOD AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA COME!
DON'T TRY TO HOLD BACK, BABY! COME! YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO! COME!
THAT IS IT, TEK-KNIGHT!
LAY SOME PIPE!
OH MY GOD


TEK-KNIGHT?
I KNOW YOU CAN'T HEAR THIS, BUT...WHEREVER YOU ARE NOW, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW.
"YOU DID IT, TEK-KNIGHT.
"YOU SAVED THE WORLD."

...APPARENTLY THE CORONER FOUND A TUMOR THE SIZE OF SOMEBODY'S *FIST* IN HIS HEAD--I MEAN CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT...?
WHAT, SO THE BLOKE DROPPED THE WHEELBARROW ACTUALLY DID HIM A FAVOR?
ANYWAY, YOU BETTER GET ON WITH LEARNING YOUR IVAN. WE'RE OFF TO MOSCOW TOMORROW.
RUSSIAN
THE END

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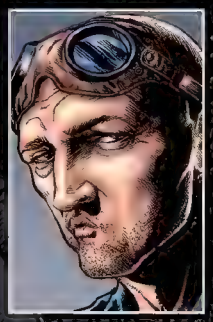
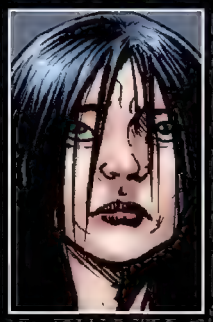

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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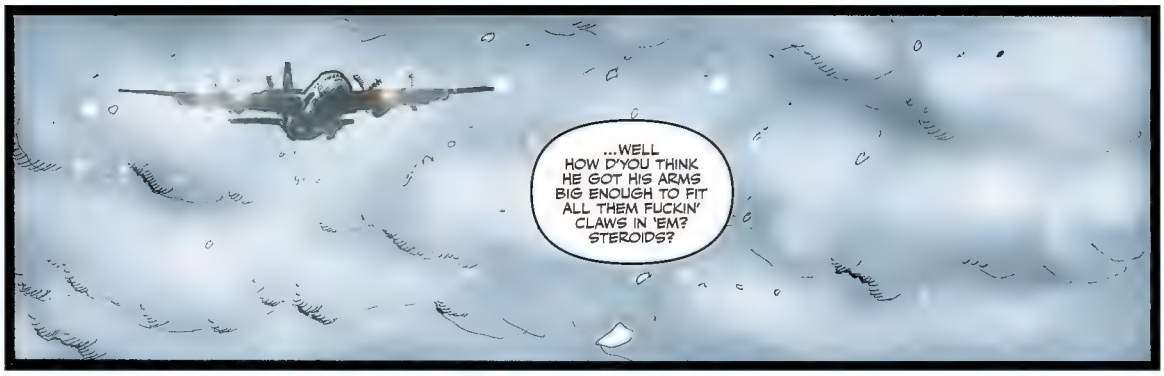
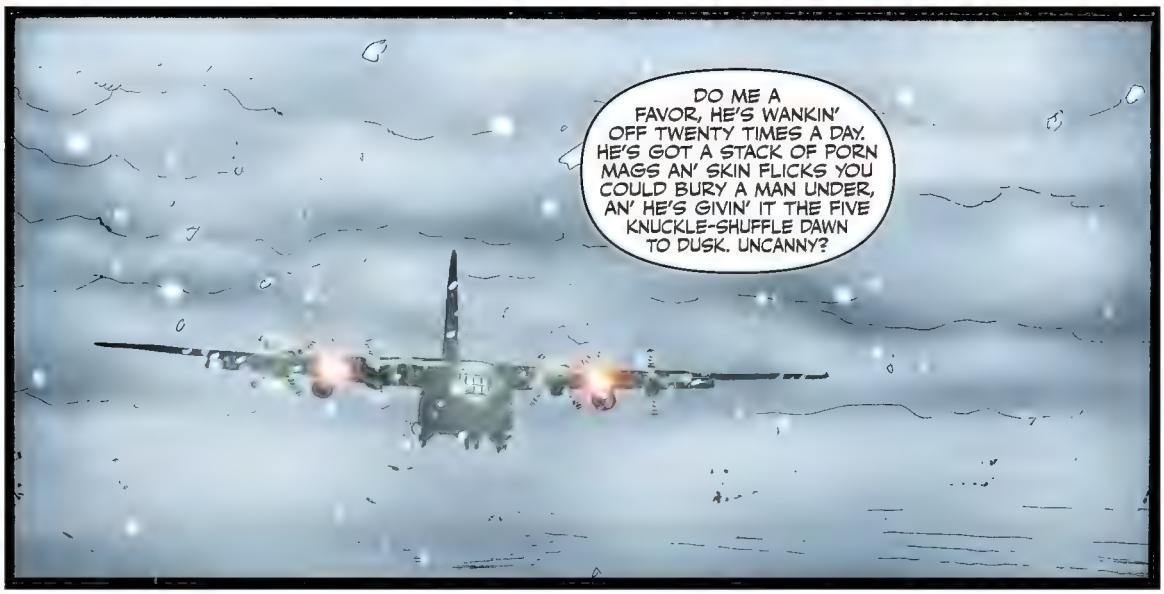

...WELL HOW D'YOU THINK HE GOT HIS ARMS BIG ENOUGH TO FIT ALL THEM FUCKIN' CLAWS IN 'EM? STEROIDS?


DO ME A FAVOR, HE'S WANKIN' OFF TWENTY TIMES A DAY. HE'S GOT A STACK OF PORN MAGS AN' SKIN FLICKS YOU COULD BURY A MAN UNDER, AN' HE'S GIVIN' IT THE FIVE KNUCKLE-SHUFFLE DAWN TO DUSK. UNCANNY?

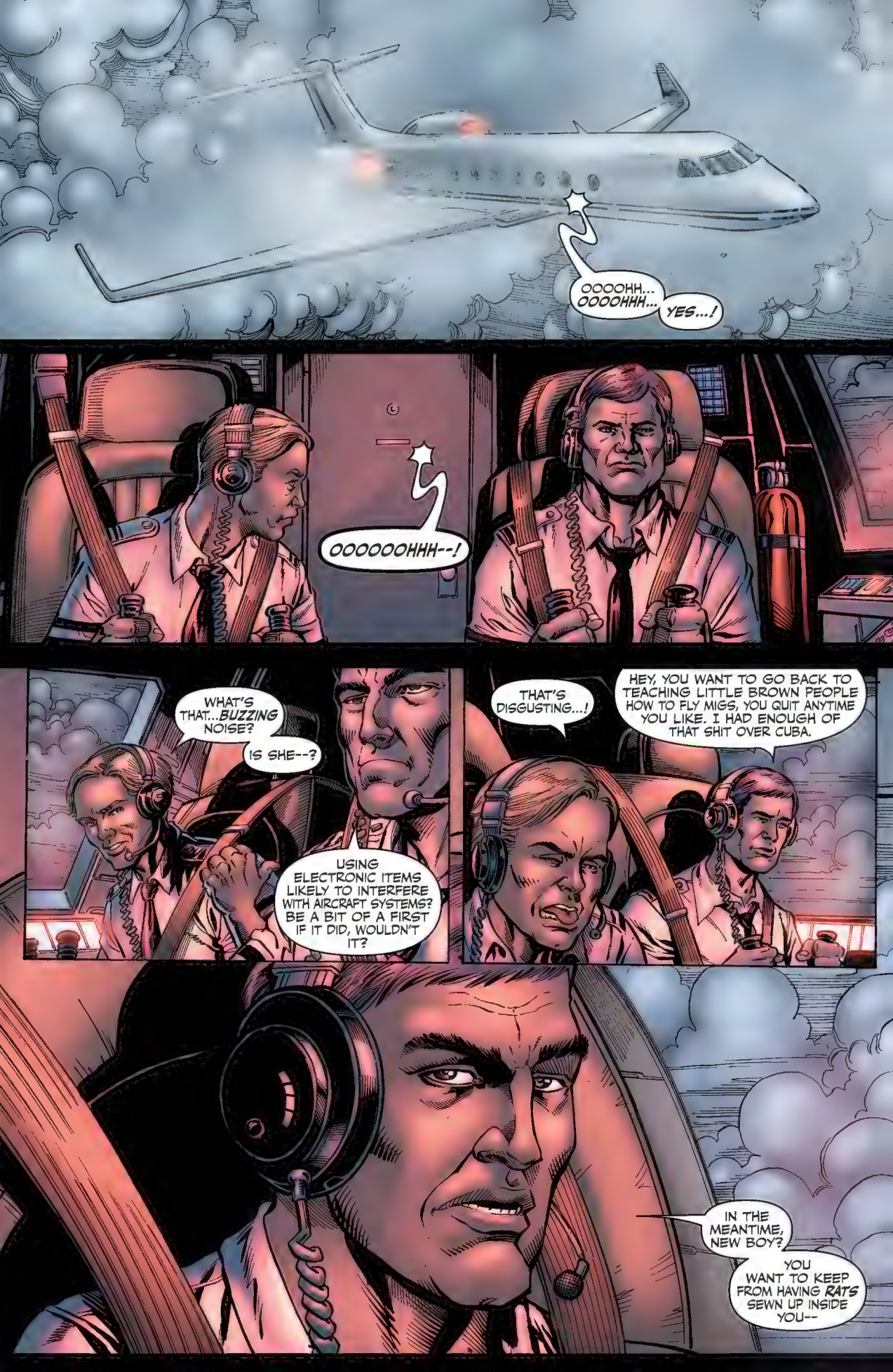
I SHOULD BLEEDIN' COCO.
RIGHT, WE'RE HERE.

GLAD TO HEAR IT. IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE HEIGHT O' LUXURY, IS IT?
NO, BUT IT'S FREE. AN' NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE COMIN'.
WAKE FRENCHIE, WILL YOU? HAVE HIM WAKE THE FEMALE.
YO.
JUST A SHAME ABOUT THE IN-FLIGHT MEAL.
AN' THE IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT. YOU SNORE LIKE A BASTARD, HUGHIE, DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT?
SHITE, REALLY?
HE'S FUCKIN' WITH YOU, HUGHIE.
BUT YOU DO FART LIKE A MUTHAFUCKA.
WE'RE WITH THE COMPANY SO WE FLY WITH THE AIR FORCE. HAS ITS PERKS.
THOUGH IF YOU HAVE THE MILES--

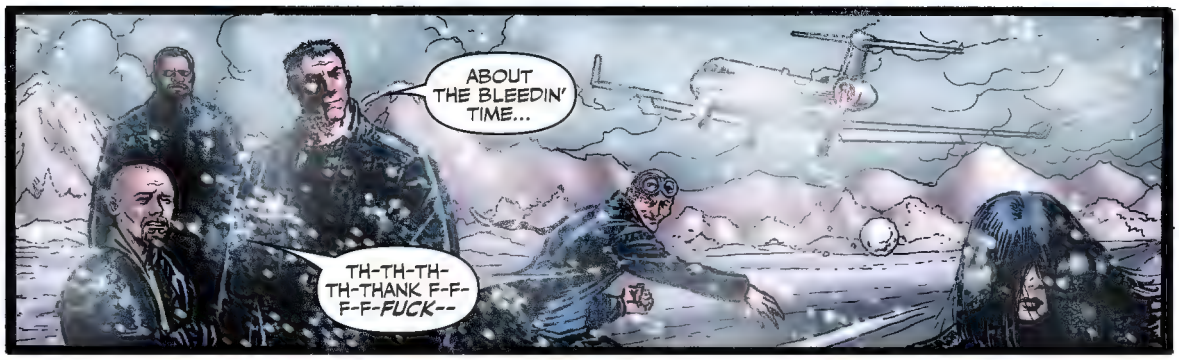
YOU SHOULD NEVER FLY ANYTHING LESS THAN BUSINESS.
WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO THEM NOW?
WELL, THEY CAME ABOARD AT ANKARA, SO MY GUESS IS ANCHORAGE. VIA A COUPLE MORE PICK-UPS IN ISLAMABAD AN' SEOUL.
ANCHORAGE...?
NOT SO LOUD, HUGHIE. IF THEY ALL PISS THEMSELVES AT ONCE THE CREW CHIEF'LL THROW A FIT.
ANYWAY.
WELCOME TO MOSCOW, TOVARICH.

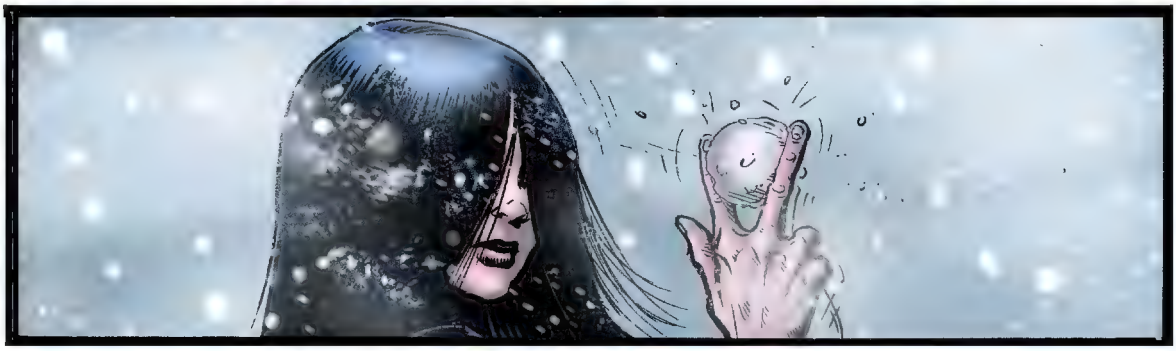
GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

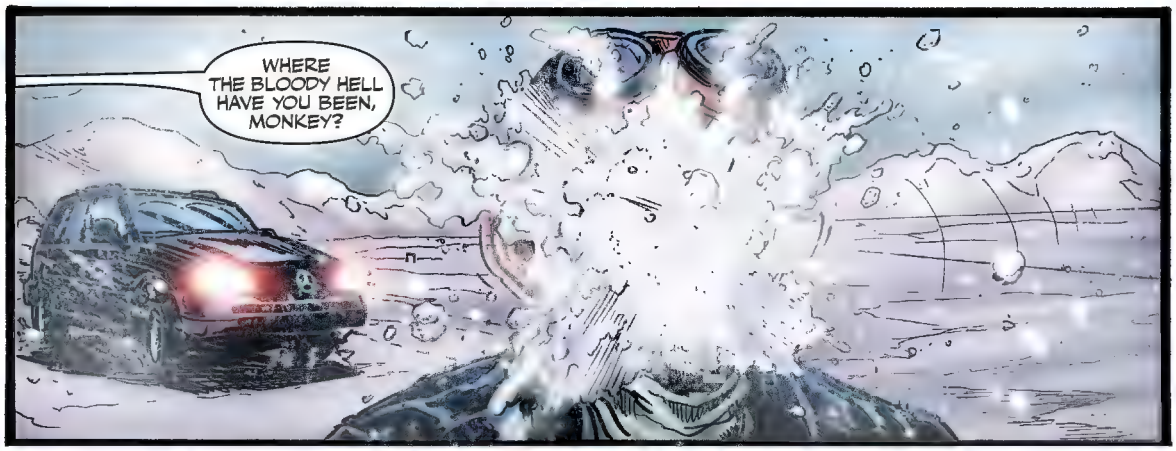
part one

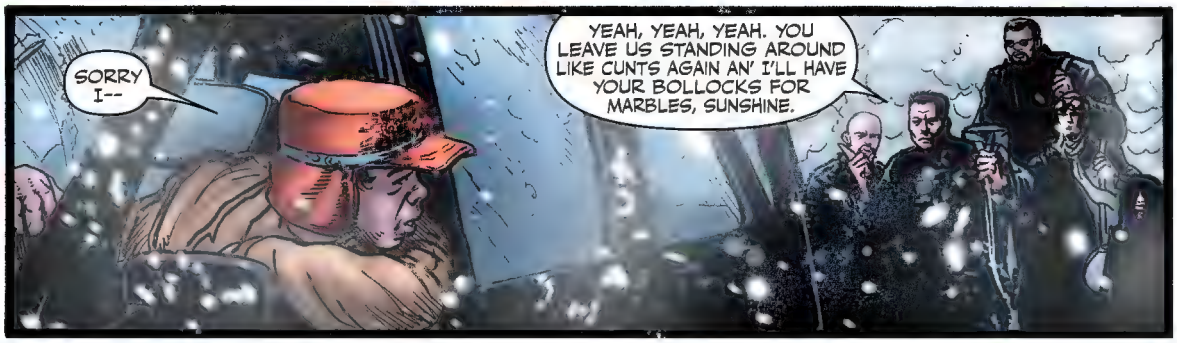

OOOOHH... OOOOHHH...
YES...!
OOOOOOHHH--!
WHAT'S THAT...BUZZING NOISE?
IS SHE--?
USING ELECTRONIC ITEMS LIKELY TO INTERFERE WITH AIRCRAFT SYSTEMS? BE A BIT OF A FIRST IF IT DID, WOULDN'T IT?
THAT'S DISGUSTING...!
HEY, YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO TEACHING LITTLE BROWN PEOPLE HOW TO FLY MIGS, YOU QUIT ANYTIME YOU LIKE. I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT SHIT OVER CUBA.
IN THE MEANTIME, NEW BOY?
YOU WANT TO KEEP FROM HAVING RATS SEWN UP INSIDE YOU--

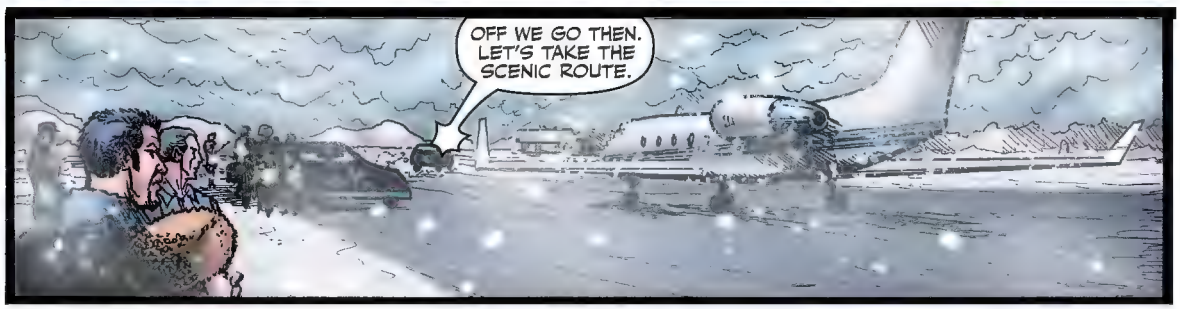
"YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT LITTLE NINA."
AH, MS. NAMENKO, WE'LL BE TOUCHING DOWN IN JUST UNDER A MINUTE. ALL NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE AND THE CARS ARE WAITING.
WE'LL REMAIN AT THE AIRPORT WITH THE 'PLANE; ONCE WE'VE REFUELLED WE'LL BE READY TO GO AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL US--
YOU'VE NOW STATED THE OBVIOUS SIX TIMES.
HOLD YOUR TONGUE.
OR I'LL FIND A BETTER USE FOR IT ON THE RETURN FLIGHT.


ABOUT THE BLEEDIN' TIME...
TH-TH-TH-TH-THANK F-F-F-F-F-FUCK--




WHERE THE BLOODY HELL HAVE YOU BEEN, MONKEY?


SORRY I--
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. YOU LEAVE US STANDING AROUND LIKE CUNTS AGAIN AN' I'LL HAVE YOUR BOLLOCKS FOR MARBLES, SUNSHINE.


OFF WE GO THEN. LET'S TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE.

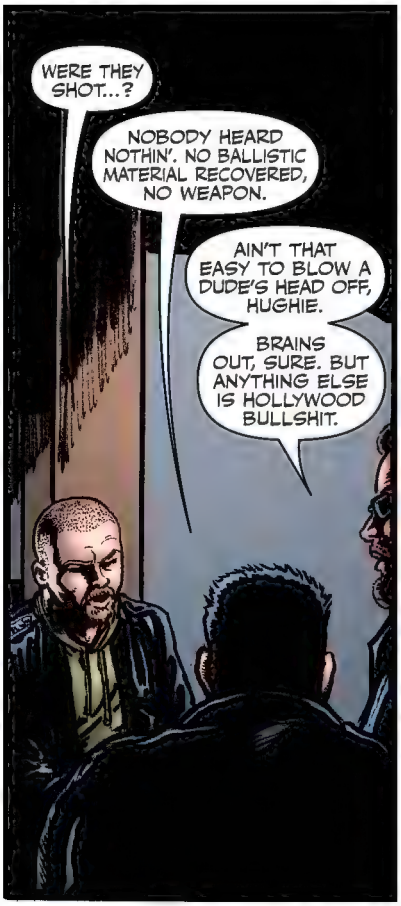
MUST SAY I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE, MONKEY. THOUGHT YOU WERE HAPPY DRIVING A DESK IN LANGLEY.
TEMPORARY LIAISON SO LONG AS YOU'RE IN TOWN. I SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE EMBASSY, SO I HAVE QUITE A BIT OF LOCAL EXPERIENCE.
OH, RIGHT.
SO IT'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THE WOMEN'S PARALYMPIC EXHIBITION TOURNAMENT THEY'RE HOLDIN' HERE; THAT'S JUST A COMPLETE COINCIDENCE, IS IT?
NNN... NNNOOOO...
YOU DIRTY LITTLE SOD.
SO...DIRECTOR RAYNER READ YOUR REPORT ON THE INCIDENT WITH TEENAGE KIX...
DID SHE NOW.
I READ IT TOO. UM--
THE DIRECTOR WANTED ME TO COMMUNICATE TO YOU HER CONCERN...AH...SHE PICKED UP ON THE, THE SENSE YOU GAVE THAT...I MEAN READING BETWEEN THE LINES, THE SUGGESTION THAT THE MESSAGE ALERTING THE KIX TO YOUR INVOLVEMENT MIGHT HAVE ORIGINATED IN HER OFFICE...
SHE WANTED ME TO ASSURE YOU THAT THAT IS COMPLETELY, TOTALLY, ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE...

WELL, YOU TELL HER MESSAGE RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD, MONKEY.
SO... WE'RE GOOD, RIGHT?
MESSAGE RECEIVED.
AND UNDERSTOOD.
RIGHT, BECAUSE--YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST THAT--
WE'RE GETTING OUT HERE.
HERE...?
YOU TAKE OUR STUFF ON TO THE HOTEL. I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOUT IF I NEED YOU, BUT I DOUBT I WILL.
TAKE THE DAY OFF AN' GO TO THE SPACKATHON, MONKEY.
MAY AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF IT, EH?

BILLY!!
HELLO, VAS.
BILLY! COMRADE! IT HAS BEEN AEONS, COME HERE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!
RRRAAAARRRRGGGHH!!
FUCKIN' HELL, VAS, YOU'RE GONNA BLOODY PUT ME IN TRACTION--!

MOTHER'S MILK AND THE FRENCHMAN! IT HAS BEEN COON'S AGE!
ONE WAY OF PUTTIN' IT, VAS.
MON BRAVE!
AND FEMALE!
LADY WHO WILL NOT BE TOUCHED! EXPENSIVE LESSON I LEARN WELL!
NO MATTER!
HUGHIE, THIS IS VASILII VORISHIKIN. VAS, THIS--
LITTLE HUGHIE! WELCOME TO RUSSIA, MY FRIEND, BILLY HAS TOLD ME MUCH ABOUT YOU!
OH, WELL THAT'S GOOD...BUT HE DIDN'T ACTUALLY MENTION YOU...
DIDN'T TELL YOU WHY YOU COME HERE EITHER, I BET! SAME OLD BILLY, KEEPING EVERYONE IN DARK UNTIL IT SUITS HIM!
HOW ABOUT THAT.
SIT, SIT! ALL IS REVEALED AS LAYERS OF MYSTERY PEELED AWAY!

OKAY, ALL SAD LONELY FUCKERS GO HOME! BAR IS CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION! GO!
EXCEPT FOR YOU, FLUNKY. YOU ARE USEFUL MAN TO HAVE AROUND.
WE HAVE DRINK NOW, TOAST REUNION OF OLD FRIENDS.
YOU WAIT, I GET BEST VODKA.
SO... WHAT'RE WE DOIN' IN MOSCOW...
AN' WHO IS HE?
WELL, PIN YOUR EARS BACK.
ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO, A SUPE POPPED UP IN ONE OF THE GHETTOES OF THIS FAIR CITY. VILLAIN RATHER THAN HERO, APPEARED OVER A MARKET SQUARE AN' ANNOUNCED WHO HE WAS AN' WHAT HIS EVIL PLAN OF ALL-CONSUMIN' TYRANNY WAS GONNA BE--NEITHER OF WHICH I REMEMBER FROM THE REPORTS I SAW, BUT I DOUBT IT MATTERS A FUCK.
BECAUSE RIGHT THERE AN' THEN THE CUNT'S HEAD EXPLODED.
JUST LIKE THAT, BANG, FUCKIN' CLARET AN' BRAINS AN' BITSA SKULL EVERYWHERE. WHOLE HEAD GONE.
THEN TWO DAYS LATER IT HAPPENED AGAIN.



BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO...

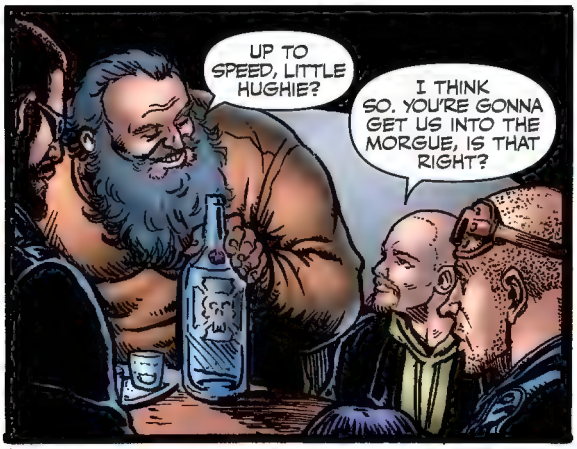
KILL SUPES? I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA, MATE.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

NO. TOO UNSTABLE. THEY SHOT IT INTO V'ED UP CHIMPS, AN' HALF THE TIME NOTHIN' HAPPENED AT ALL.

THE OTHER HALF, YOU COULDN'T PREDICT WHEN IT WAS GONNA GO OFF. ONE EXPLODED *TWO YEARS* AFTER INJECTION, WHEN IT'D BEEN SOLD TO A FUCKIN' ZOO...

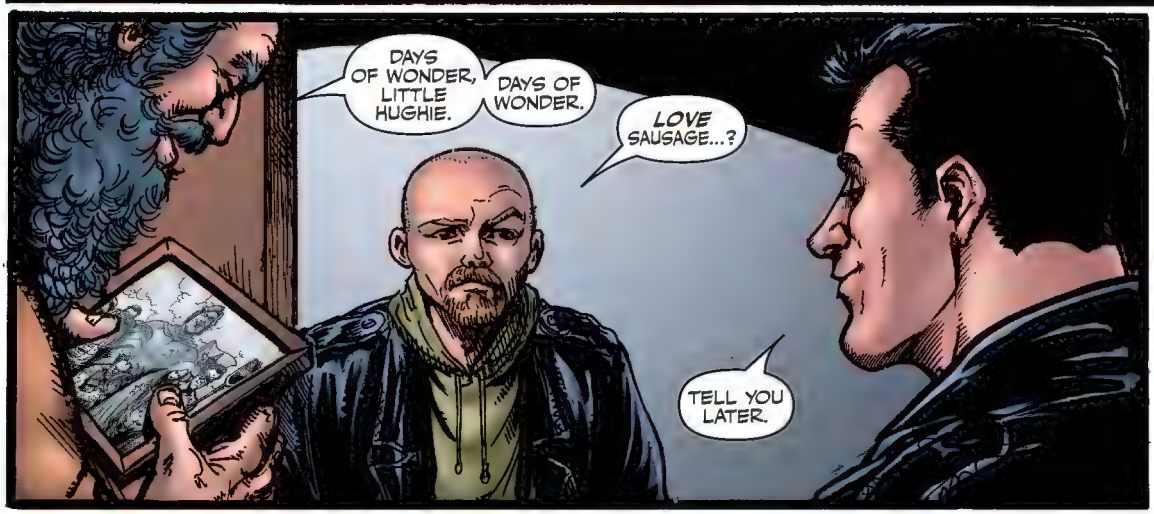
WE DRINK!



WE FOUGHT FOR WORKERS. FOR *COMRADES.*

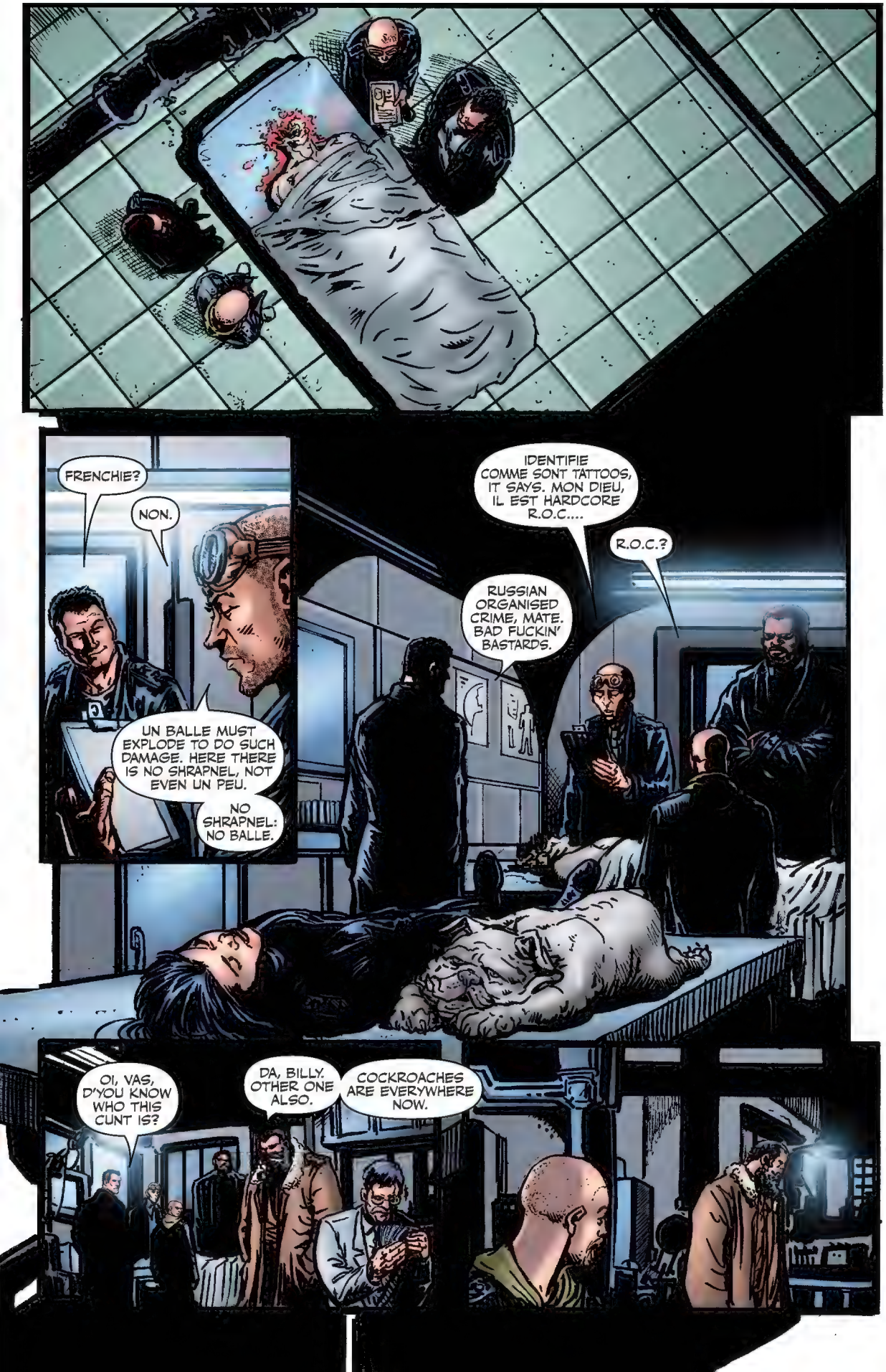
THE TRACTOR... PURGE...RED BANNER... COLLECTIVO...

AND THERE I AM AT BACK: *LOVE SAUSAGE.*



CHEERS, MATE.
LONG LIFE AN' GOOD SHIT.
NOSTROVIA.
SANTE!
AYE, CHEERS...
GAK
OH FUCK, HUGHIE--
I'M SORRY, MATE, I THOUGHT YOU SAW...
QUITE A KICK, LITTLE HUGHIE! WILL PUT HAIR UP THE SHAFT OF YOUR COCK!

THERE'S BEEN A COMPLICATION, AND IT'S ONE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH YOURSELF.
OH?
FIVE COMPLICATIONS AND A DOG, TO BE PRECISE.
WE CAN'T BE IMPLICATED, NOT BY THE REMOTEST SUGGESTION. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO HANDLE THINGS.
THIS HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT. I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM GROZNYY TODAY.
WELL, I HAD TO COME ALL THE WAY FROM WASHINGTON.
SO DON'T EXPECT ANY SYMPATHY FROM ME.
SOLE
SAK

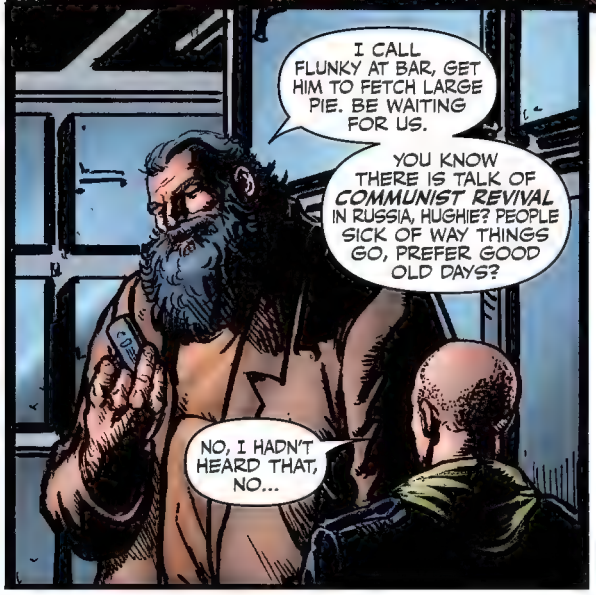

FRENCHIE?
NON.
UN BALLE MUST EXPLODE TO DO SUCH DAMAGE. HERE THERE IS NO SHRAPNEL, NOT EVEN UN PEU.
NO SHRAPNEL: NO BALLE.
IDENTIFIE COMME SONT TATTOOS, IT SAYS. MON DIEU, IL EST HARDCORE R.O.C....
R.O.C.?
RUSSIAN ORGANISED CRIME, MATE. BAD FUCKIN' BASTARDS.
OI, VAS, D'YOU KNOW WHO THIS CUNT IS?
DA, BILLY. OTHER ONE ALSO.
COCKROACHES ARE EVERYWHERE NOW.

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, VAS?
OH, YES, HUGHIE. SAD FOR RODINU, IS ALL.
SORRY...?
MOTHERLAND.
COCKROACHES EVERYWHERE, HUGHIE. CRIMINAL PARASITES THAT INFEST OUR CITY--OR JUST MORGUE ATTENDANT WHO TAKES BRIBE TO OPEN GOVERNMENT FACILITY. DISGRACEFUL.
I DO WHAT I MUST TO HELP BILLY'S BOYS, BUT...I AM SAD.
AS LOVESAUSAGE I COULD DO SOMETHING. WITH GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN, ALL GOOD COMMUNISTS, ALL FIGHTING TOGETHER--ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL. FOR RODINU.
BATTLE CORRUPTION. SMASH ENEMIES OF STATE, DESTROY EXPLOITERS OF WORKERS.
BUT COMMUNISM ENDS. NOTHING WORKS RIGHT ANYMORE.
EVERYTHING MECHANICAL BREAKS DOWN. TO DO WITH PEOPLE... BECOMES CORRUPT. COPS USELESS, POLITICIANS USELESS, NO ONE HELPS ANYONE...
IS LIKE MY MOTHER'S HEART IS GONE.

YOU THINK IT'S THIS V SHIT?
WELL...THEY CLOSED THE PROJECT DOWN, BUT THERE'S BOUND TO'VE BEEN A *BIT* LEFT LYIN' AROUND. SOMEONE GETS HOLD OF IT, IT FINDS ITS WAY ONTO THE MARKET...
MONKEY COULD TELL US. OR THE LAB BOYS AT THE EMBASSY COULD.

LISTEN TO ME! MISERY GUTS!
HEY BILLY, YOU WANT TRY MOSCOW PIZZA? IS NOT LIKE JOE'S ON CARMINE, BUT PRETTY FUCKING GOOD...!

SOUNDS BRILLIANT, MATE. WE'RE JUST GONNA CUT A CHUNK OFF THIS ARSEHOLE AN' THEN WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.


I CALL FLUNKY AT BAR, GET HIM TO FETCH LARGE PIE. BE WAITING FOR US.
YOU KNOW THERE IS TALK OF *COMMUNIST REVIVAL* IN RUSSIA, HUGHIE? PEOPLE SICK OF WAY THINGS GO, PREFER GOOD OLD DAYS?
NO, I HADN'T HEARD THAT, NO...

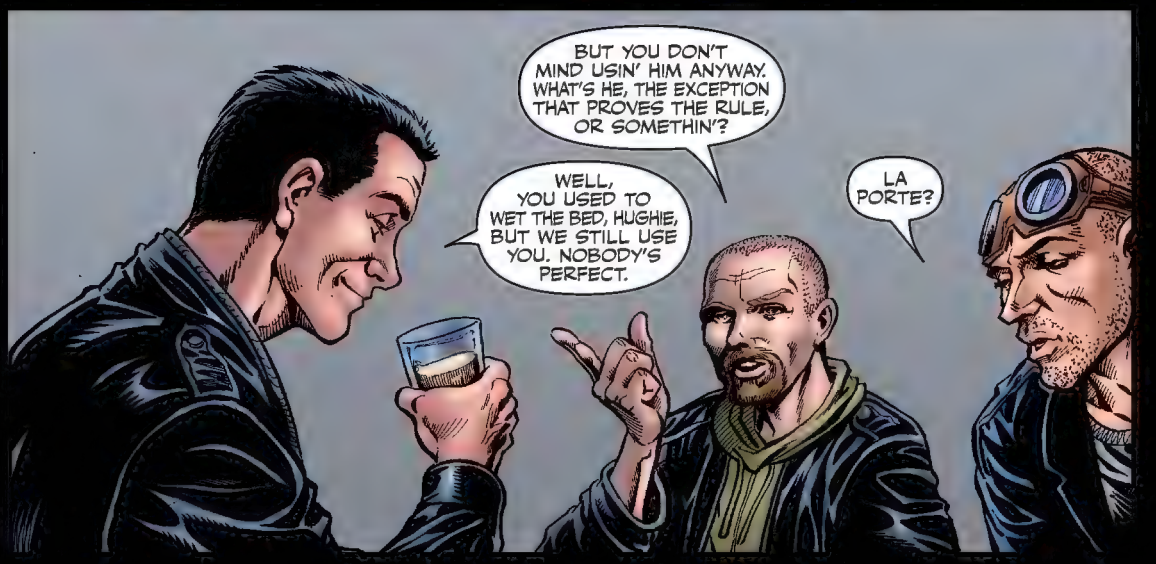
POLITICAL PARTY. SMALL, BUT GETTING BIGGER.
I THINK PERHAPS I CHECK IT OUT.

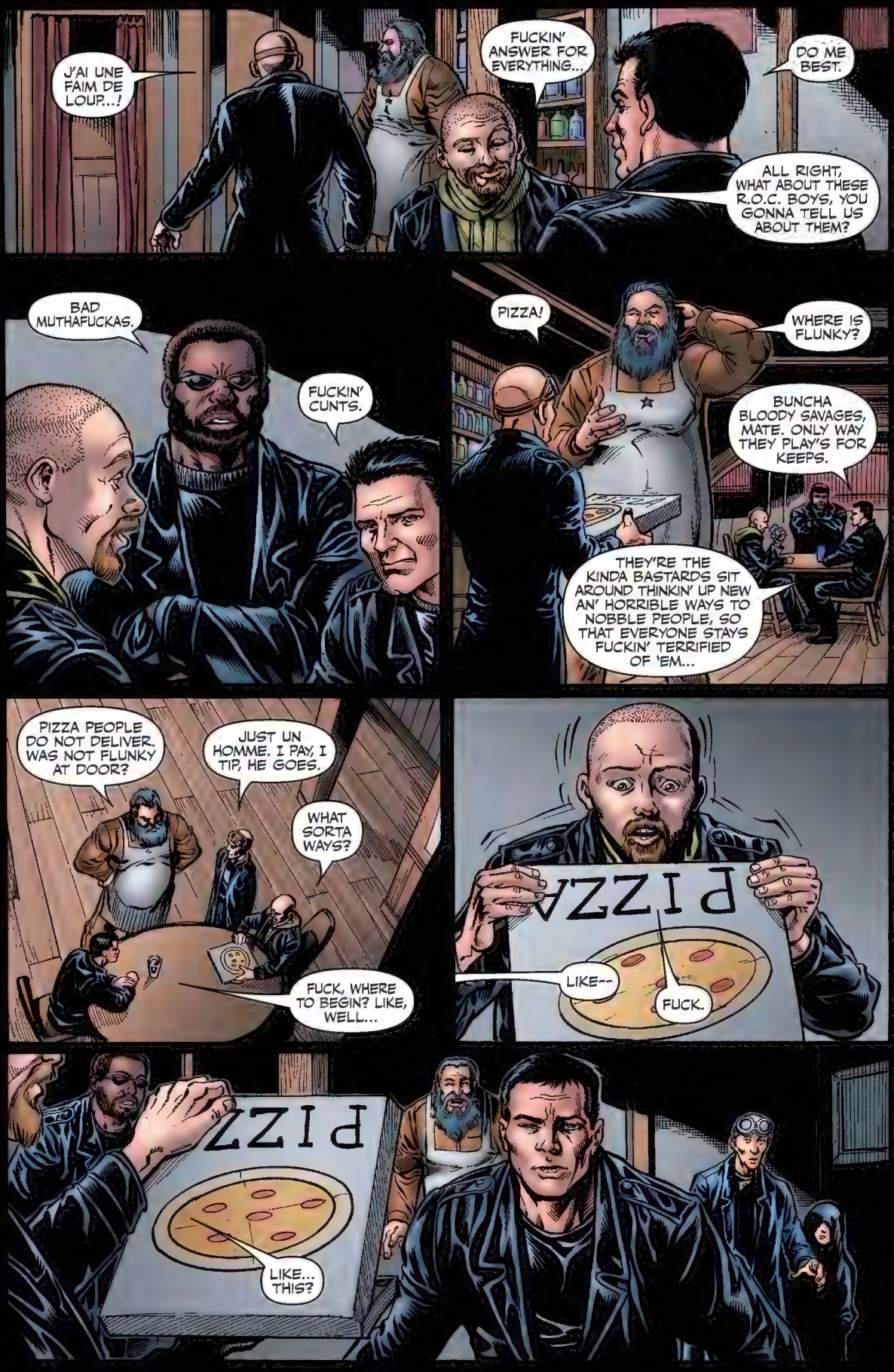
I THINK PERHAPS I FIND IT INTERESTING.
AH! *FLUNKY!*

WHERE THE HELL IS FLUNKY?
PIZZA

SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW. WITH PIZZA.
PATHETIC COCKROACH.

NOT LIKE THIS IN OLD DAYS... NO...
SO VAS USED TO BE A SUPE, THEN?
THAT'S RIGHT, YEAH.
BEER


BUT YOU DON'T MIND USIN' HIM ANYWAY. WHAT'S HE, THE EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE, OR SOMETHIN'?
WELL, YOU USED TO WET THE BED, HUGHIE, BUT WE STILL USE YOU. NOBODY'S PERFECT.
LA PORTE?


J'AI UNE FAIM DE LOUP...!
FUCKIN' ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING...
DO ME BEST.
ALL RIGHT, WHAT ABOUT THESE R.O.C. BOYS, YOU GONNA TELL US ABOUT THEM?
BAD MUTHAFUCKAS.
FUCKIN' CUNTS.
PIZZA!
WHERE IS FLUNKY?
BUNCHA BLOODY SAVAGES, MATE. ONLY WAY THEY PLAY'S FOR KEEPS.
THEY'RE THE KINDA BASTARDS SIT AROUND THINKIN' UP NEW AN' HORRIBLE WAYS TO NOBBLE PEOPLE, SO THAT EVERYONE STAYS FUCKIN' TERRIFIED OF 'EM...
PIZZA PEOPLE DO NOT DELIVER. WAS NOT FLUNKY AT DOOR?
JUST UN HOMME. I PAY, I TIP, HE GOES.
WHAT SORTA WAYS?
FUCK, WHERE TO BEGIN? LIKE, WELL...
PIZZA
LIKE--
FUCK.
PIZZ
LIKE... THIS?

...THAT'S THE SORTA THING, YEAH.
CERTAINLY ONE WAY OF SAYIN' HELLO, INNIT?
next: WE'LL KEEP THE RED FLAG FLYING HERE

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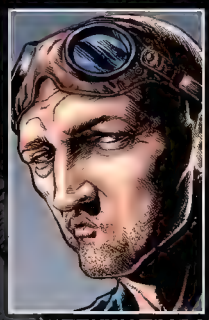
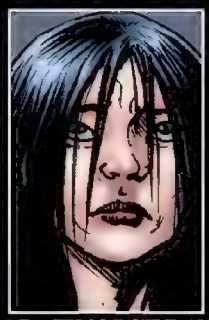

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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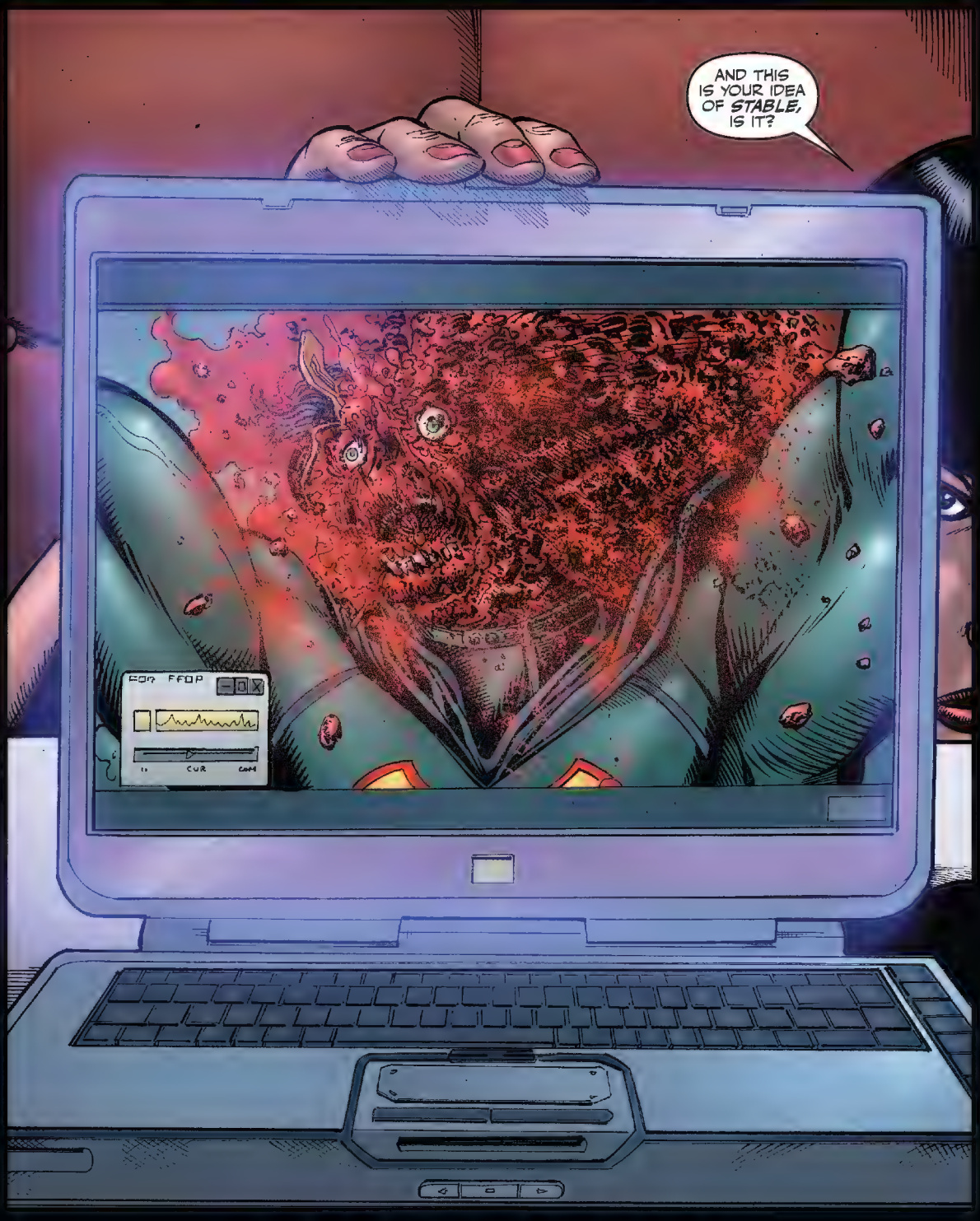
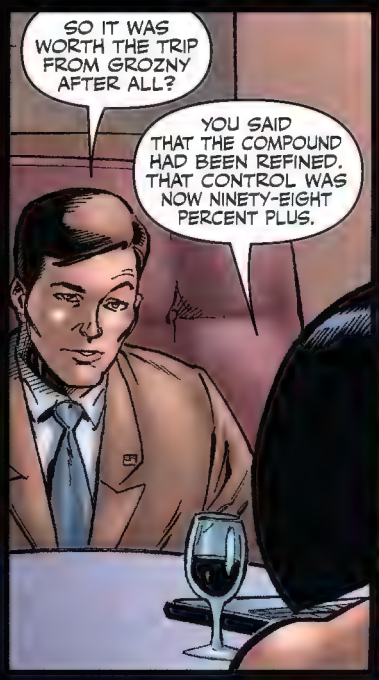
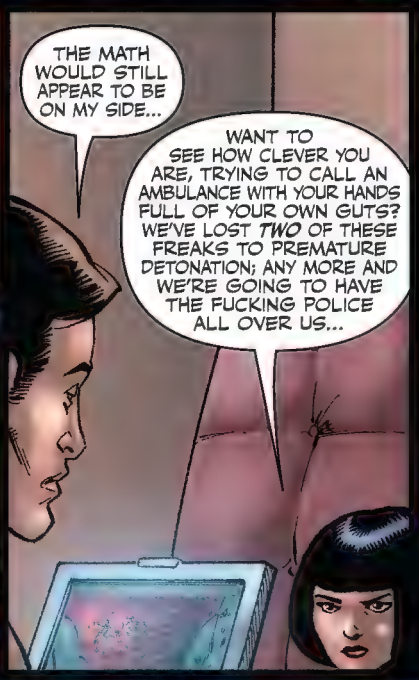


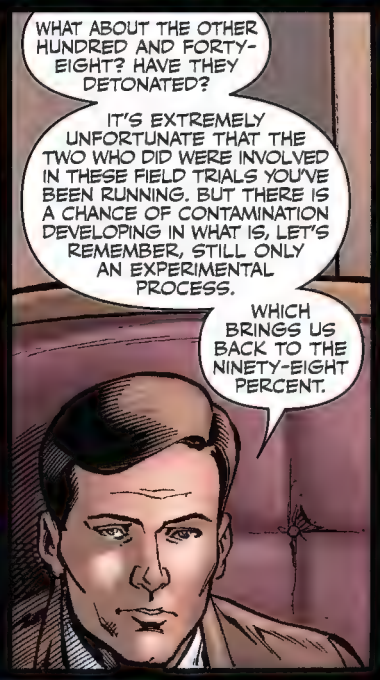
GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

part two

SHOULDN'T YOU BE CHECKING ON--
IT IS IN HAND. FIVE EX-COMPLICATIONS, ONE EX-DOG.
I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS.

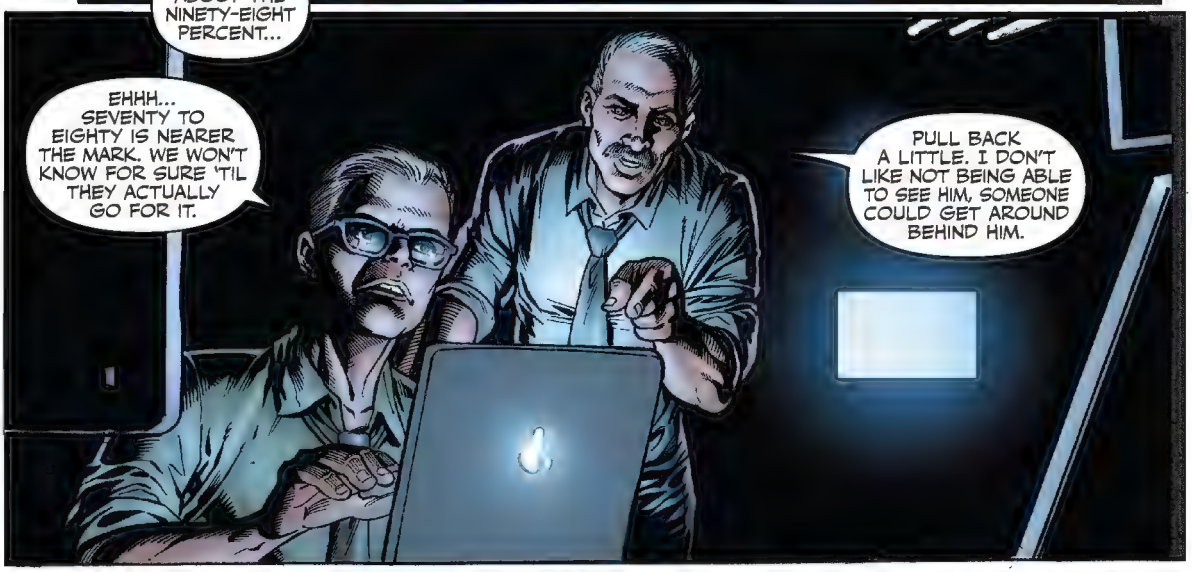

SO IT WAS WORTH THE TRIP FROM GROZNY AFTER ALL?
YOU SAID THAT THE COMPOUND HAD BEEN REFINED. THAT CONTROL WAS NOW NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT PLUS.

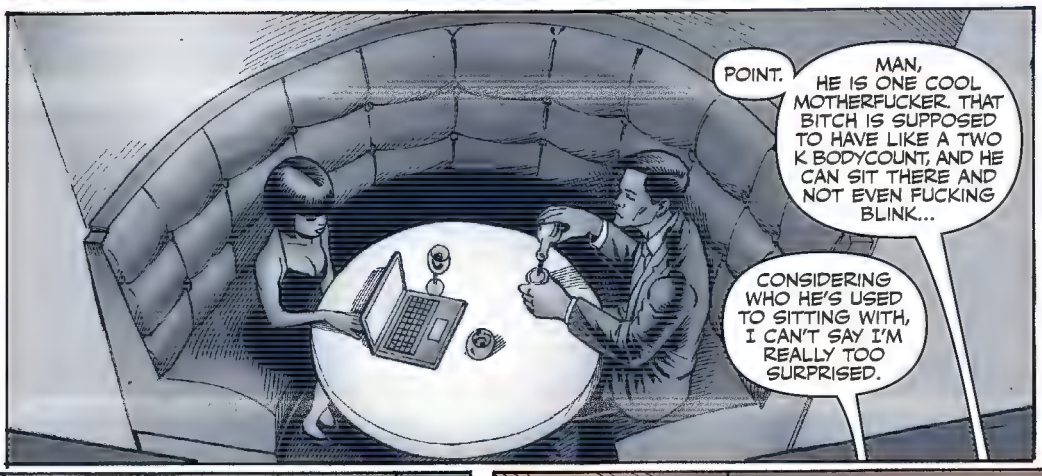

THE MATH WOULD STILL APPEAR TO BE ON MY SIDE...
WANT TO SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, TRYING TO CALL AN AMBULANCE WITH YOUR HANDS FULL OF YOUR OWN GUTS? WE'VE LOST *TWO* OF THESE FREAKS TO PREMATURE DETONATION; ANY MORE AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THE FUCKING POLICE ALL OVER US...

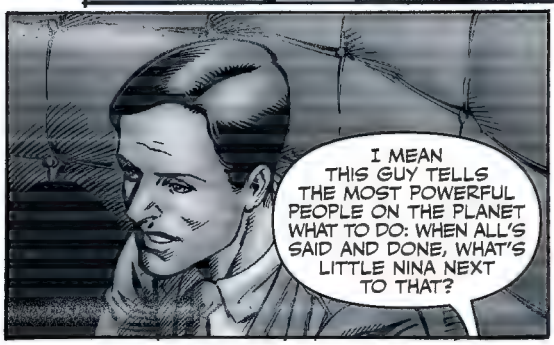

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT? HAVE THEY DETONATED?
IT'S EXTREMELY UNFORTUNATE THAT THE TWO WHO DID WERE INVOLVED IN THESE FIELD TRIALS YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING. BUT THERE IS A CHANCE OF CONTAMINATION DEVELOPING IN WHAT IS, LET'S REMEMBER, STILL ONLY AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCESS.
WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT.

I TOLD YOU ALL THIS AT THE TIME. YOU'VE NOT BEEN DECEIVED IN ANY WAY.
IF YOU HAD BEEN, DO YOU THINK I'D TEMPT FATE ANY FURTHER BY COMING TO SEE YOU IN PERSON?
IS THAT TRUE?

NO, I MEAN ABOUT THE NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT...
SHIT, YEAH. SHE'D HAVE HIS THROAT CUT IN A SECOND, SHE DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK WHO HE REPRESENTS.


EHHH... SEVENTY TO EIGHTY IS NEARER THE MARK. WE WON'T KNOW FOR SURE 'TIL THEY ACTUALLY GO FOR IT.
PULL BACK A LITTLE. I DON'T LIKE NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE HIM, SOMEONE COULD GET AROUND BEHIND HIM.


POINT.
MAN, HE IS ONE COOL MOTHERFUCKER. THAT BITCH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LIKE A TWO K BODYCOUNT, AND HE CAN SIT THERE AND NOT EVEN FUCKING BLINK...
CONSIDERING WHO HE'S USED TO SITTING WITH, I CAN'T SAY I'M REALLY TOO SURPRISED.

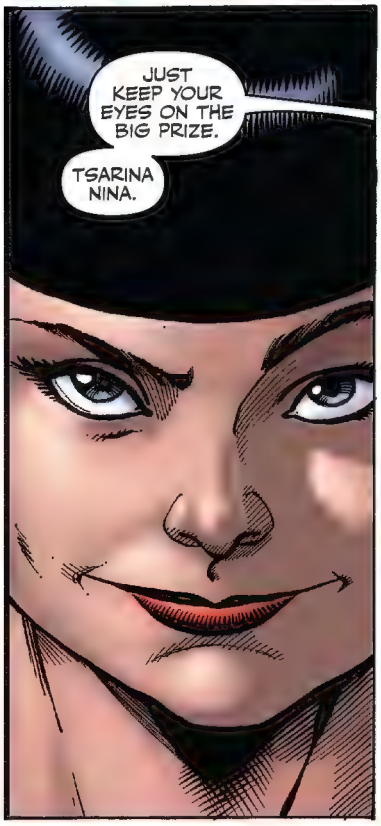

I MEAN THIS GUY TELLS THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE ON THE PLANET WHAT TO DO: WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE, WHAT'S LITTLE NINA NEXT TO THAT?

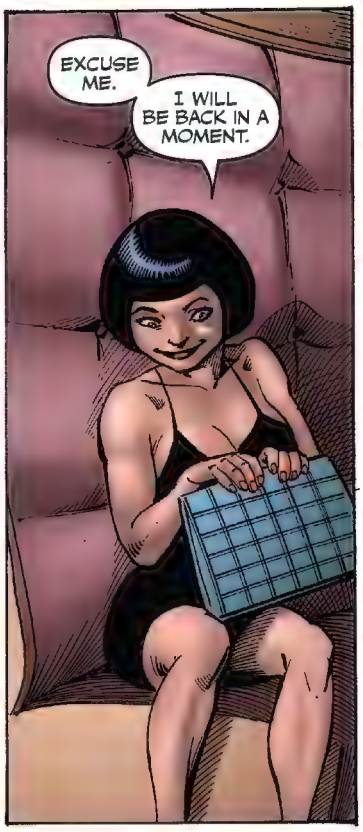
...YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE BACKING YOU NEED.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR GOVERNMENT?
WHAT ABOUT IT?

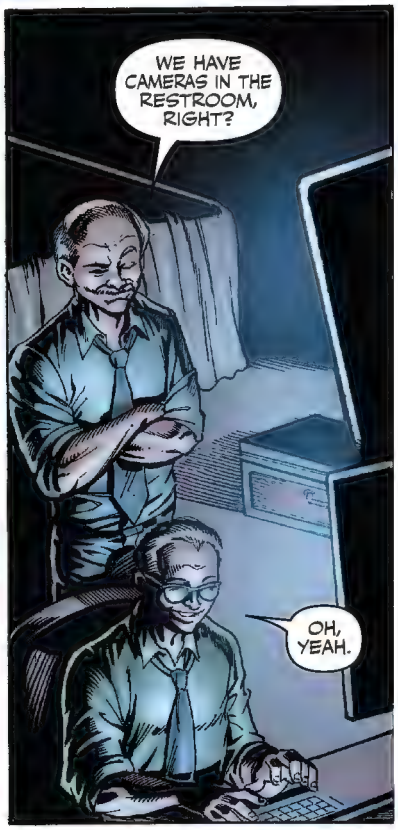
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT WASHINGTON WILL SIT IDLY BY WHILE--
I'M NOT SAYING THEY WON'T NOTICE. BUT THEY'VE MORE THAN ENOUGH ON THEIR HANDS WITH PAKISTAN.
AND GOVERNMENTS CHANGE, REMEMBER. OR YOU AND I WOULDN'T EVEN BE TALKING.

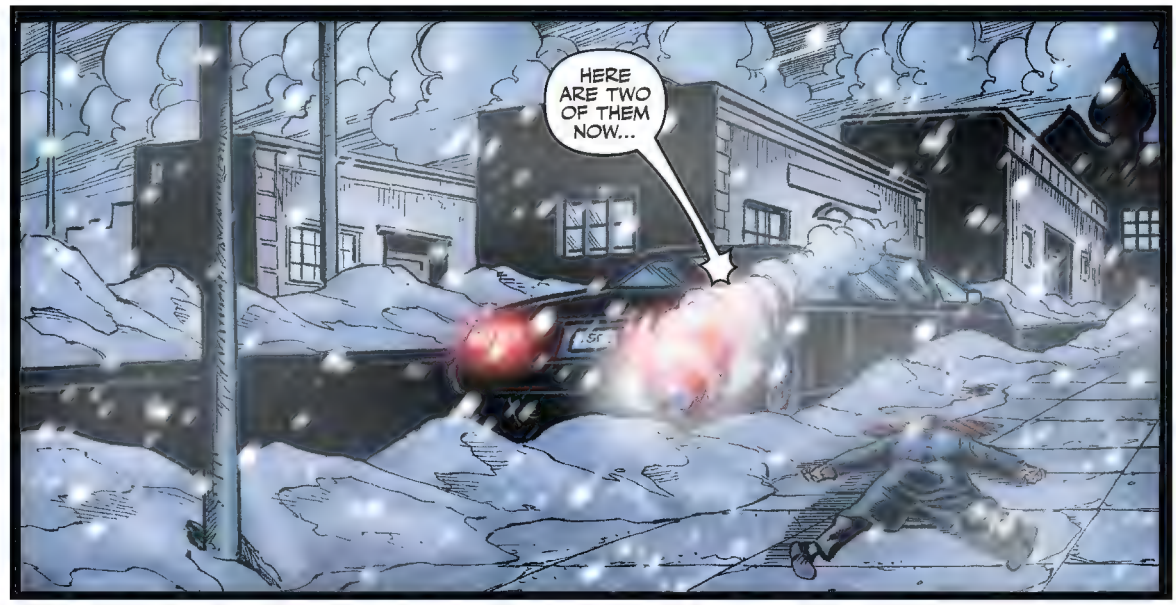
DIFFERENT GOVERNMENT.
YOUR ELECTION ISN'T FOR ANOTHER YEAR. AND REALLY, SERIOUSLY, WHO'S GOING TO VOTE FOR A CRETIN LIKE VIC THE VEEP?
ELECTION?

OH YES, THE ELECTION.
THE POINT IS, THIS IS NOT SOMETHING YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT. THE WAY HAS BEEN CLEARED, THE STAGE HAS BEEN SET. YOU'RE FREE TO ACT.


JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BIG PRIZE.
TSARINA NINA.


EXCUSE ME.
I WILL BE BACK IN A MOMENT.


WE HAVE CAMERAS IN THE RESTROOM, RIGHT?
OH, YEAH.


HERE ARE TWO OF THEM NOW...

LOOK AT THEM. SCARED SHITLESS.
FUCKING AMERICAN FAGGOTS, MAN.

THINK IT'S THESE TWO, RIGHT HERE...
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING, RUDI?
HOLD ON.

THE LITTLE ONE SAYS IT'S HORRIBLE, SO FUCKING HORRIBLE--SO THEY GOT THE MESSAGE, ALL RIGHT. THE BIG ONE SAYS, AH... DON'T BE SUCH A BENDER...
BENDER?

DON'T KNOW. OKAY, THE BIG ONE SAYS LET'S GO INSIDE AND TALK ABOUT IT, THE LITTLE ONE WON'T GO IN. NOT WITH THAT FUCKING THING STILL IN THERE, HE SAYS.
THE LITTLE ONE'S REALLY LOSING IT, HE SAYS HE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE, HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE JOINED THIS FUCKING THING, HE QUITS...

IS THAT NO' ENOUGH YET?
GIVE FRENCHIE TIME TO DO HIS THING. COME ON, KEEP SHOUTIN'.

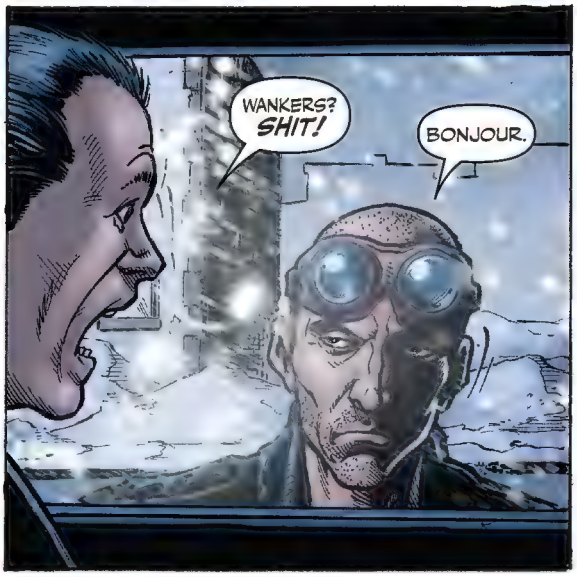
NFF NFF
NFF NFF

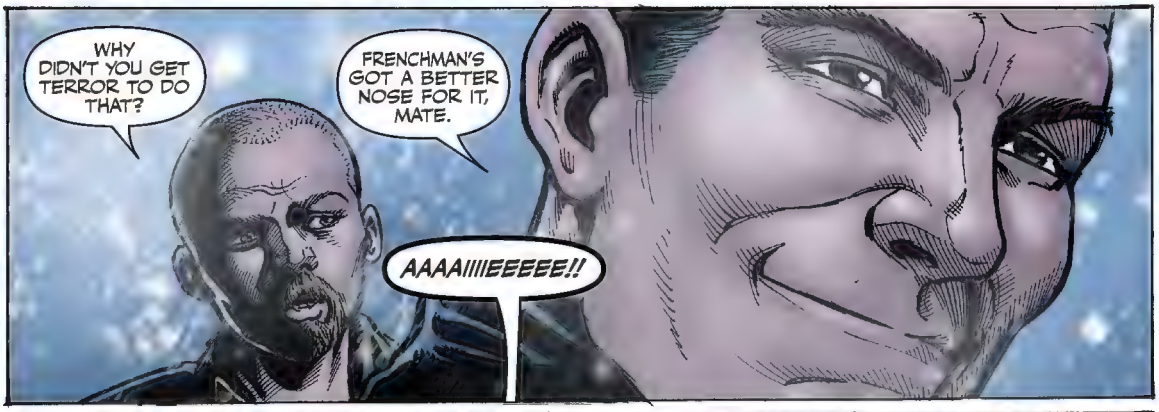
NFF NFF

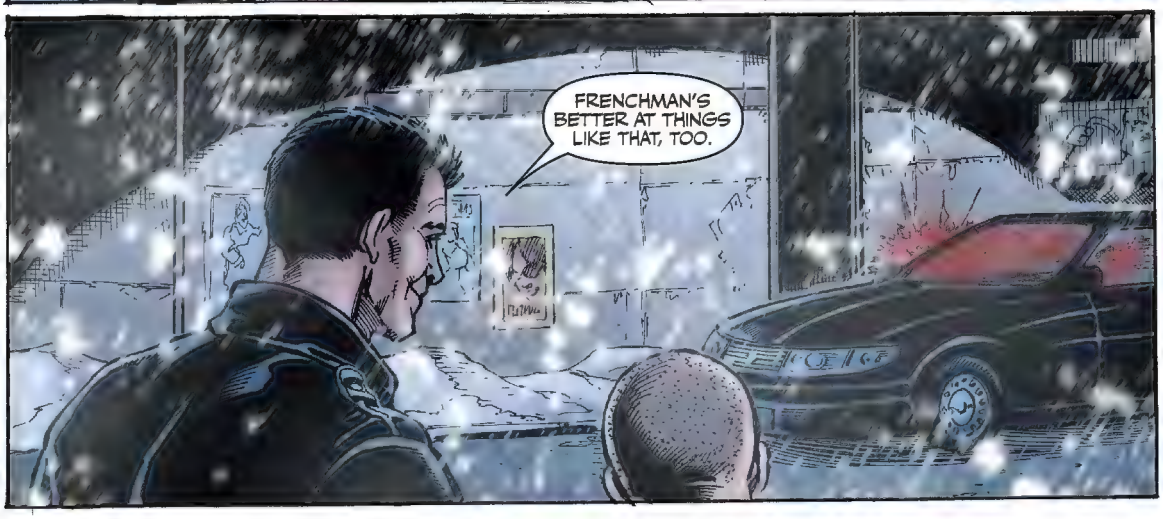
SOMETHING ABOUT...YOU KNEW THE SCORE WHEN YOU JOINED UP...
WHEN HE GETS HIM BACK INSIDE, WE FOLLOW. DO EVERYONE. THE OWNER TOO.
AND DON'T FORGET THE DOG.

AN' I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' ELSE--ER--
FUCKIN'-- FUCKIN' FUCK!
OH, GIVE THE BOY A BLEEDIN' OSCAR...

JUST BULLSHIT NOW.
GET READY.
WAIT A MINUTE, THE BIG ONE SAYS-- CARLOAD OF WANKERS.

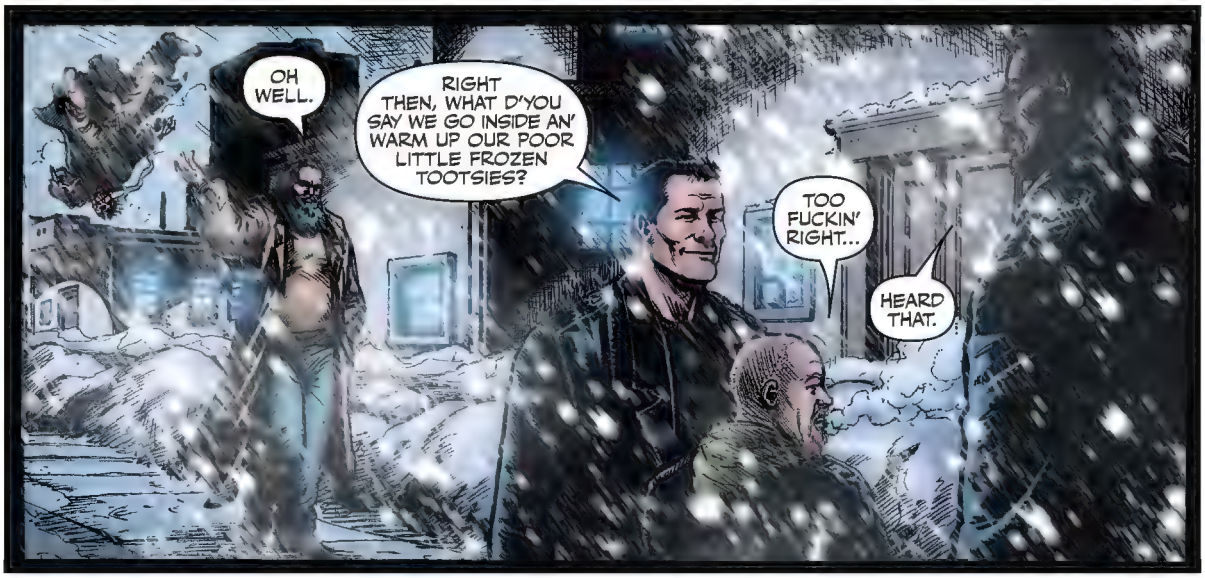

WANKERS? SHIT!
BONJOUR.


WHY DIDN'T YOU GET TERROR TO DO THAT?
FRENCHMAN'S GOT A BETTER NOSE FOR IT, MATE.
AAAAIIIIEEEEE!!


FRENCHMAN'S BETTER AT THINGS LIKE THAT, TOO.

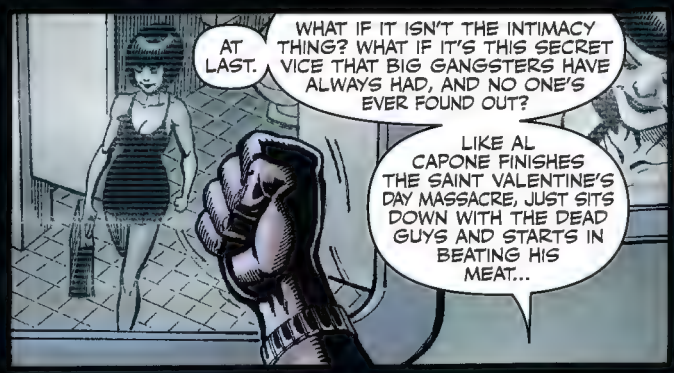
NICE ONE, FRENCHIE. ALL RIGHT, GET RIDDA THESE TWO CUNTS AN' THE MOTOR, THEN JUST MEET US BACK HERE.
D'ACCORD!

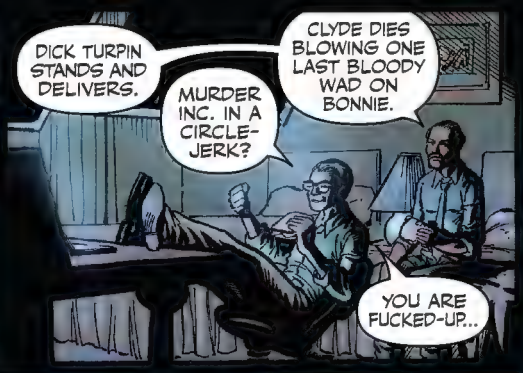
POOR FLUNKY.
WHO WILL CLEAN SICK OUT OF SINKS NOW? WHO WILL GET SPINDLY LITTLE ARM DOWN SHITTER, PULL OUT OBSTRUCTION OF WADDED-UP TAMPONS AND OTHER HORRIFIC FEMALE SANITARY PRODUCTS?

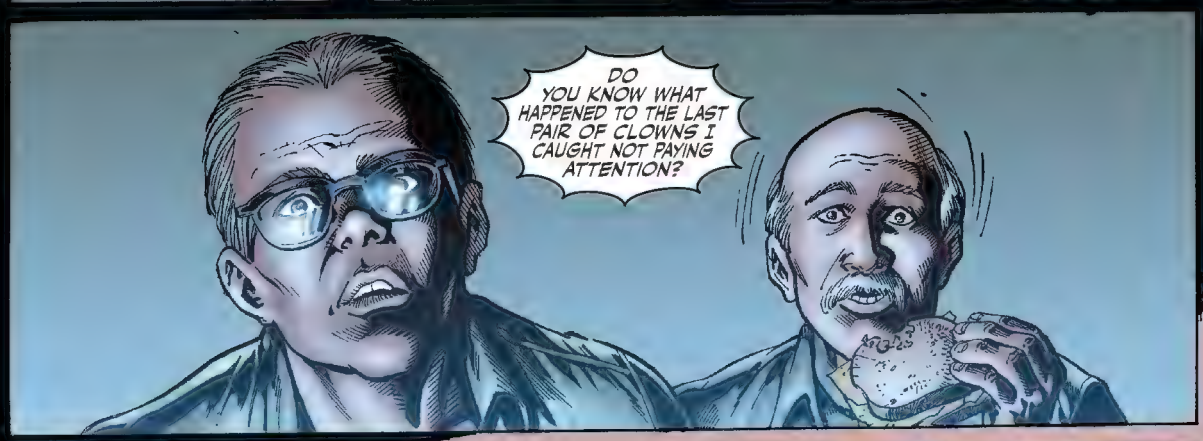

OH WELL.
RIGHT THEN, WHAT D'YOU SAY WE GO INSIDE AN' WARM UP OUR POOR LITTLE FROZEN TOOTSIES?
TOO FUCKIN' RIGHT...
HEARD THAT.

WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT LAUGHIN' BOY KNOWS.

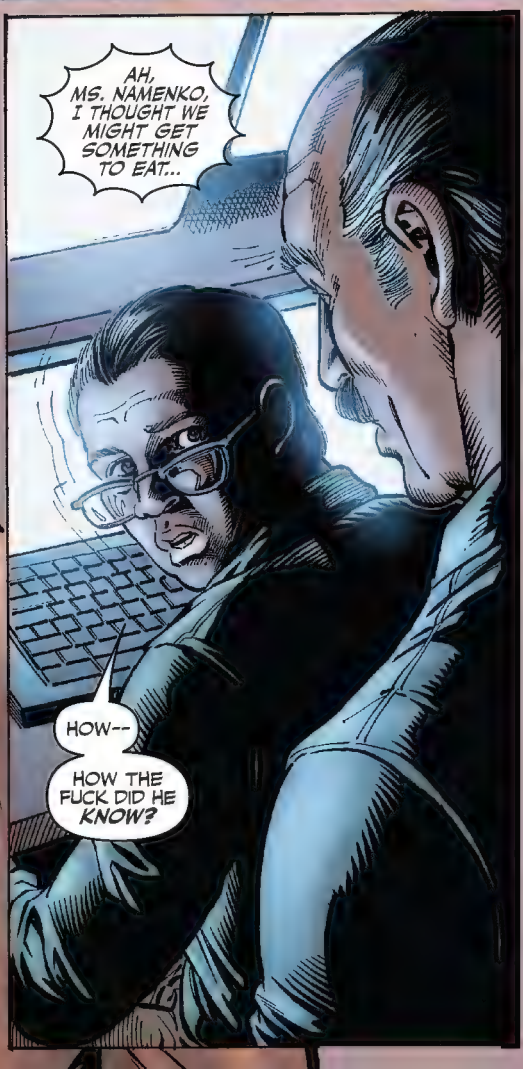
OOOOHH...
ZZZNNNNNNNN
OOOOHH--!
ZZZNNNNNNNN
OHHH, YESSSS--
JESUS CHRIST, THE FUCKING THING'S BIGGER THAN SHE IS...
UNBELIEVABLE.
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED.
ACTUALLY, THAT MIGHT MAKE MORE SENSE THAN YOU THINK. ONE STORY HAS HER KILLING HER DAD FOR CONTROL OF THE SAINT PETERSBURG RACKETS; IT COULD BE SHE NEVER WANTS TO BE INTIMATE WITH ANYONE AGAIN, JUST IN CASE SHE HAS TO... YOU KNOW...
LISTEN, I'M HUNGRY. D'YOU WANT A SANDWICH?
TURKEY AND SWISS ON RYE. OR WHATEVER THESE SAVAGES HAVE INSTEAD.
MAN, HER DAD...YOU IMAGINE WHAT SHE'D DO TO US IF SHE KNEW WE WERE WATCHING THIS?
HEY, THE INSTANT SHE SEES SHE'S BEEN PLAYED, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. HENCE PART TWO OF THE JOB HERE.
EXTREME CAUTION
HELLO, ROOM SERVICE?


AT LAST.
WHAT IF IT ISN'T THE INTIMACY THING? WHAT IF IT'S THIS SECRET VICE THAT BIG GANGSTERS HAVE ALWAYS HAD, AND NO ONE'S EVER FOUND OUT?
LIKE AL CAPONE FINISHES THE SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE, JUST SITS DOWN WITH THE DEAD GUYS AND STARTS IN BEATING HIS MEAT...


DICK TURPIN STANDS AND DELIVERS.
MURDER INC. IN A CIRCLE-JERK?
CLYDE DIES BLOWING ONE LAST BLOODY WAD ON BONNIE.
YOU ARE FUCKED-UP...

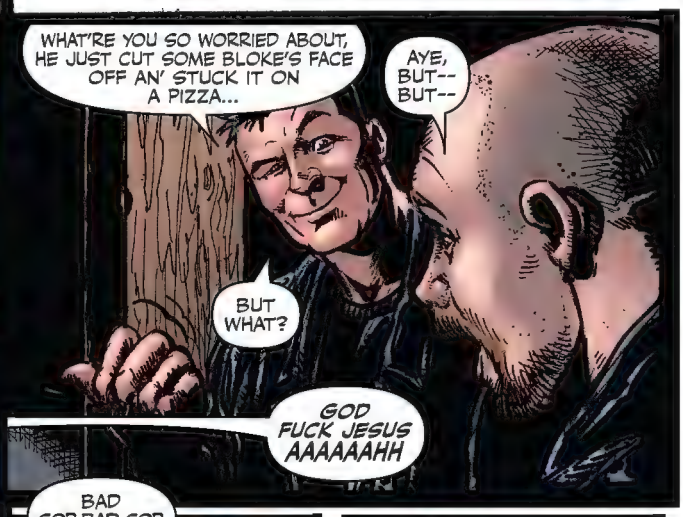

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST PAIR OF CLOWNS I CAUGHT NOT PAYING ATTENTION?

THEY WERE REASSIGNED TO TASMANIA. LOOK IT UP ON THE MAP.
YOU'LL NOTICE WE DON'T HAVE AN OFFICE THERE.


AH, MS. NAMENKO, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET SOMETHING TO EAT...
HOW--
HOW THE FUCK DID HE KNOW?

TERROR, DON'T EAT THAT, MATE.
SO, ME OLD CHINA: WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
КОМУНІСТ
WE KNOW YOU SPEAK ENGLISH. FRENCHIE SAID HE HEARD YOU IN THE CAR.
ARE YOU MORE SCAREDA YOUR BOSS THAN YOU ARE OF US, IS THAT IT? 'COS THAT'S EVERY SINGLE MISTAKE YOU COULD MAKE ALL MADE AT ONCE, BELIEVE ME.
COME ON, MATE. DON'T BE A CUNT OR I'LL BREAK THE OTHER ONE.
OTHER ONE WHAT...?

EEEEEAAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH
JESUS CHRIST--!


WHAT'RE YOU SO WORRIED ABOUT, HE JUST CUT SOME BLOKE'S FACE OFF AN' STUCK IT ON A PIZZA...
AYE, BUT-- BUT--
BUT WHAT?
GOD FUCK JESUS AAAAAAHH

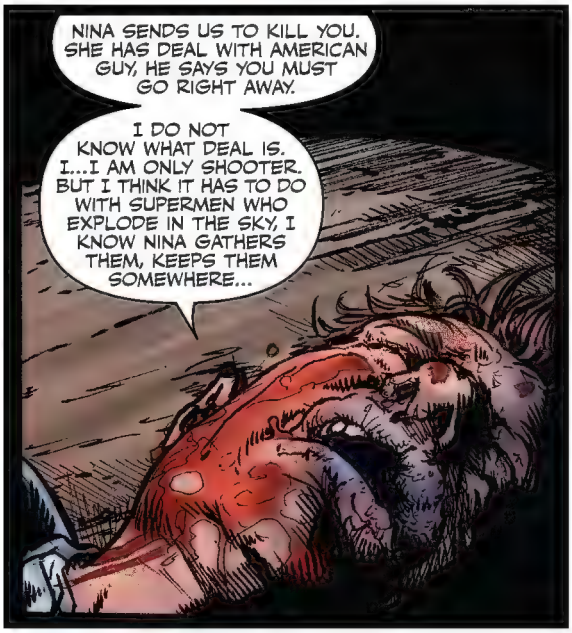
BAD COP BAD COP, MUTHAFUCKA.
EHHNN-- EHHNNHH--!
START WITH WHO YOU WORKIN' FOR.

OH GOD-- AAAAHH--!
OH HEAVENLY FATHER HELP ME, NINA NAMENKO...!

HMM.

YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?
ONLY BY REPUTATION. HARDCORE R.O.C.
SUPPOSED TO BE QUITE A NASTY LITTLE GIRL, SHE CAN DO ALL THAT WAR ATROCITY SHIT WITH THE BEST OF 'EM...

ALL RIGHT, TELL US THE REST OF IT. AN' LET'S NOT BOTHER WITH THE Q AN' A BOLLOCKS, JUST TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW FROM START TO FINISH AN' YOU MIGHT--MIGHT--CRAWL OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE.
GO.
CHRRIIIISST...!


NINA SENDS US TO KILL YOU. SHE HAS DEAL WITH AMERICAN GUY, HE SAYS YOU MUST GO RIGHT AWAY.
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT DEAL IS. I...I AM ONLY SHOOTER. BUT I THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH SUPERMEN WHO EXPLODE IN THE SKY, I KNOW NINA GATHERS THEM, KEEPS THEM SOMEWHERE...

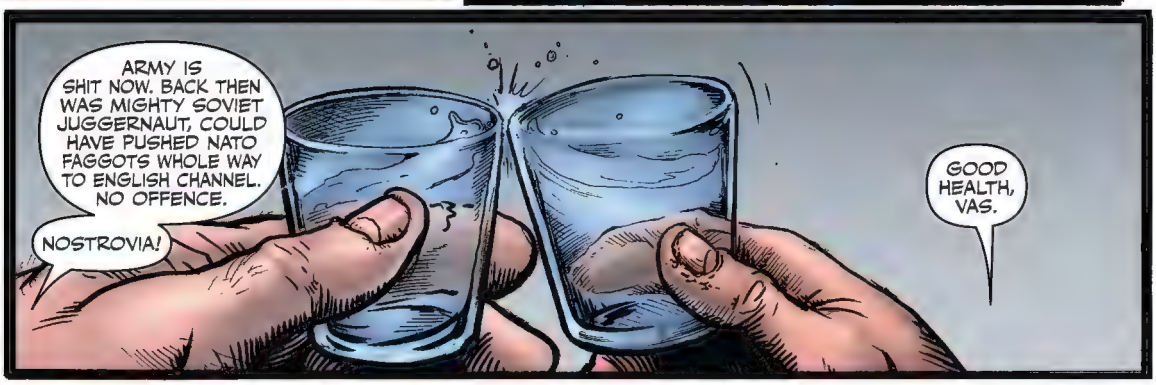
KNOW WHERE?
KNOW WHO THE AMERICAN IS?
NO. PLEASE, I AM SORRY--
NO. BUT... SHE MEETS WITH HIM RIGHT NOW, AT HOTEL TUPOLEV.

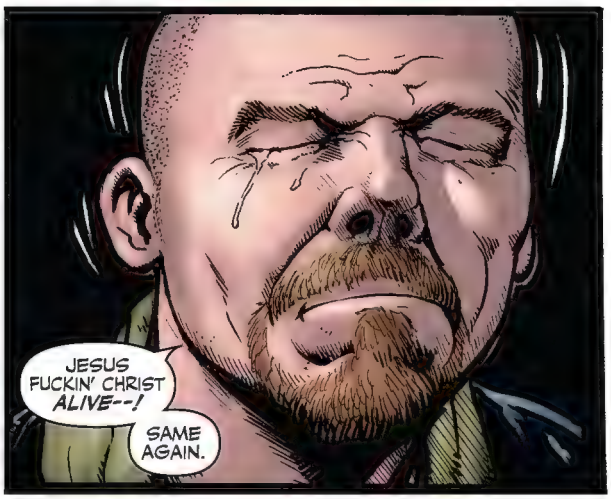
PLEASE, IS ALL I KNOW...I SWEAR TO YOU, I SWEAR I TELL THE TRUTH...
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE. I BELIEVE YOU.
CHRIST, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY...!
THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN A BIT QUIET.
LOOK--I KNOW YOU'RE JUST GONNA CALL ME A POOF OR WHATEVER, BUT D'YOU NOT THINK WE SHOULD GET THIS GUY SOME SORTA MEDICAL ATTENTION?
HEAR THAT, MY SON?
AN' ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO TO GET IT, IS CALL YOUR BOSS ON HER CELLPHONE AN' TELL HER THE JOB'S DONE. TELL HER...THE CAR BROKE DOWN, BUT YOU'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS YOU'VE GOT IT SORTED.
NO...!
I--I CANNOT LIE TO LITTLE NINA!
'COURSE YOU CAN. JUST DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT VAS IN THE OTHER ROOM THERE, SO WE'LL KNOW IF YOU BLOW YOUR LINES OR TRY ANY CODEWORD BOLLOCKS...
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, SHE WILL KILL ME! SHE WILL CUT MY BALLS OFF, SHE WILL SLIT MY FUCKING THROAT!
I WILL NOT DO IT! I WILL NOT! NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!
OH DEAR.
SHE'LL KILL MEEEEEEE...!
OH DEAR, OH DEAR, OH DEAR.

EEEEEEAAAARRRGGGHHH
FUCK--!

LITTLE HUGHIE! WHAT IS UP, MY NIGGER?
AW, IT'S... FUCKIN'...
FORGET IT. CAN I HAVE SOME MORE O' THAT VODKA, JUST TO TAKE THE REST O' THE SKIN OFF MY TEETH?

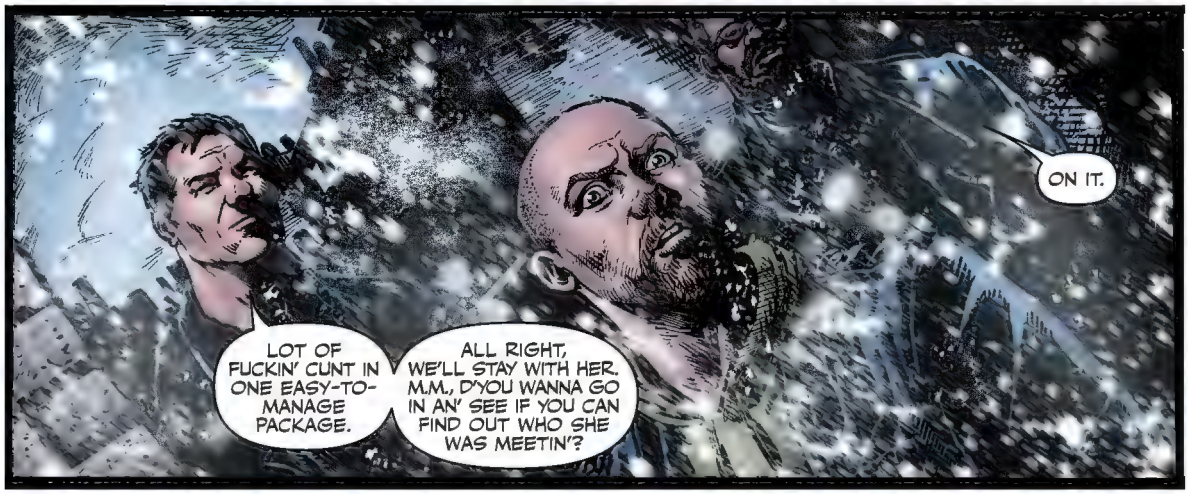
LITTLE SECRET, COMRADE: IS ACTUALLY NOT VODKA. IS MADE FROM BRAKE FLUID, I GET A TASTE FOR IT IN AFGHANISTAN.
WAS TANK COMMANDER.
YOU WERE IN THE ARMY?


ARMY IS SHIT NOW. BACK THEN WAS MIGHTY SOVIET JUGGERNAUT, COULD HAVE PUSHED NATO FAGGOTS WHOLE WAY TO ENGLISH CHANNEL. NO OFFENCE.
NOSTROVIA!
GOOD HEALTH, VAS.


JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST ALIVE--!
SAME AGAIN.

WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE WATCHIN', ANYWAY?
COMMUNIST PARTY IS ON NEWS.
ONES I SPEAK OF.
IS JOSEF CHEMENKO. LEADER AND TRUE BELIEVER.
CALLS FOR RETURN TO OLD WAYS: COLLECTIVISM, CO-OPERATION, CITIZENS WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD OF ALL.
HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS IT, ANYWAY...
BUT IS HE GOOD MAN, LITTLE HUGHIE?
I LOVE COMMUNISM. I LONG FOR RETURN OF COMMUNISM. BUT BEFORE I TIE MY SOUL TO SUCH A MAN--
KYOP
VODKA
Marker's Make
I MUST BE SURE OF HIM.

THAT'S HER.
GOD, SHE'S FUCKIN' TINY...

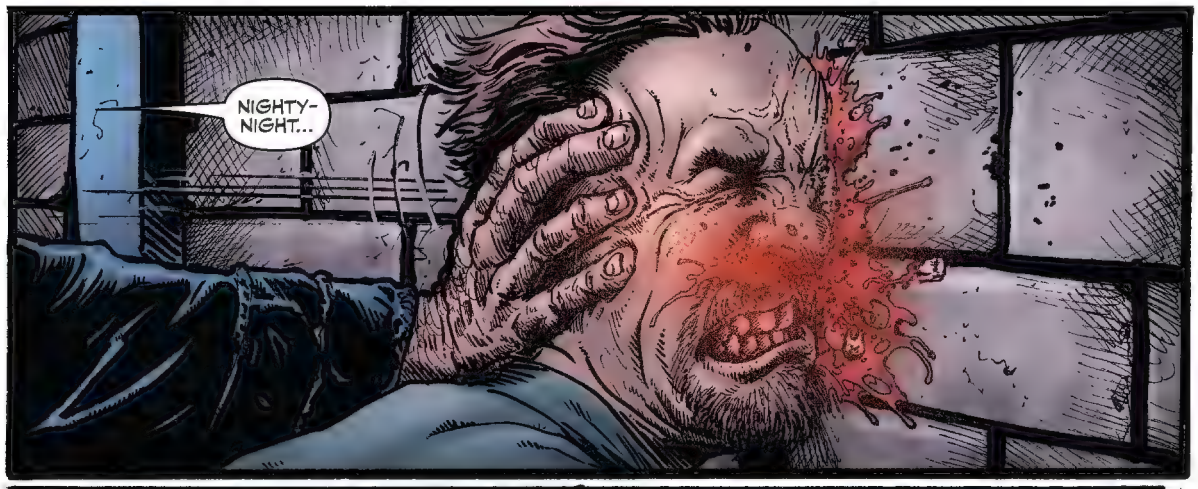

ON IT.
LOT OF FUCKIN' CUNT IN ONE EASY-TO-MANAGE PACKAGE.
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL STAY WITH HER. M.M., D'YOU WANNA GO IN AN' SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO SHE WAS MEETIN'?

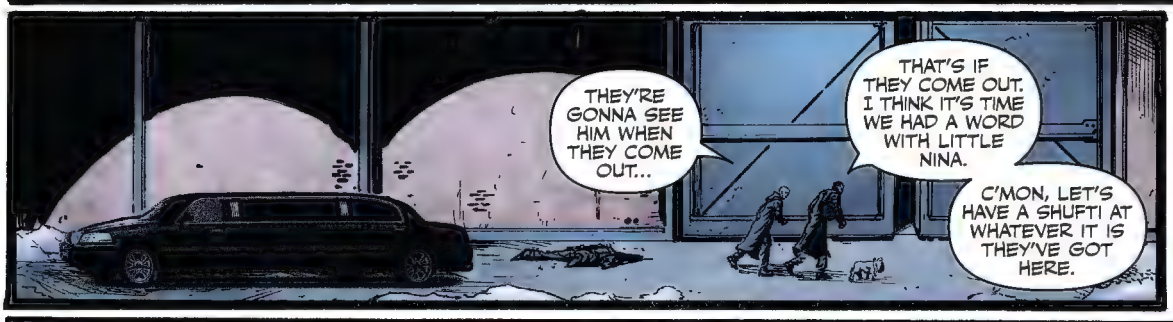
STILL GOT YOUR BOOK?
OH AYE.
RUSSIAN PHRASE

LOOK UP FOLLOW THAT CAR.
TAXI!

TIGHT LITTLE OPERATION WE RUNNIN' HERE.

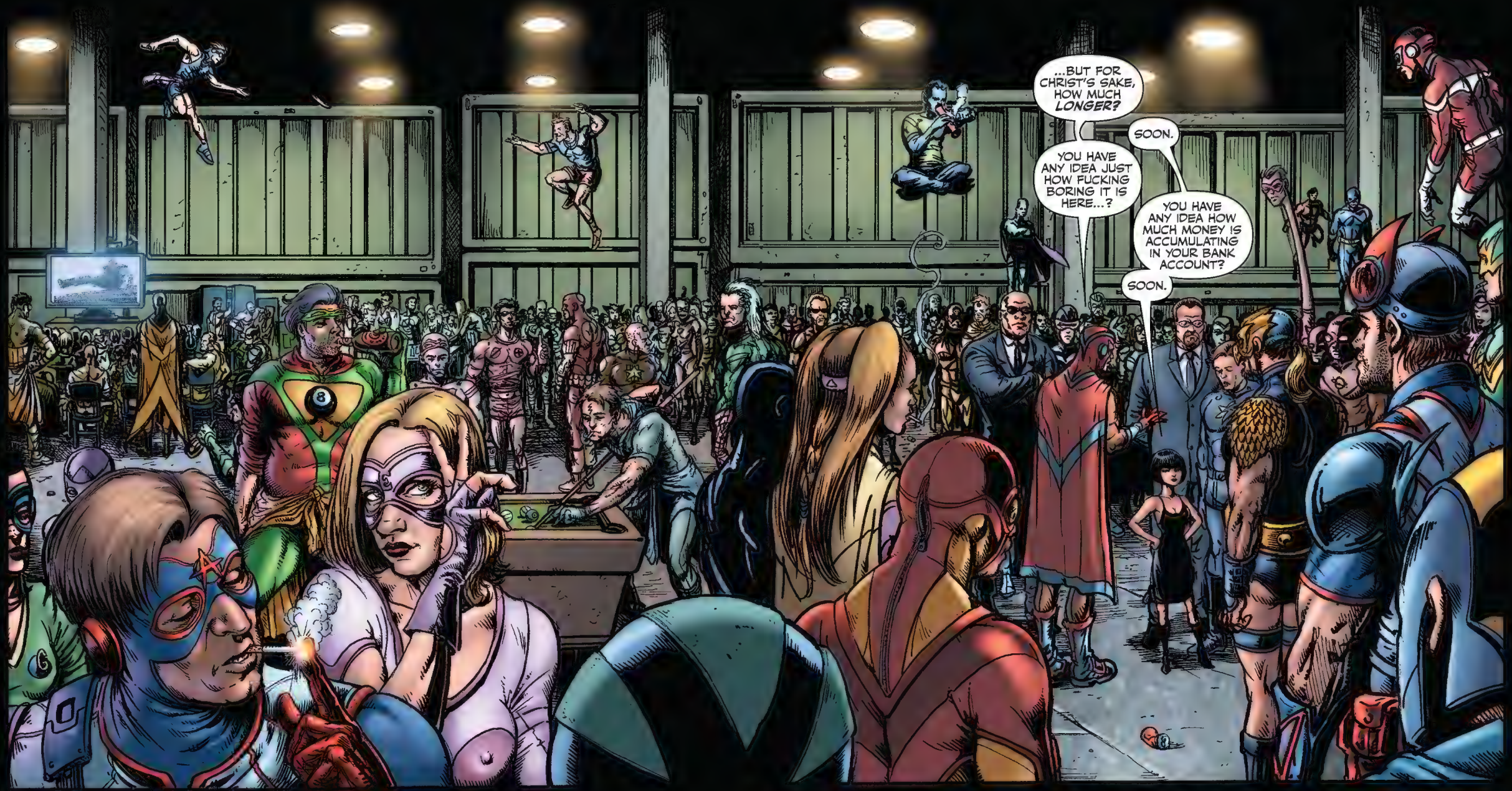
SPEAK ENGLISH?
YESSIR! YOU ARE AMERICAN, I LIKE AMERICANS! DRINK?
BOURBON, NEAT. KNOB CREEK IF YOU GOT IT, MAKER'S MARK IF YOU DON'T.
THE WOMAN WHO JUST LEFT, THE LITTLE ONE. YOU KNOW WHO SHE WAS TALKIN' TO?
N-N-NO...
YOU SURE?
N-NO, SIR. I MEAN YES, I AM SURE.
I THINK HE IS A GUEST AT THE HOTEL, BUT I DO NOT KNOW HIM. PLEASE...I...
IT'S ALL GOOD, SON. IT'S ALL GOOD.
I KNOW HOW IT IS, I KNOW THE KINDA PEOPLE WE TALKIN' ABOUT. SO HOW 'BOUT I JUST SIT HERE FOR A HOUR OR TWO, AN' HE COMES IN, YOU POINT HIM OUT TO ME.
HOW YOU THINK THAT'D BE?
MM?


NIGHTY-NIGHT...


THEY'RE GONNA SEE HIM WHEN THEY COME OUT...
THAT'S IF THEY COME OUT. I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A WORD WITH LITTLE NINA.
C'MON, LET'S HAVE A SHUFTI AT WHATEVER IT IS THEY'VE GOT HERE.

THEY'VE PROBABLY--
SHHH.
SORRY. THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT GUNS.

TWO TWATS WITH TWO PISTOLS. ONE EACH, STRAIGHT AT 'EM, AN' BOB'S THE BLOKE WHO BUGGERS YOUR--
AUNTIE...


...BUT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, HOW MUCH LONGER?
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA JUST HOW FUCKING BORING IT IS HERE...?
SOON.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH MONEY IS ACCUMULATING IN YOUR BANK ACCOUNT?
SOON.

HOW ABOUT GETTING US SOME MORE BITCHES, AT LEAST?
AND THEN WE HAVE TO DUMP THEM AFTERWARDS, FULL OF CUMSHOT EXIT-WOUNDS AND THEIR ASSHOLES BURNED OUT. AND THE COPS SAY, WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY ALL COMING FROM?
ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

THIS IS WHY YOU PEOPLE ALWAYS FUCK UP WITH YOUR LORD OF EVIL, TAKE-OVER-THE-WORLD SHIT. YOU EITHER RUSH THINGS, OR YOU FORGET THE LITTLE DETAILS.
STAY HERE. WAIT FOR YOUR ORDERS.

LEG IT.
AND DO NOT EVER CALL ME AGAIN.

YEAH, BIT OF A COCK-UP TWATTIN' THE BLOKE. BUT SHE'LL SMELL A RAT ANYWAY, WHEN HER FIRST LOT DON'T COME HOME FROM WIPIN' US OUT.
'MANY DID YOU MAKE IT BACK THERE? ROUGHLY?
FUCK, UH...OVER A HUNDRED BUT NOT QUITE TWO?
I'D'VE SAID A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY.
SOME PRETTY SERIOUS TALENT, TOO. THE FEW OF 'EM I MANAGED TO RECOGNISE.
BLOODY HELL, HUGHIE...
IS THIS LUNATIC FUCKIN' SLAPPER TRYIN' A COUP?
next: DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS

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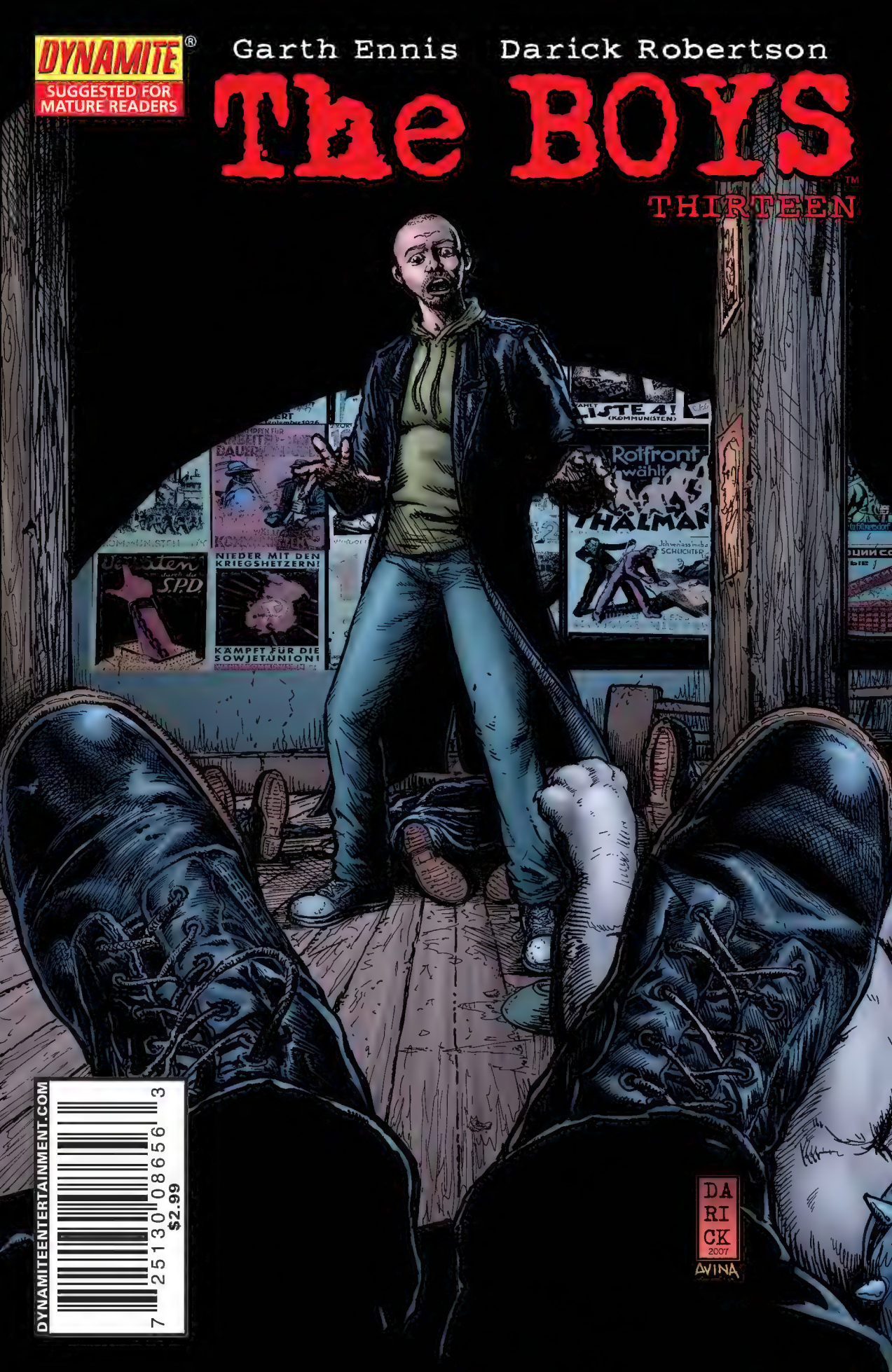

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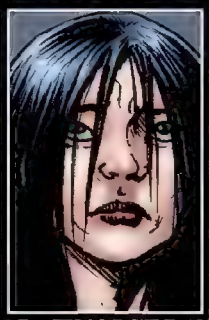

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GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

part three

THESE THE ONES M.M. TOOK?
NINA'S MATE. THE SEPTIC.
WHERE HAVE I SEEN YOU BEFORE, YOU...
D'YOU REALLY THINK SHE'S GONNA TRY AN' BRING DOWN THE GOVERNMENT...?
THE MUSCLE SHE HAD IN THAT WAREHOUSE, IT'S EITHER THAT OR A MOVE ON THE MOSCOW RACKETS. EIGHTY PERCENT OF WHICH SHE RUNS ANYWAY; THROWIN' A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SUPES AT THE OPPOSITION'S PURE OVERKILL.
BUT SURELY SHE COULD NEVER DO *THAT*, LIKE...
SOMEONE'S CONVINCED SHE COULD.
TOLD HER TO GET US OUTTA THE WAY AN' ALL, SO HE KNOWS US. YOU GET UP TO ANYTHING DODGY WITH SUPES, WE'RE THE ONES'RE GONNA THROW A SPANNER IN THE WORKS.
SO WHY THE FUCK CAN'T I REMEMBER HIM...?
HOTEL
HOBOE
KEATOE

HHHHH--
HHHHHHHH--
HHNNNHHH--!
AAWWW...!
Text Message
From: Rayner
TELL B TERMINATE

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WAS ASKIN' PERMISSION, MONKEY?
LISTEN', IT'S HARD TO--I'M AT THE--
I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.
CUT THE OLD HOLE IN THE BOTTOM A' THE POPCORN, HAVE YOU? YOU DIRTY LITTLE ARAB...!
NNOOO--!
I'M, LOOK, I'M SURE ALL THE DIRECTOR WAS TRYING TO DO WAS ASSURE YOU OF HER SUPPORT, SHE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE INTENDED ANY SLIGHT--
'COURSE NOT, JUST LIKE I'M SHARIN' WHATEVER INTEL I RUN ACROSS DURIN' THE INVESTIGATION.
BUT YOU ARE GOING TO K--
PARTNERSHIP OF EQUALS, INNIT? ANYWAY, GOTTA GO.
SORRY IF I PUT YOU OFF YOUR STROKE...
FUCKING BUTCHER.
JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THE SUN WAS SHINING--
IT TURNS OUT IT'S ACTUALLY POURING WITH RAIN.

IS THIS HIM NOW...?
IS IT?
IT BLOODY IS, YOU KNOW.
ТРИКОТАЖ
FUCK ME.
EH?
NOTHIN', MATE, IT'S THIS FUCKIN' CAMERA. I CAN NEVER REMEMBER HOW YOU WORK IT.
WHO'S THIS HE'S TALKIN' TO NOW, THEN?

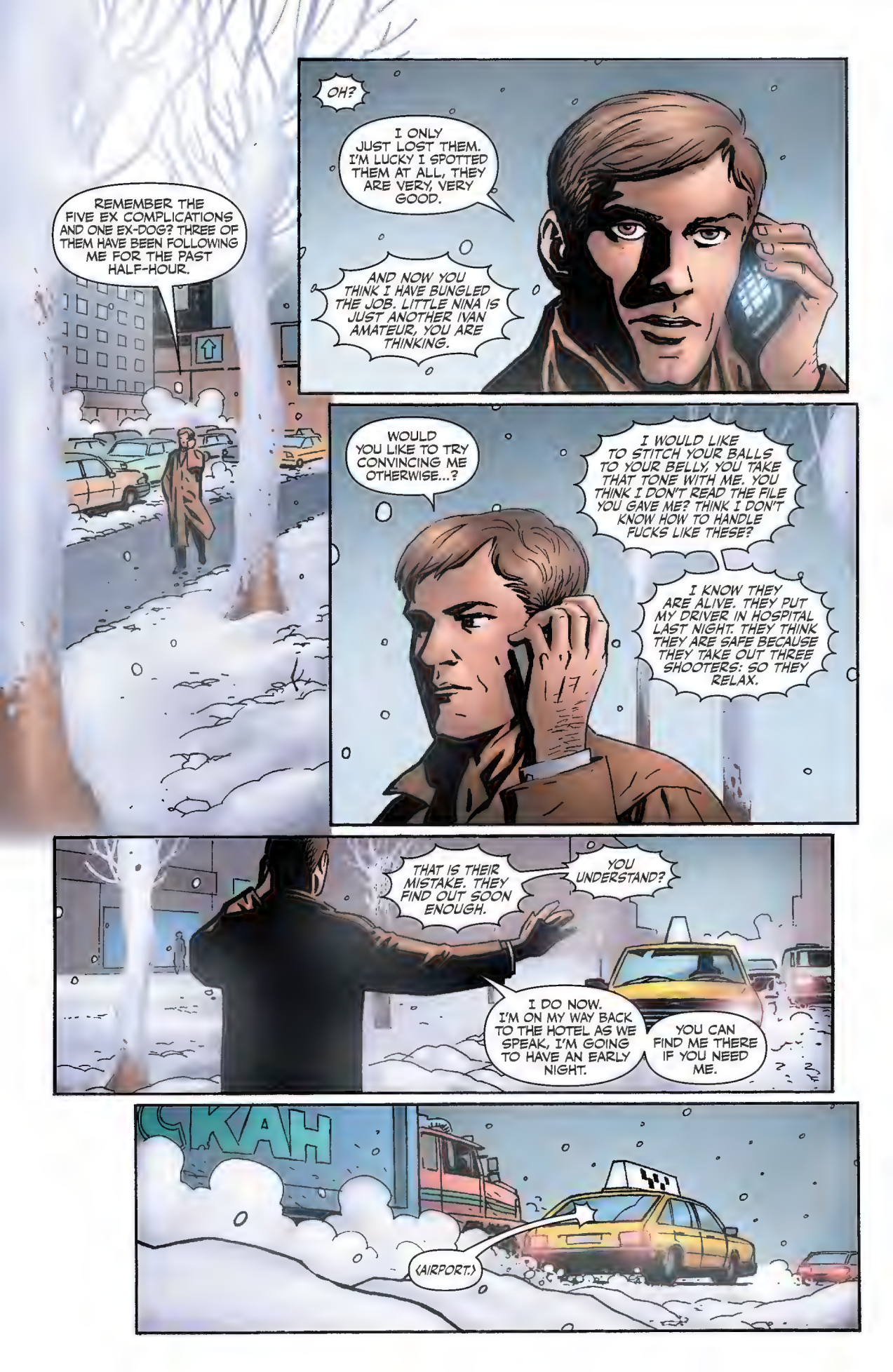
YO.

ALL RIGHT, MATE?
FRENCHIE SAYS HE SMELLS EXPLOSIVES IN THE VAN.
PLASTIQUE, MAYBE SEMTEX OR C4. ALSO SOME KINDA PERFUME--CHEAP-ASS SHIT AN' PLENTY OF IT.

IS THAT TO COVER THE SMELL...?
ONE WAY A' DOIN' IT, I SUPPOSE.
RIGHT, WE'RE GONNA STAY WITH THE VAN. YOU LOT TAKE THE WANKER ON FOOT--AN' KEEP WELL BACK, I'VE A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS ONE.
RIGHT.

FUNNY FEELIN'?
FINGER OUT, HUGHIE. TELL BORIS TO FOLLOW THAT CARSKI.

OH FUCK, AYE, WHAT'S THIS IT WAS AGAIN...?
RUSSIA
PHRASEBO


REMEMBER THE FIVE EX COMPLICATIONS AND ONE EX-DOG? THREE OF THEM HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR THE PAST HALF-HOUR.
OH?
I ONLY JUST LOST THEM. I'M LUCKY I SPOTTED THEM AT ALL, THEY ARE VERY, VERY GOOD.
AND NOW YOU THINK I HAVE BUNGLED THE JOB. LITTLE NINA IS JUST ANOTHER IVAN AMATEUR, YOU ARE THINKING.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY CONVINCING ME OTHERWISE...?
I WOULD LIKE TO STITCH YOUR BALLS TO YOUR BELLY. YOU TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME. YOU THINK I DON'T READ THE FILE YOU GAVE ME? THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE FUCKS LIKE THESE?
I KNOW THEY ARE ALIVE. THEY PUT MY DRIVER IN HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT. THEY THINK THEY ARE SAFE BECAUSE THEY TAKE OUT THREE SHOOTERS: SO THEY RELAX.
THAT IS THEIR MISTAKE. THEY FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.
YOU UNDERSTAND?
I DO NOW. I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL AS WE SPEAK, I'M GOING TO HAVE AN EARLY NIGHT.
YOU CAN FIND ME THERE IF YOU NEED ME.
KAH
(AIRPORT.)

МОСКВА · ШЕРЕМЕТЬЕВ
JINGS...!
CHRIST, WHAT A PAIR A' SLAPPERS.
WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' WI' THEM?
S'POSE IT EXPLAINS THE PERFUME, ANYWAY. RIGHT, YOU GET OUT AN' FOLLOW THE CRUMPET, I'LL STICK WITH THESE TWO.
KEEP IN TOUCH.
HELLO? HELLO, CAN YOU HEAR ME? HUGHIE TO BUTCHER, ARE YOU RECEIVIN' ME, OVER?
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, MATE, JUST TALK...!
OH, RIGHT. WELL, THEY'VE ASKED SOME LAD FOR DIRECTIONS, THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR...UH...
FOR THE EXECUTIVE JET TERMINAL. SHITE, IF THEY GO IN THERE I DUNNO HOW I'LL GET IN AFTER THEM...
THE SAME WAY THEY WILL: BRIBERY.
DOLLARS, DON'T FORGET.

YOU STILL THERE?
YEAH, ON FOOT. WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M IN THE EXECUTIVE JET PLACE, THEY'RE GOIN' INTO THE BAR...
THEY'VE GOT...I THINK THEY'RE LOOKIN' AT SOME PHOTIES OR SOMETHIN'. THEY'RE ARGUIN', I DUNNO WHAT IT'S ABOUT.
I THINK THEY'RE TRYIN' TO FIND SOMEONE, THEY'RE LOOKIN' AROUND EVERYWHERE...
THEY'RE TALKIN' TO THESE TWO LADS, THEY'RE REALLY COMIN' ON TO THEM. I DUNNO WHO THEY ARE BUT THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE ALL THESE BUSINESSMEN--THEY WOULDN'T BE PILOTS, WOULD THEY?
WOULD PILOTS BE ALLOWED TO DRINK...?
FUCK KNOWS IN THIS BLOODY PLACE. IT SOUNDS LIKE THE TARTS'RE KEEPIN' 'EM OCCUPIED; SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHICH 'PLANE THEY BELONG TO.
HOW WOULD I--
FORGET IT, MATE.

HEY, THAT WAS HIM.
SAYS THERE'S A CHANCE WE'VE BEEN COMPROMISED. WE'RE TO FINISH UP AND GET OUT ASAP, HE'S ALREADY ON HIS WAY TO THE COMPANY JET. OKAY?
YOU HEAR ME?
I VERY MUCH FUCKIN' DOUBT IT.
GAAAH!!
D-D-D-D--!
YOU'RE NOT REALLY GONNA TRY FOR THAT, ARE YOU?
BLOODY CRIMINAL, THEY MAKE YOU CARRY THOSE THINGS. YOU KNOW THEY'RE FROM THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT THE ARMY SENT BACK, WHEN ALL THE MAGS STARTED SPLITTIN' AN' THAT...?
BUT THEY'VE GOT THAT DEAL WITH BERETTA, AIN'T THEY.
SO THEY MIGHT AS WELL USE 'EM FOR SOMETHIN'.

SO WHAT YOU USIN' HERE THEN, C4?
UH--I--
OR SOMETHIN' A BIT LESS CLASSY, MAKE IT LOOK LIKE LOCAL WORK...
WELL...
LOVELY STUFF.
LISTEN, DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? TAKE A SCREWDRIVER AN' PUT THE INSTRUMENT PANEL BACK TOGETHER, JUST LIKE IF YOU'D FINISHED THE JOB FOR REAL.
CAUTION
SO WHAT I'M DYIN' TO KNOW IS, WHY'RE YOU TRYNNA BLOW UP LITTLE NINA IN THE FIRST PLACE? DEAL GO WRONG?
IT'S, UH...IT'S REALLY JUST INSURANCE IF--
FUCK ME RIGID--!
JESUS, SHE'S A DIRTY LITTLE MARE, AIN'T SHE?
SORRY, MATE, GO ON WITH WHAT YOU WERE SAYIN'. INSURANCE.
YOU SHOULD SEE THE ONE SHE CARRIES AROUND WITH HER... UM...
LOOK, THIS IS KIND OF FUCKED UP, I MEAN YOU'RE-- YOU'RE--
THE OPPOSITION?

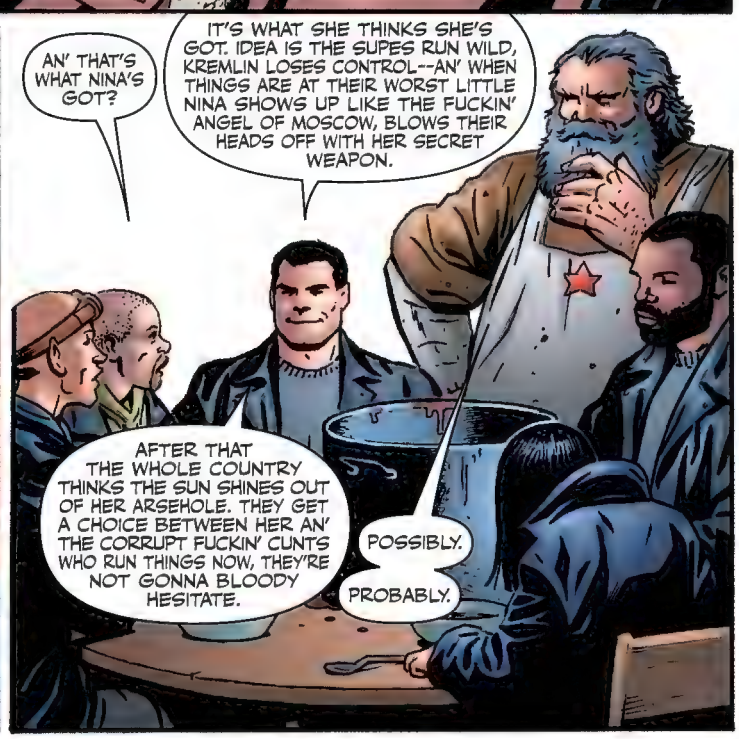
YEAH, I AM. MATTER A' FACT, SEEIN' AS IT WAS YOUR MOB SICCED NINA ON US IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU PROBABLY KNOW EXACTLY WHO I AM.
WHO KNOWS, MAYBE YOU WERE THE ONE WROTE THE FILE ON US FOR HER IN THE FIRST PLACE...
HOW YOU GETTIN' ON IN THERE, BY THE WAY?
ALMOST DONE--!
SO YEAH, I'D LIKE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE THING YOU'VE GOT GOIN' WITH NINA. WHAT SHE'S UP TO WITH THE SUPES IN THE WAREHOUSE, IF SHE'S REALLY GONNA DO SOMETHIN' STUPID.
NOT TO MENTION THE V VARIANT, OF COURSE, THE ONE MAKES THEIR HEADS POP OFF.
AN' I'D ALSO LIKE THE NAME A' YOUR BOSS.
THE BLOKE AT THE HOTEL TUPOLEV.
NO.
NOT THAT. NOT THAT, MAN.
JUST-- JUST DON'T ASK ME TO DO THAT, I CAN'T, I WON'T, I--
HMH.
FUNNY.
BLOKE I MET YESTERDAY SAID MORE OR LESS THE SAME THING.
KNOW WHAT HE SAID NEXT?
EEEEAARRRGGGHHH

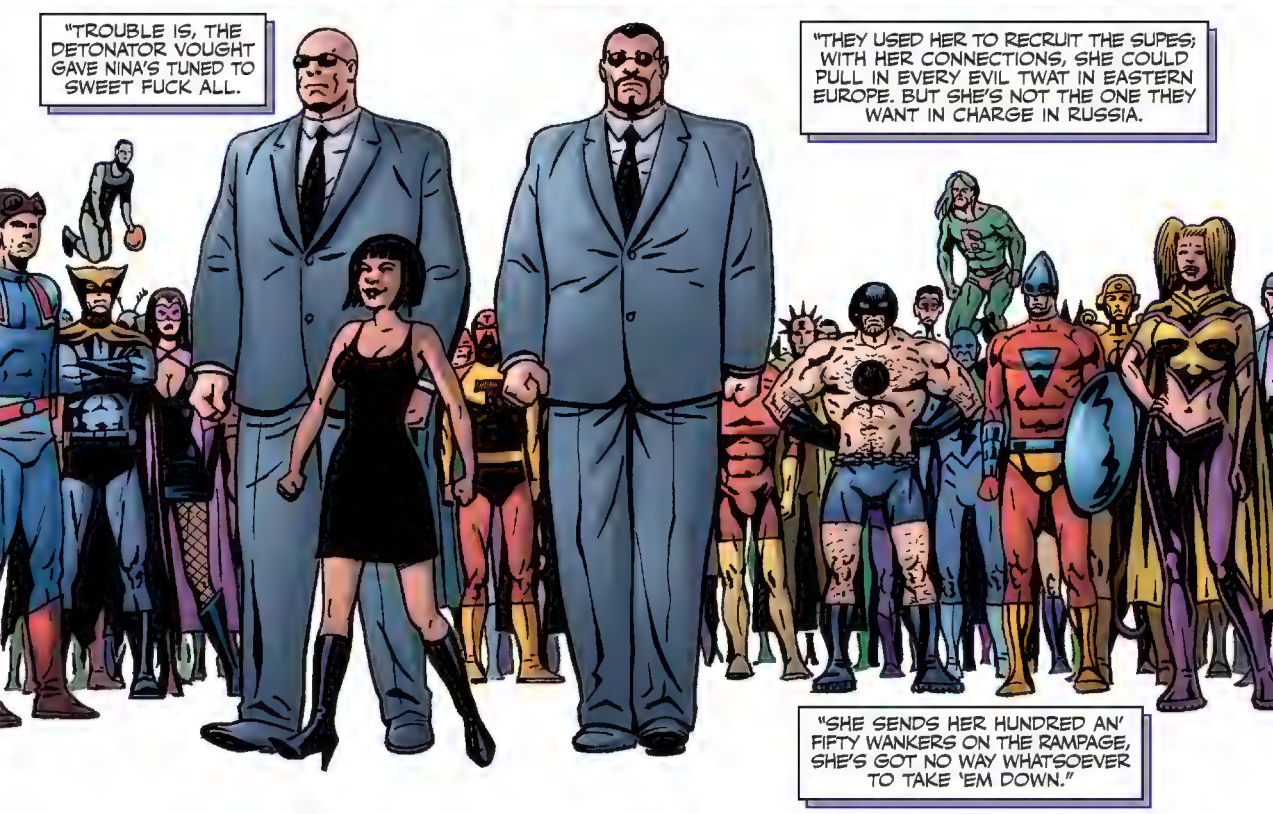
BORSCHT READY SOON, BILLY. WILL BE TASTE SENSATION, I GUARANTEE.
GOOD MAN, VAS.
HUH...
WELL, YOU'D BETTER HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, BOYS. BECAUSE IT'S VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
VRAIMENT?
BUT...
YOU GOTTA BE SHITTIN' ME.
'FRAID NOT. RECOGNISED THE BLOKE WHEN WE SAW HIM AT THE HOTEL, HE'S THE ONE SITS IN ON THE SEVEN'S MEETIN'S.
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU CAN'T HAVE AN *AMERICAN* COMPANY BACKIN' A COUP IN RUSSIA! THEY'RE GONNA START WORLD WAR THREE!

DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU, HUGHIE. COUNTRY MEANS BUGGER ALL TO CORPORATE WANKERS LIKE THEM.
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, YEAH, THE RESULTS WOULD NOT BE GOOD...
HOW COME YOU DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN', YOU I.D.ED HIM WHEN YOU DID?
WASN'T A HUNDRED PERCENT. BUT IT'S HIM, I'VE SEEN HIM ON THE TAPES, I KNOW I HAVE.
HE MUST BE PRETTY HIGH UP TO BE RUNNIN' A JOB THIS BIG, SENIOR EXEC OR WHATEVER...
OH, NICE ONE, VAS, I'M FUCKIN' STARVIN'...
MAMA VORISHIKIN'S SECRET RECIPE! WILL BE REVELATION AFTER YEARS OF WESTERN PIGSWILL!
CHEERS, MATE. EVERYONE EAT UP, IF THIS GOES THE WAY I THINK IT WILL IT'LL BE OUR LAST CHANCE FOR A WHILE.
TERROR-HOUND?
NAH, BIT SPICY FOR HIM. HE JUST GETS HIS BONE.
SO: PETITE NINA, SHE WILL TRULY DO THIS?

YEAH, AN' THAT'S GONNA BE THE ENDA HER.
THE COUP ISN'T THE POINT. THE SUPES THINK IT IS, 'COS THAT'S WHAT NINA TOLD 'EM, THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GONNA GO FOR--BUT IN ACTUAL FACT, THEY'RE GONNA TRY IT AN' SHE'S GONNA STOP 'EM DEAD.

THE SHIT. COMPOUND V, THE NEW VARIANT.
IN ONE. VOUGHT BOFFINS REFINED IT 'TIL IT WAS STABLE--SORT OF--AN' YOU COULD TRIGGER THE EFFECTS BY REMOTE. NINA'S BEEN FEEDIN' IT TO 'EM FOR MONTHS.
BRAIN CHEMISTRY CHANGES SO NEURONS FIRE ON A PARTICULAR FREQUENCY; ALL YOU DO IS TUNE IN YOUR RADIO DETONATOR AN' YOU'RE LAUGHIN'...


AN' THAT'S WHAT NINA'S GOT?
IT'S WHAT SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT. IDEA IS THE SUPES RUN WILD, KREMLIN LOSES CONTROL--AN' WHEN THINGS ARE AT THEIR WORST LITTLE NINA SHOWS UP LIKE THE FUCKIN' ANGEL OF MOSCOW, BLOWS THEIR HEADS OFF WITH HER SECRET WEAPON.
AFTER THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRY THINKS THE SUN SHINES OUT OF HER ARSEHOLE. THEY GET A CHOICE BETWEEN HER AN' THE CORRUPT FUCKIN' CUNTS WHO RUN THINGS NOW, THEY'RE NOT GONNA BLOODY HESITATE.
POSSIBLY.
PROBABLY.


"TROUBLE IS, THE DETONATOR VOUGHT GAVE NINA'S TUNED TO SWEET FUCK ALL.
"THEY USED HER TO RECRUIT THE SUPES; WITH HER CONNECTIONS, SHE COULD PULL IN EVERY EVIL TWAT IN EASTERN EUROPE. BUT SHE'S NOT THE ONE THEY WANT IN CHARGE IN RUSSIA.
"SHE SENDS HER HUNDRED AN' FIFTY WANKERS ON THE RAMPAGE, SHE'S GOT NO WAY WHATSOEVER TO TAKE 'EM DOWN."

WILL BE CARNAGE...
SO...NINA'S JUST LIKE A PATSY, AYE? SO WHO ARE THEY TRYNNA PUT IN HERE?
FUCK, I HOPE THERE ACTUALLY IS A PROPER DETONATOR...!
THAT'S THE INTERESTIN' BIT.
WHAT IS?
INTERESTING BIT? YES?
BILLY?
SHITE--!
JESUS!!
WHAT...?
AW SHIT, IT'S THE FOOD--!
THEY ARE LIVING...
IT WAS YOU!!

COMING AGAIN?
YOU! YOU POISONED THE BORSCHT! YOU'RE IN WITH LITTLE NINA!
YOU WERE A SUPE, YOU WERE IN GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN! YOU'RE ONE O' THEM!
LITTLE HUGHIE, HOW CAN YOU THINK THIS? I AM COMRADE OF BOYS, NOT GETTING IN BED WITH SCUM!
NO, GET BACK! FUCK OFF!
CALM, BE CALM, BORSCHT STEWS ON STOVE ALL DAY! I GO TO DROP A LOG, ANYONE COMES IN AND FUCKS WITH!
SNFF SNFF
THINK, THINK! I EAT, YOU EAT TOO!
BUT-- BUT--
WHY ARE WE NOT OUTED? YES?
NO, YOU'VE, YOU'VE TAKEN THE ANTIDOTE, OR--
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!
GO DOWN, LITTLE HUGHIE.
DOWN.
EH?
ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!

AAAAH, SQUAD OF BASTARDS--
GO FUCK YOUR MOTHERS SOME MORE!!
UURRAAAIIIIIII!!!
HHNNNHH!!
GAKK

AAAAH--!
AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH!
TOOF
COCKROACHES...!
NINA'S ASSHOLES, LITTLE HUGHIE. THEY FUCK WITH BORSCHT, THEN COME TO SHOOT WHOEVER POISON DOES NOT KILL.
KILL...?
THE STUPID BUTT PLUGS, THEY DO NOT USE ENOUGH. FORGET THAT BOYS ARE FULL OF COMPOUND V.
SO-- THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT?
SHOULD BE. HAVE BARBED WIRE SHITS FOR DAYS, BUT LIVING.
CHRIST ALMIGHTY, THANK FUCK.
HAVE THEORY THERE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE TWO O' US WEREN'T AFFECTED, BUT...

WHAT?!
OTHERS DO NOT DRINK, RIGHT? IN TOAST?
WELL--I MEAN--
IS ALL RIGHT, LITTLE HUGHIE. I SEE MORE THAN BILLY THINKS I SEE, LIKE ALWAYS.
BUT YOU AND I DRINK. ENOUGH IT GETS IN SYSTEM, DESTROYS THE POISON WHEN WE EAT.
HOW THE FUCK CAN IT DO THAT...?
YOU KIDDING? THIS SHIT WOULD PROBABLY KILL AIDS VIRUS.
ULK
ULK
ULK
HHAAAAHH!!
MAKES BALLS REVOLVE LIKE SPINNING DERVISHES...!
TAKE DRINK, COMRADE! I GO CLEAN UP--THEN YOU AND I, WE KICK ALL ASSES NEEDED!

HOW'S THAT, TERROR, DOES THAT LOOK LIKE THE RECOVERY POSITION TO YOU?
?
YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE WITH THEM AN'...BE A DOG, OR WHATEVER.
IS MUCH ASS TO BE KICKED, I THINK!
SO HOW D'YOU THINK WE SHOULD HANDLE IT ALL, VAS?
ОФФИС
MUST FIND CRAZY BITCH LITTLE NINA. SHE SETS SUPES LOOSE WITHOUT WAY TO STOP, ALL MOSCOW TAKES IT UP POOP-CHUTE.
JESUS...
BUT MOMENT HAS COME TO NOT FUCK AROUND. WHEN RODINU IS THREATENED, VASILII VORISHIKIN IS NOT ENOUGH.
NEVER THOUGHT WOULD PUT THIS ON AGAIN...BUT NOW...
IS TITANIC TEAM-UP, YES? TOGETHER FOR FIRST TIME EVER?
IS LITTLE HUGHIE--

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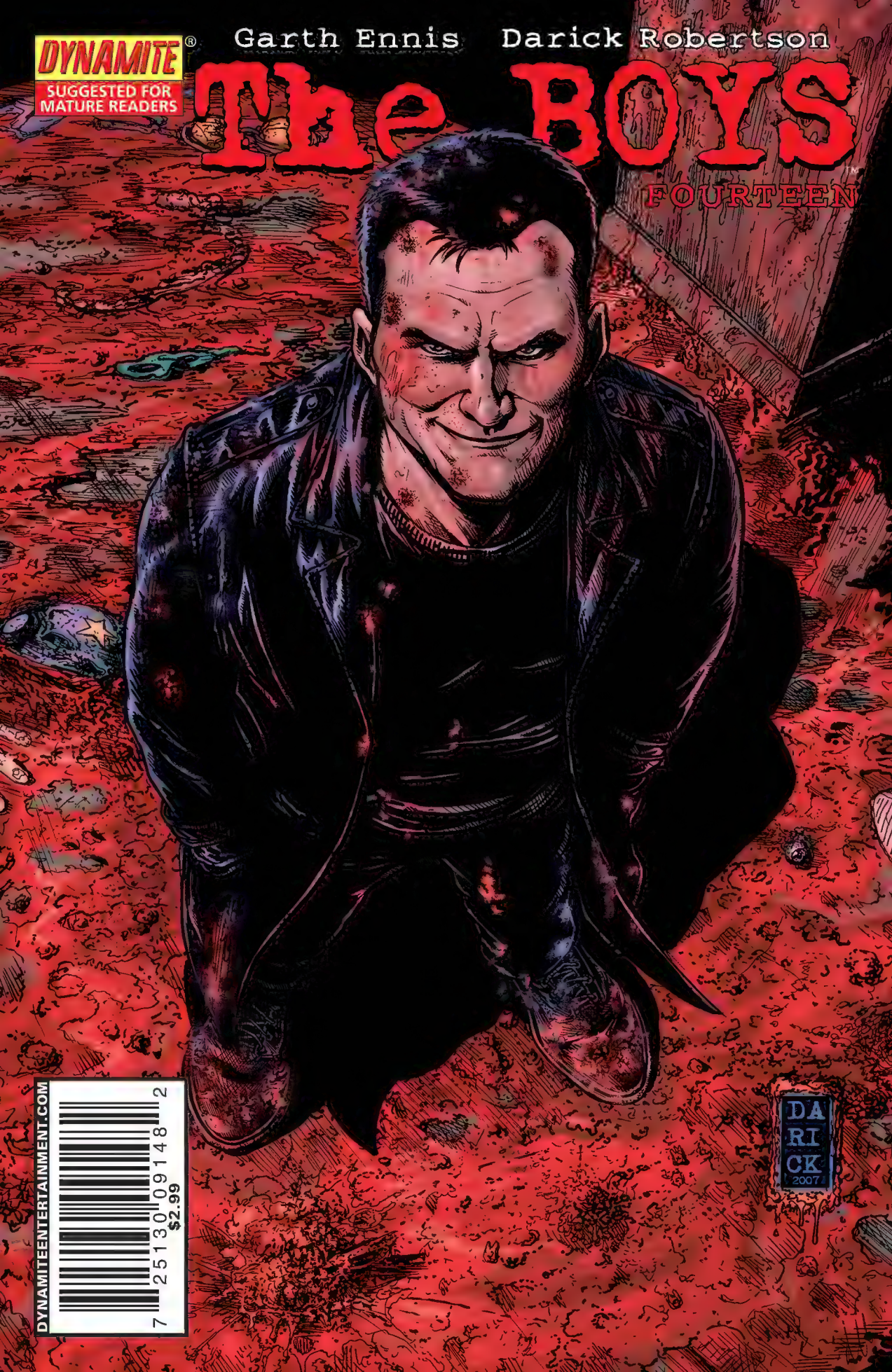

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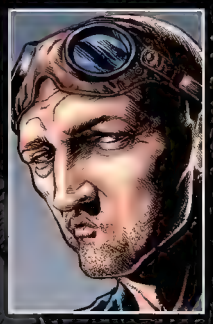
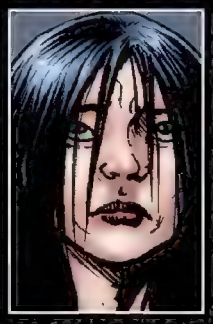

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THAT'S ALL?
SOME SHOOTING, SOME YELLING...THEN NOTHING. I GAVE IT HALF AN HOUR, BUT NO ONE CAME BACK OUT.
YOU DIDN'T LOOK INSIDE? NO, SCRATCH THAT: YOU WERE TOO SCARED, WEREN'T YOU?
YOU FAGGOT.
NOT...I MEAN...
LITTLE NINA ORDERED THIS ONE. FIRST TIME SHE COMES TO US FOR SOMETHING THIS BIG, FIRST TIME SHE DEEMS US WORTHY.
WE GET IT RIGHT, WE GET MORE WORK, BIGGER PAYDAY EVERY TIME. WE FUCK IT UP...I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE FUCK IT UP.
HOLD ON, HALF AN HOUR? HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY DIDN'T SEE YOU WATCHING?
HOW COULD THEY?
I DON'T KNOW, HOW COULD THEY SURVIVE FUCKING POISON? HOW COULD THEY TAKE OUT TWO TEAMS OF SHOOTERS, HAND-TO-HAND?
THEY'RE GOOD, YOU STUPID SHIT. THIS IS THEIR FUCKING WORLD, THEY COULD ZERO A PRICK LIKE YOU AND FOLLOW YOU--
IS CUE FOR ACTION!

ZA RODINU! ZA HOYZAIN! IS TIME TO TASTE THE SAUSAGE OF LOVE!
WHAT THE FUCK--?
JINGS...!

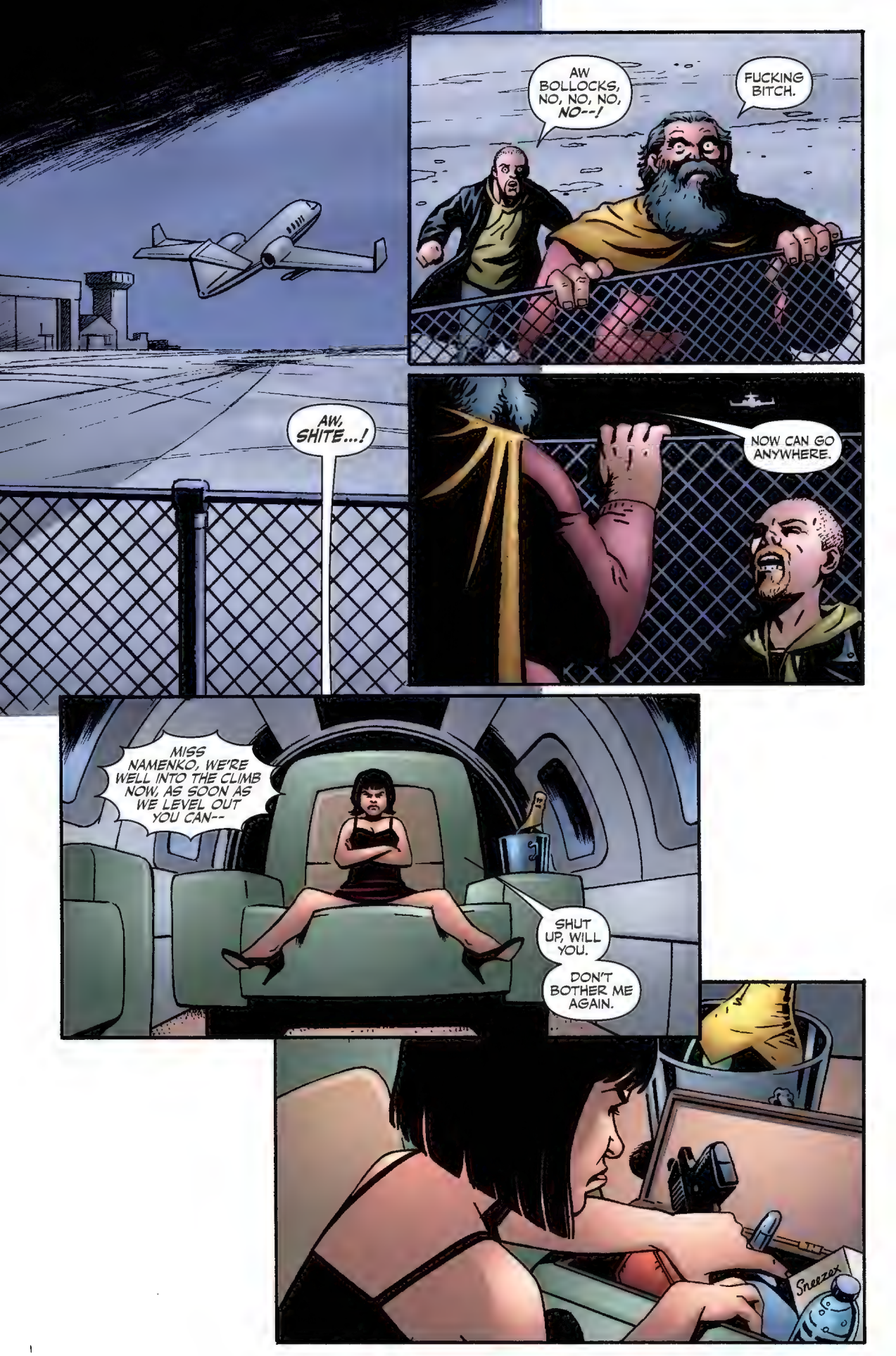
MIKHAEL!
YOU RUN BUT NOT HIDE, COCKROACH! YOU ARE STAIN ON MOTHERLAND, SOON TO BE WIPED!
PUT HIM DOWN, MIKHAEL! DROP THE MOTHERFUCKER!
DA.
OOOH--!
YOU ARE BIG BOY, MIKHAEL...
VAS!!
BUT JUST BABUSHKA, REALLY.
HNNHH!
SHITE--!

QUICKLY, LITTLE HUGHIE! AFTER BOSS COCKSUCKER!
AAAAAAAAAAHH...!
HURRY! HE CALLS LITTLE NINA, IS ALL FOR NOTHING!
BUT-- WHAT--
HURRY!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE, I MEAN WHAT'S--
DOES NOT MATTER! NINA UNLEASHES SUPES NOW, WILL BE BLOODBATH!
...SHIT.

THERE! 'MON, WE'LL GET HIM!
GAHH--FUCKING STRIPPERS--
YAAAAAAHH!
VAS--?
MOTHERFUCK SHIT! CANNOT RUN STRAIGHT WITH MASSIVE ERECTION!
GET HIM, LITTLE HUGHIE!
WHUFF!
FUCK!!
DIN
FUCKING GODDAMN--
NO!

AAAAAAHH!!
SHIT--!
YOU FUCKIN' CUNT, YOU WERE GONNA SHOOT ME--!
HNNGGHH!
YOU TIPPED HER OFF, DIDN'T YOU? YOU TOLD THE BITCH WE'RE ALIVE!
N-N-NYET--!
WHERE THE FUCK IS SHE?
NYET! NYET!
ENGLISH, YOU BASTARD! WHERE'S LITTLE FUCKIN' NINA?!

SORRY, LITTLE HUGHIE. BIG TITTIES ARE MY KRYPTONITE.
LITTLE HUGHIE...?
STOP THAT, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
STOP IT...
WHAT DID HE TELL YOU? WHERE IS LITTLE NINA?
I DIDN'T EVEN HIT HIM, JESUS, I'M NOT ONE O' THESE FELLAS GOES AROUND TERRIFYIN' FOLK...!
FOCUS!
SHE, SHE, AYE, HE TOLD HER WE'RE ONTO HER. SHE'S AT THAT HOTEL, SHE'S LOOKIN' FOR THE GUY FROM VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
SO SHE KNOWS--SHE CALLS THE SUPES TO SIC THEM ON US?
NO, THEY COULD NOT FIND US, NOT IN TIME. BILLY TELLS C.I.A., THEY TELL THE KREMLIN, WHOLE THING BLOWS WIDE OPEN.
ALL RIGHT... BUTCHER SAID VOUGHT WERE FUCKIN' HER OVER, THEY GAVE HER THE WRONG DETONATOR FOR THE STUFF IN THE SUPES' HEADS. BUT THE VOUGHT FELLA TWIGGED M.M. AN' THE OTHERS WERE FOLLOWIN' HIM, HE GAVE THEM ALL THE SLIP...
SO... NINA'S LOOKIN' FOR HIM, SHE CAN'T FIND HIM--HAS HE DONE A RUNNER, IS THAT IT?
THEN WHAT IS LEFT FOR LITTLE NINA?
...SHE'S GONNA RUN.
VAS, WE'VE GOTTA GET TO THE AIRPORT NOW.


AW BOLLOCKS, NO, NO, NO, NO--!
FUCKING BITCH.
AW, SHITE...!
NOW CAN GO ANYWHERE.
MISS NAMENKO, WE'RE WELL INTO THE CLIMB NOW, AS SOON AS WE LEVEL OUT YOU CAN--
SHUT UP, WILL YOU.
DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN.
Sneezex

NEVER SEEN HER AS PISSED AS THAT BEFORE.
WHY DO YOU THINK...?
DON'T KNOW. DON'T WANT TO.
JESUS, WE WERE OUT OF THERE LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL...
DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT, EITHER. HELSINKI IS THREE ZERO FIVE.
WHAT WAS THAT?
OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, IS SHE AT IT AGAIN?

AAAAAAHH!!
HOLY FUCK SHE'S GONE, SHE'S NOT EVEN--
AVIONICS ARE OUT.
NOT COMING BACK.
FUCK ME.

YOU PUT A BOMB IN HER VIBRATOR...?
KEEP IT DOWN A BIT, WILL YOU, HUGHIE? WE GOT FUCKIN' POISONED LAST NIGHT, WE'RE JUST TRYNNA DIE IN PEACE.
BUT-- BUT--BUT--
WHY...?
WELL THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CUNTS WERE GONNA STICK ONE IN THE COCKPIT, WEREN'T THEY? I THOUGHT FUCKIN' HELL, LET'S BY ALL MEANS GET RIDDA LITTLE NINA, BUT WHAT IF THE BLOODY THING COMES DOWN ON SOMEBODY'S HOUSE?
'LEAST THIS WAY THE PILOTS HAD A CHANCE TO LAND IT SOMEWHERE SAFE...
AYE, WELL YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THEY LANDED IT INTO THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.
SO DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME IT WENT OFF WHEN SHE STARTED-- USIN' IT--?
NO, WHEN SHE FUCKIN' SWITCHED IT ON! YOU'RE A BIT OF A SICK BASTARD, AREN'T YOU, HUGHIE?

SO...?
SO, FIRST I SEE IF I CAN KEEP ME COFFEE DOWN, AN' THEN I GO AN' SEE MONKEY. WHICH JUST FOR ONCE I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO.
WE'VE GOT VOUGHT BANG TO RIGHTS ON THIS ONE, BOYS.
TRYNNA OVERTHROW A SOVEREIGN GOVERNMENT'S ONE THING, BUT BACKIN' A COUP IN THE FORMER SOVIET UNION? COULDN'T BE BETTER. AN' WE'VE GOT A VOUGHT EMPLOYEE SCARED ENOUGH TO SAY SO, WITH ALL THE JUICY DETAILS YOU COULD HOPE FOR...
WHO...?
BLOKE I RAN INTO ON NINA'S 'PLANE. WOULDA BEEN TWO OF 'EM, BUT...ANYWAY.
WE'VE GOT HIM, ALL HIS EXPLOSIVES AND SURVEILLANCE GEAR--COMPANY SUPPLIED--AN' WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SUPES SHOT FULLA THE COMPOUND V DERIVATIVE. AN' NINA'S NOT AROUND TO COMPLICATE THINGS, IT'S JUST VOUGHT AN' THE CUNTS THEY WERE GONNA PUT IN THE KREMLIN.
RAYNER IS GONNA WET HER FUCKIN' KNICKERS...
SO WHO WAS IT GONNA BE?
NINA SETS THE SUPES LOOSE, THEY GO BUCK DAFT, NINA CAN'T STOP 'EM--WHO COULD? WHO WAS GONNA HAVE THE PROPER DETONATOR?
BLOKE CALLED JOSEF CHEMENKO. OLD-SCHOOL RED.
LAD ON THE 'PLANE WAS GONNA DELIVER IT, THAT WAS HIS NEXT PORT OF CALL.

LES COMMUNISTES? AVEC *VOUGHT-AMERICAN?*
MAKES SENSE IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
ONE, CHEMENKO DON'T KNOW WHO'S MAKIN' HIM THE SAVIOR OF MOSCOW, TO HIM IT'S JUST A SHORT-CUT TO THE TOP. TWO, HE'S *EXACTLY* WHO VOUGHT WANT RUNNIN' THE SHOW OVER HERE.
MEANS A NEW COLD WAR. AN' IF THE C.I.A. CAN'T PROTECT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE--FUCK, THEY CAN BARELY COPE WITH THE RAGHEADS--GUESS WHICH COMPANY'S SUPES'LL BE HAPPY TO TAKE ON THE JOB?
YOU ALL RIGHT, TERROR? YOU READY TO GO, MATE?
VAS, I'M SORRY...I KNOW THAT GUY MEANT A LOT TO YOU...
NO.
MAKES SENSE, LIKE BILLY SAYS.
PLAN WOULD NOT WORK WITH LITTLE NINA. WHO WANTS TO REPLACE CORRUPTION WITH CORRUPTION?
BUT WOULD KILL HUNDREDS. THOUSANDS.
...FUCKING *GAMES,* LITTLE HUGHIE.
DOES NO ONE CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE ANYMORE?

YOU FUCKIN' WHAT?

I REALISE IT'S, UM...
LOOK, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE EYEWITNESS, JUST TELL ME WHERE--
SHE DOESN'T WANNA *PROCEED?* WE'VE GOT THE CUNTS OVER A BARREL, WE CAN HAVE 'EM SUCKIN' THE AGENCY'S COCK FOR YEARS...!

FUCK ME.
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO, DOES SHE?

SHE THINKS THEY'RE TOO STRONG TO TAKE ON FACE TO FACE.
SHE'S SCARED VOUGHT'LL SIC THEIR SUPES ON THE FUCKIN' C.I.A.
WELL SHE-- DIRECTOR RAYNER, SHE FEELS THAT A, THAT THE POLICY OF *MANAGEMENT* IS THE BEST ONE TO PURSUE...TO CONTINUE TO PURSUE...

OR THE FUCKIN' U.S.A.
RIGHT, MONKEY?

"WELL--I MEAN--ALL RIGHT, LOOK, YOUR OWN FEELINGS ON SUPES ARE WELL-KNOWN, AND, AND COMPLETELY JUSTIFIED--BUT YOU CAN'T EVER HAVE THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE ABOUT CONFRONTATION...
"I MEAN NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD WANT THAT, WOULD THEY...?"
"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT, MONKEY. FOR YOU TO FUCK OFF."
"I'M JUST THE MESSENGER--"
"NO, I MEAN LITERALLY. FUCK OFF."
"I DON'T EVEN WANNA FUCKIN' LOOK AT YOU."
STAY.
SO FUCKING BORED...

HOW MUCH LONGER...?
WE'RE ALL FUCKING BORED. I FOLD.
YOU ONLY JUST ATE, WHY--
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT GODDAMNED TIME IT IS...
OI! CUNTS!
OUT OF HIS FUCKING MIND--

ALL RIGHT, MATE?
?
MM-HM, HM-HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...
MM-HM, MM-HM, MM-HM, MM-HM...
MM-HM, HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
BUYIN' ME DUTY-FREE.
CHEERS, VAS. SEE YOU NEXT TIME, MATE.
AU REVOIR!
YOU TAKE CARE A' YOURSELF, HEAR?
AYE, LISTEN, IT WAS BRILLIANT MEETIN' YOU...
DOSVIDANYA, BOYS.
MM-HM, HM-HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...

SEE YOU, COMRADE.
MM-HM, MM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...
MM-HM, MM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM!
WHAT IS THAT? I'VE HAD IT STUCK IN ME HEAD ALL DAY, WHAT IS IT?
SCHILLER. DE BEETHOVEN NEUVIEME.
C'EST LE "ODE TO JOY".
ODE TO JOY.
THAT'S IT.
ODE TO JOY.

WELL, I IMAGINE NOTHING WILL HAPPEN.
FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS.
THEN THERE'LL BE A BRIEF REPORT ON THE DEMISE OF JOSEF CHEMENKO IN A CAR WRECK. CURIOUS THROWBACK TO COMMUNIST RUSSIA, NEVER A SERIOUS CONTENDER, MOURNED ONLY BY FRIENDS AND FAMILY... ETCETERA.
MIGHT LAST A THIRD OF A NEWS CYCLE, IF THINGS ARE SLOW ENOUGH.
NEVER PAYS TO UNDERESTIMATE THE C.I.A. THEY INVENTED THIS GAME, AFTER ALL.
US? WE STEP THINGS UP, OF COURSE. I'M SEEING VIC THE VEEP TOMORROW.
MM-HM...YES...YES, I'M SURE YOU ARE...QUITE THE CONTRARY, I LOOK ON IT AS HAVING BEEN EXTREMELY USEFUL. EVEN AN UNSUCCESSFUL MISSION IS A VALUABLE SOURCE OF INTELLIGENCE, SO LONG AS IT'S ANALYZED CORRECTLY.
I'M WELL AWARE WHAT HE HAS ON YOU. I KNOW YOU'RE CONCERNED. I ASSURE YOU THE MATTER IS WELL IN HAND.
YES... RIGHT...YES, I KNOW...
THEN AGAIN, HOMELANDER?

YOU COULD ALWAYS TRY GROWING A PAIR.
GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN
conclusion

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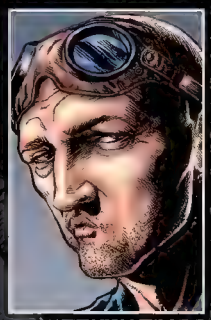
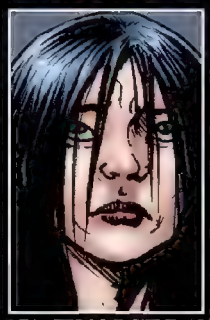

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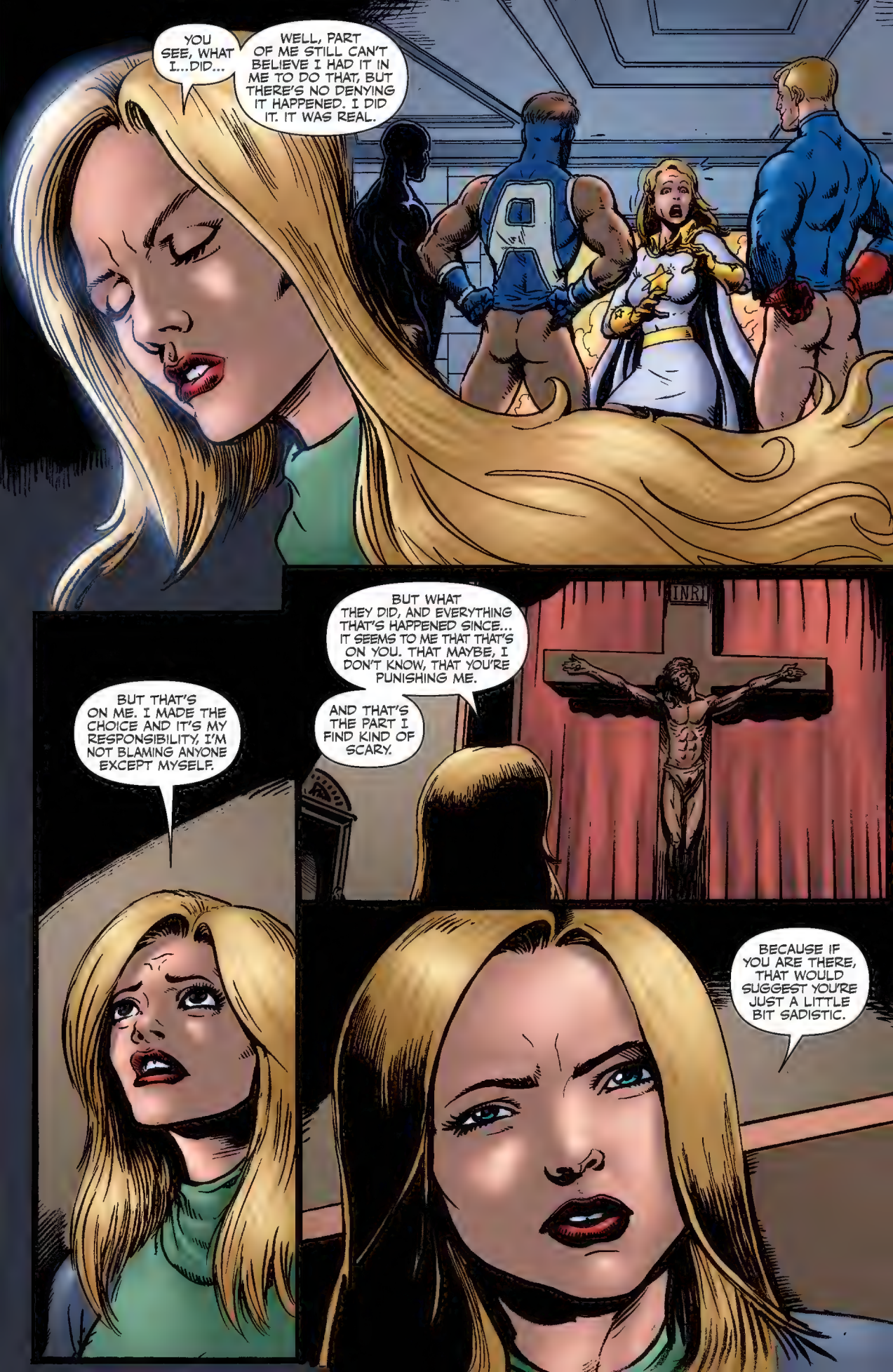
GOOD FOR THE SOUL

part one

I'VE COME TO FIND OUT IF YOU'RE THERE OR NOT.

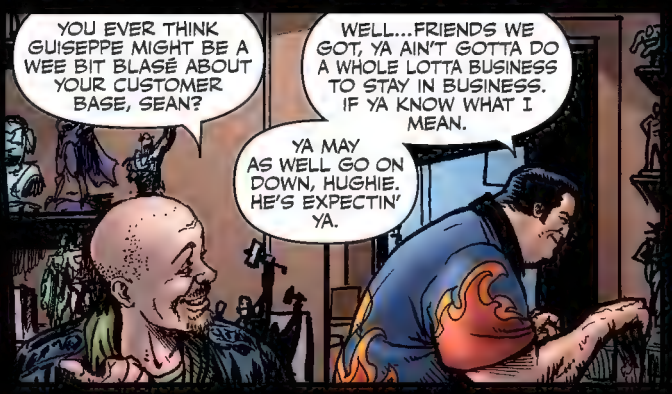

YOU SEE, WHAT I...DID...
WELL, PART OF ME STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I HAD IT IN ME TO DO THAT, BUT THERE'S NO DENYING IT HAPPENED. I DID IT. IT WAS REAL.
BUT WHAT THEY DID, AND EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE... IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THAT'S ON YOU. THAT MAYBE, I DON'T KNOW, THAT YOU'RE PUNISHING ME.
INRI
AND THAT'S THE PART I FIND KIND OF SCARY.
BUT THAT'S ON ME. I MADE THE CHOICE AND IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY, I'M NOT BLAMING ANYONE EXCEPT MYSELF.
BECAUSE IF YOU ARE THERE, THAT WOULD SUGGEST YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT SADISTIC.

ONLY THE BIGGEST PHILISTINE WOULD CONTEND THAT EDGE COMICS' MOST GROUNDBREAKING TITLE OF THE NINETIES WAS ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE SUBLIME NONCEMANCER...
VINNIE'S COMICS BASEBALL CARDS. ACTION FIGURES
WOK
THAT'S BULLSHIT, DUDE! EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS REVEREND SWEAR!
OH, DEAR...!
I DUNNO, I ALWAYS KINDA LIKED BUSYDICK: THE ONLY MAN...
AH. A FELLOW SOPHISTICATE.
EDGE COMICS ARE ELF-TASTIC, DUDE!
EXCUSE ME...?
I WONDER IF I COULD ASK YOU GENTLEMEN A TEENSY-TINY QUESTION?
YES...
HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN, ANYWHERE AROUND THE STORE, A SIGN OR NOTICE THAT WOULD INDICATE THAT YOU WERE IN A LIBRARY...?
UH...NO...

SO WHAT THE FUCK MAKES YA THINK YA CAN READ THE GODDAMN FUCKIN' BOOKS WITHOUT PAYIN' FOR THE MUTHUHFUCKIN' THINGS?!!

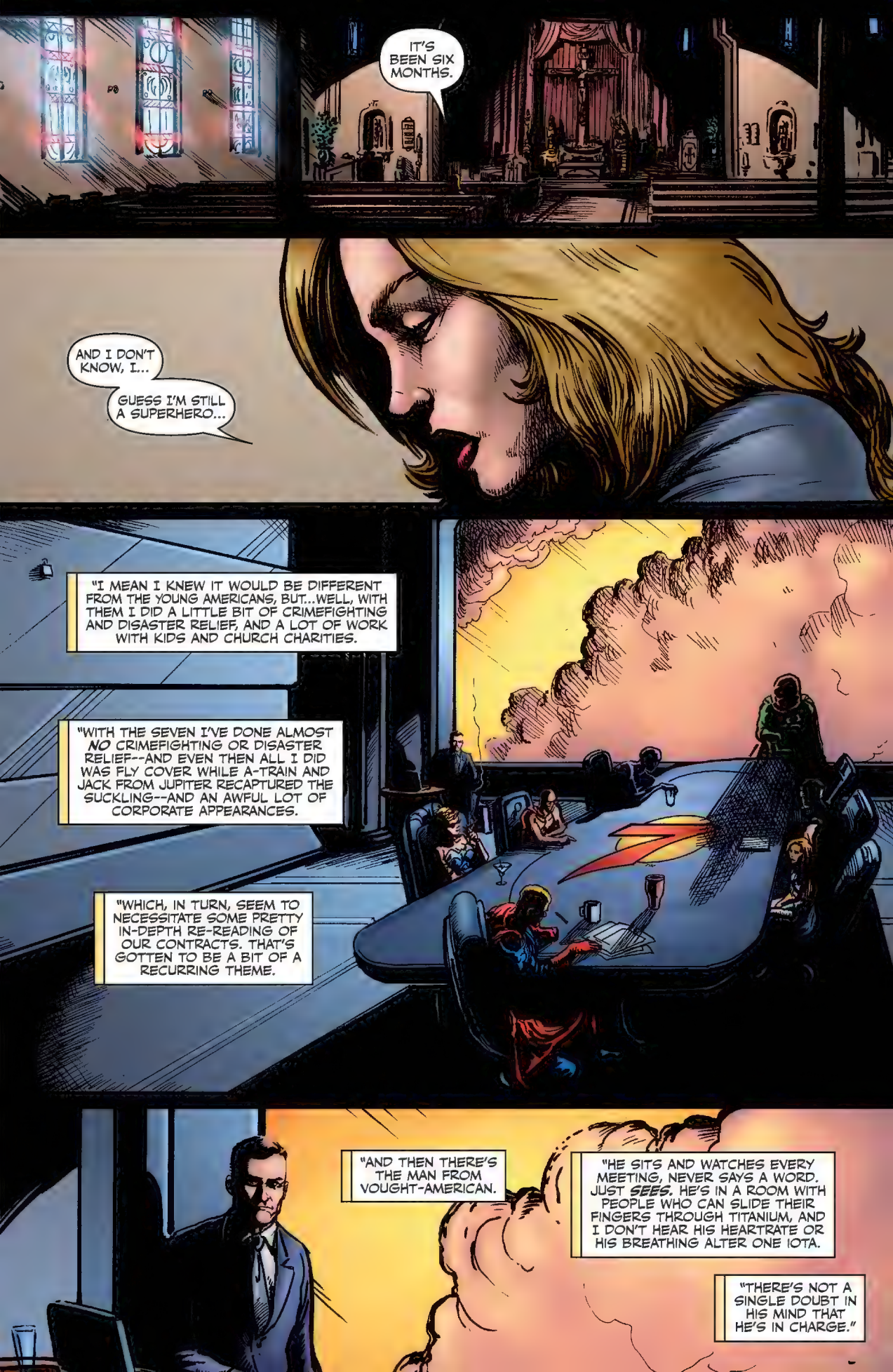
HALF A FUCKIN' HOUR YA BEEN CREASIN' THE FUCKIN' COVUHS, SWEATIN' ON 'EM WIT YA JIZ-STAINED FUCKIN' FINGUHS, TALKIN' YA STOOPID GODDAMN BULLSHIT! AN' I HAVE TO STAND HERE AN' FUCKIN' LISTEN TO IT?!
AAHHNNNNNH...!
GET OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT! YA COME BACK IN HERE, I'M GONNA VIOLATE ALL THREE A' YA WITH A GODDAMN MARV STATUE!

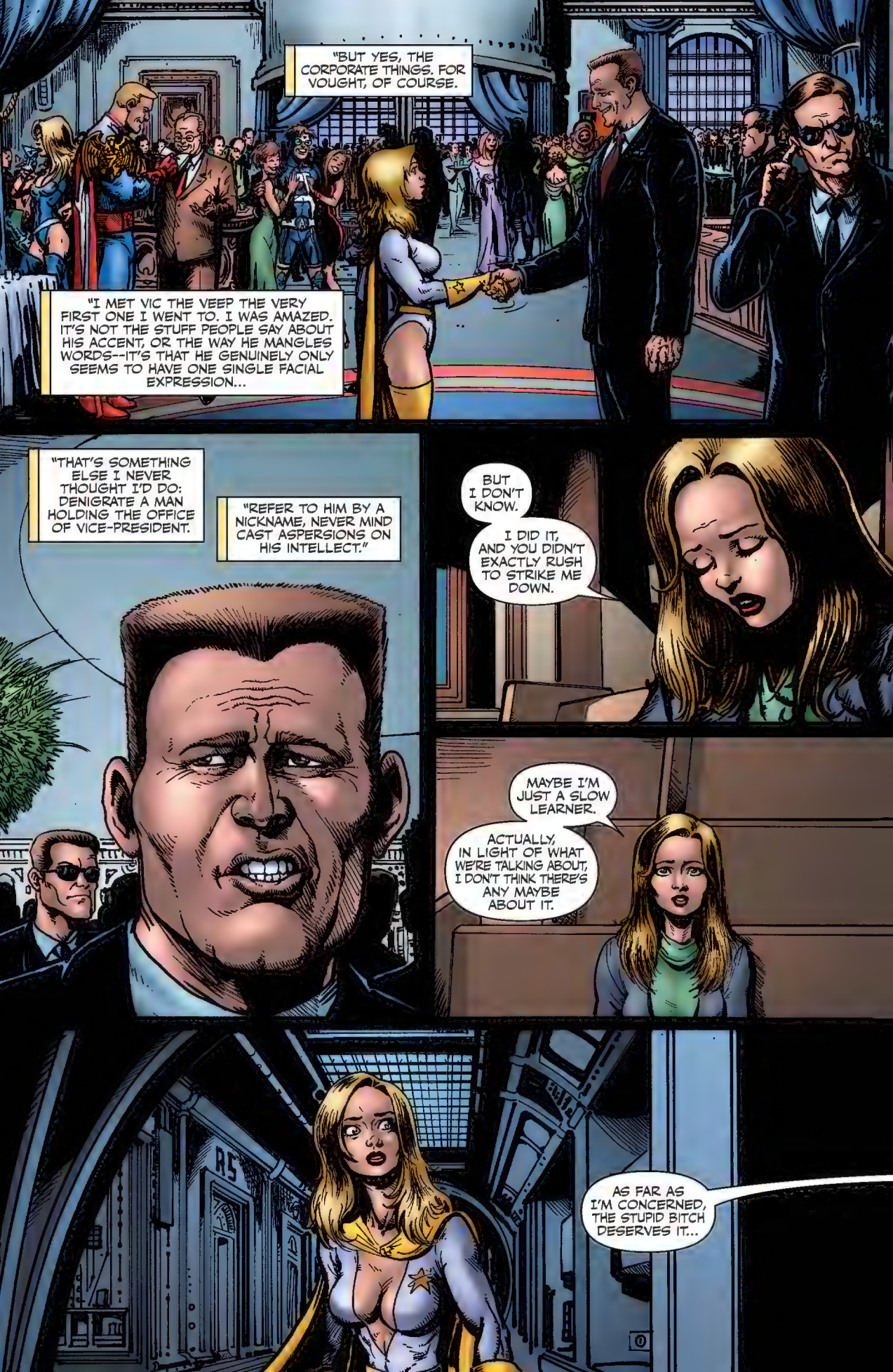
GO!!
WAAAHHHNNNNNHHH...!


YOU EVER THINK GUISEPPE MIGHT BE A WEE BIT BLASÉ ABOUT YOUR CUSTOMER BASE, SEAN?
WELL...FRIENDS WE GOT, YA AIN'T GOTTA DO A WHOLE LOTTA BUSINESS TO STAY IN BUSINESS. IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
YA MAY AS WELL GO ON DOWN, HUGHIE. HE'S EXPECTIN' YA.

HE'S NO' GONNA BE GETTIN' A BLOW-JOB OFF SOME SCRUBBER OR ANYTHIN', IS HE?
HAW.

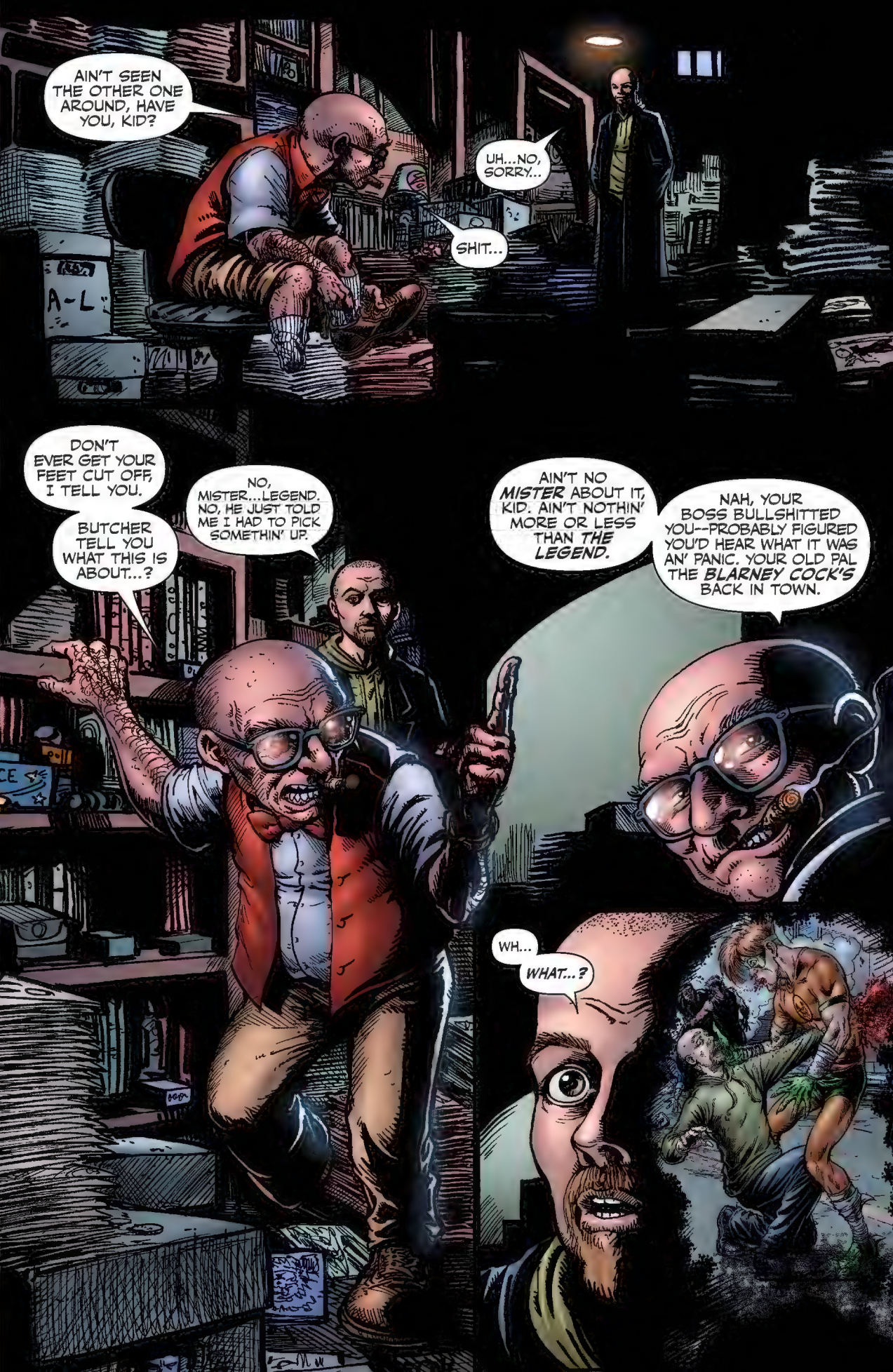
YOU BASTARD! YOU FUCKING SCUMBAG! I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!
D'YOU HEAR ME, YOU ASSHOLE! I HATE YOU!!
NOT FUCKIN' YET YOU DON'T, LUV--
GUMFF
HA HA HA HA HA OH, YESSSS--!
MMMNNNNGGHHHH!!


IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS.
AND I DON'T KNOW, I...
GUESS I'M STILL A SUPERHERO...
"I MEAN I KNEW IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT FROM THE YOUNG AMERICANS, BUT...WELL, WITH THEM I DID A LITTLE BIT OF CRIMEFIGHTING AND DISASTER RELIEF, AND A LOT OF WORK WITH KIDS AND CHURCH CHARITIES.
"WITH THE SEVEN I'VE DONE ALMOST NO CRIMEFIGHTING OR DISASTER RELIEF--AND EVEN THEN ALL I DID WAS FLY COVER WHILE A-TRAIN AND JACK FROM JUPITER RECAPTURED THE SUCKLING--AND AN AWFUL LOT OF CORPORATE APPEARANCES.
"WHICH, IN TURN, SEEM TO NECESSITATE SOME PRETTY IN-DEPTH RE-READING OF OUR CONTRACTS. THAT'S GOTTEN TO BE A BIT OF A RECURRING THEME.
"AND THEN THERE'S THE MAN FROM VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
"HE SITS AND WATCHES EVERY MEETING, NEVER SAYS A WORD. JUST SEES. HE'S IN A ROOM WITH PEOPLE WHO CAN SLIDE THEIR FINGERS THROUGH TITANIUM, AND I DON'T HEAR HIS HEARTRATE OR HIS BREATHING ALTER ONE IOTA.
"THERE'S NOT A SINGLE DOUBT IN HIS MIND THAT HE'S IN CHARGE."

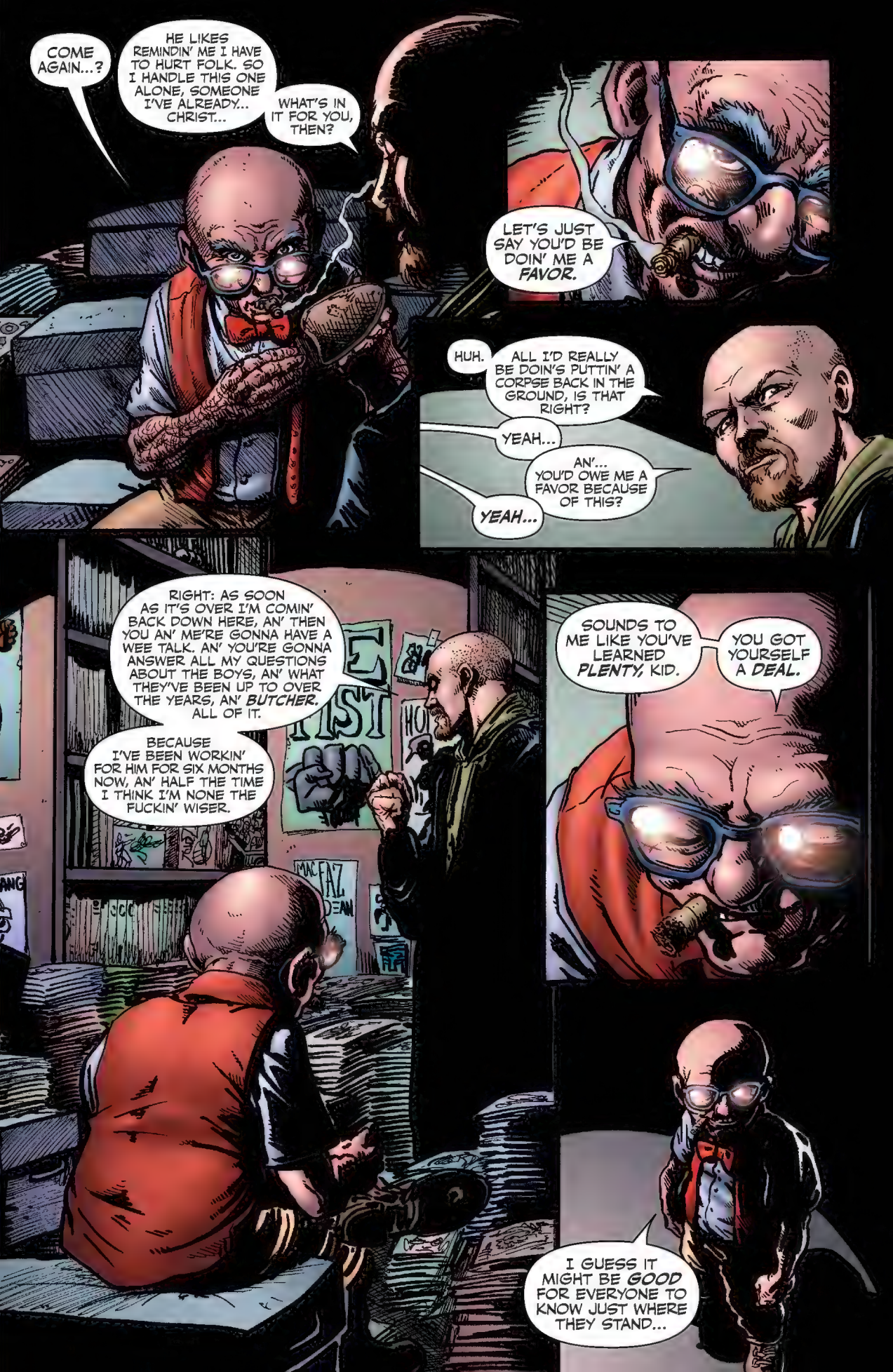

"BUT YES, THE CORPORATE THINGS. FOR VOUGHT, OF COURSE.
"I MET VIC THE VEEP THE VERY FIRST ONE I WENT TO. I WAS AMAZED. IT'S NOT THE STUFF PEOPLE SAY ABOUT HIS ACCENT, OR THE WAY HE MANGLES WORDS--IT'S THAT HE GENUINELY ONLY SEEMS TO HAVE ONE SINGLE FACIAL EXPRESSION...
"THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE I NEVER THOUGHT I'D DO: DENIGRATE A MAN HOLDING THE OFFICE OF VICE-PRESIDENT.
"REFER TO HIM BY A NICKNAME, NEVER MIND CAST ASPERSIONS ON HIS INTELLECT."
BUT I DON'T KNOW.
I DID IT, AND YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY RUSH TO STRIKE ME DOWN.
MAYBE I'M JUST A SLOW LEARNER.
ACTUALLY, IN LIGHT OF WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY MAYBE ABOUT IT.
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE STUPID BITCH DESERVES IT...

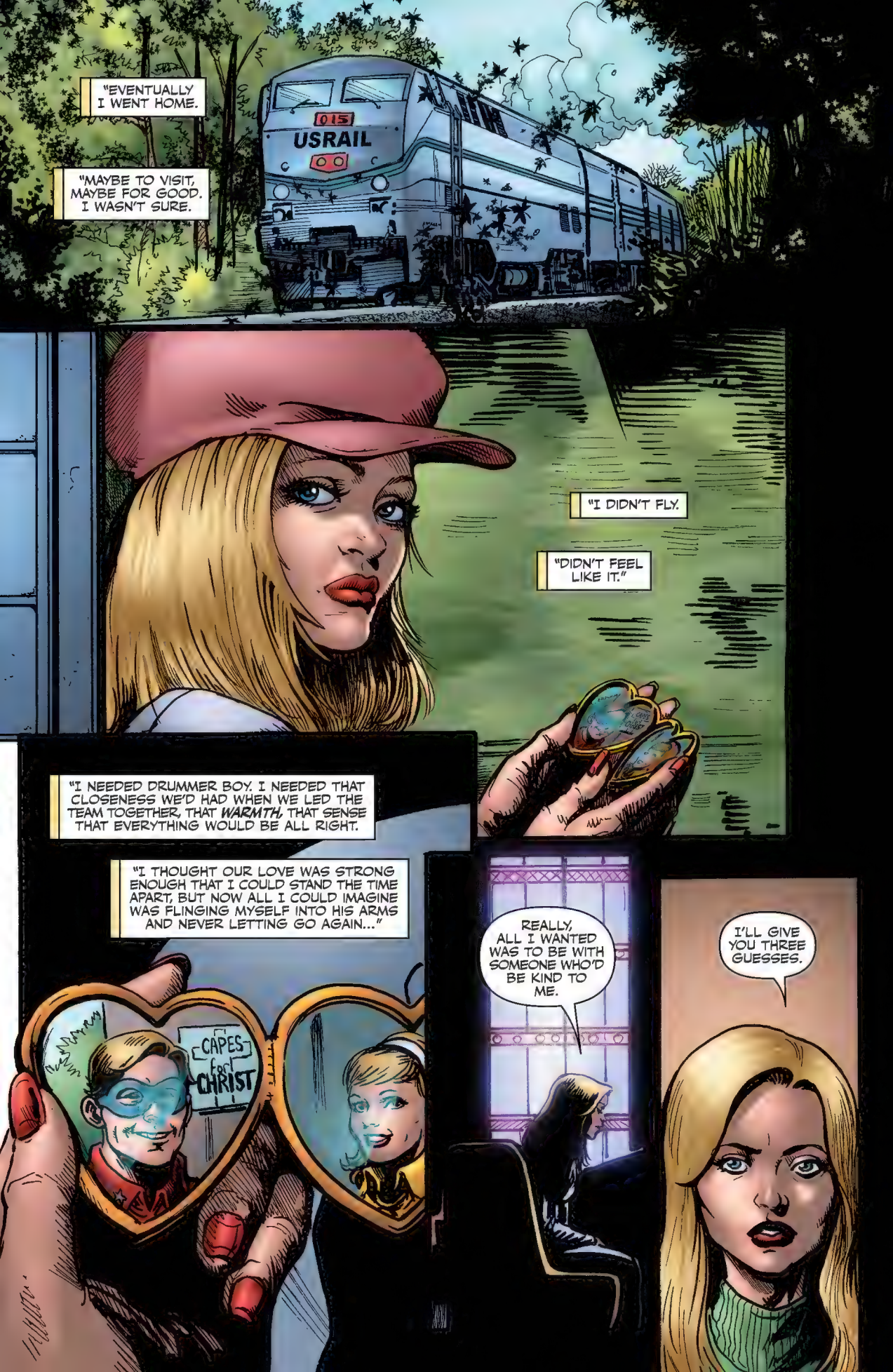
IF SHE CAN'T EVEN FIGURE OUT WE DON'T GO UNDERCOVER-- I MEAN WE'RE THE SEVEN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, NOT FUCKING DONNIE BRASCO...
WHAT'S THIS?
YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT...?
YOU TELL HIM.
OKAY, WELL, WE CONVINCE YOU-KNOW-WHO THE FOURTEEN ARE BACK, AND WE TELL HER THEY'RE INFILTRATING HUMAN SOCIETY--IN CHELSEA. WE HAVE TO GET A MOLE INTO THEIR ORGANIZATION, SO IF SHE'LL CHANGE INTO HER CIVVIES AND GO TO A CERTAIN BAR AT A CERTAIN TIME, SHE'LL MEET A SECRET CONTACT WHO'LL TELL HER WHAT TO DO.
AND THE NAME OF THE CONTACT IS, WE TELL HER...
"LESLEY BEAN."
OH, JESUS...!
"AH, EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR LES BEAN? HELLO, YES, IS THERE A LES BEAN HERE?"
ANYWAY, SHE GOES INTO THIS DYKE PLACE AND STARTS ASKING AROUND FOR OLD LES, AND EVENTUALLY ONE OF THEM TAKES OFFENSE AND PUNCHES HER.
BOOM. SHE PANICS. ONE MILLION CANDLEPOWER, BLIND RUG-MUNCHERS RUNNING AROUND SCREAMING LIKE BANSHEES, EXIT NANCY FUCKING DREW STAGE LEFT.
"UM...I DON'T THINK YOU TOLD ME THE RIGHT BAR..."
Blog Watch

HA HA HA HA HA...!
UH-HUH. VERY GOOD.
BETTER THAN MIKE HUNT, AT ANY RATE.
DUDE, WE SHOULD TRY THAT NEXT--!
SHIT, WHY NOT, SHE'S BEEN DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE...
ACTUALLY, SHE'S NOT STUPID, THAT'S THE INTERESTING THING.
STREET JURNAL
SHE'S A BELIEVER.
A SUBTLE BUT IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.
WHAT?
SEE WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS?

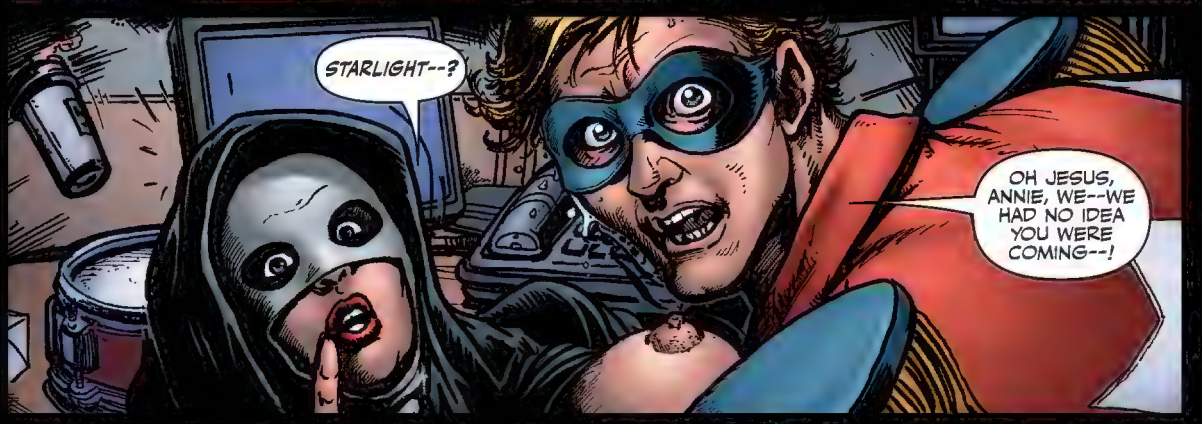

AIN'T SEEN THE OTHER ONE AROUND, HAVE YOU, KID?
UH...NO, SORRY...
SHIT...
DON'T EVER GET YOUR FEET CUT OFF, I TELL YOU.
BUTCHER TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS ABOUT...?
NO, MISTER...LEGEND. NO, HE JUST TOLD ME I HAD TO PICK SOMETHIN' UP.
AIN'T NO *MISTER* ABOUT IT, KID. AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE OR LESS THAN *THE LEGEND.*
NAH, YOUR BOSS BULLSHITTED YOU--PROBABLY FIGURED YOU'D HEAR WHAT IT WAS AN' PANIC. YOUR OLD PAL THE *BLARNEY COCK'S* BACK IN TOWN.
WH...
WHAT...?

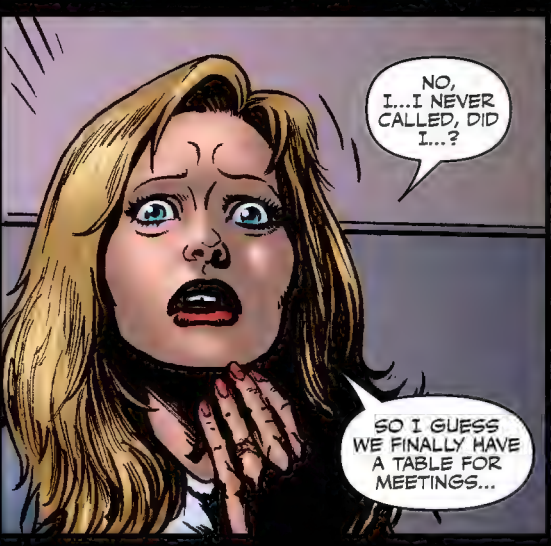
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU MEAN THERE'S A NEW ONE? ANOTHER SUPE'S TAKEN ON THE NAME?
NO, I MEAN THE SON OF A BITCH YOU KILLED'S COME BACK FROM THE DEAD. THE ACTUAL BLARNEY COCK.
WHERE IS THE GODDAMN THING...?
AW, FUCK ME...!
THESE ASSHOLES ARE ALWAYS DOIN' IT, KID. JUST LIKE IN THE FUCKING COMIC BOOKS...
IDEA IS, EVEN THE GRAVE CAN'T HOLD A REAL HERO. PUBLIC SEES SOME COCKSUCKER ALIVE AN' WELL AFTER HE DIED, IT MAKES 'EM THINK THE SUPES ARE MORE SUPER THAN EVER.
ALL BULLSHIT. THERE'S ENOUGH COMPOUND V LEFT IN THEIR BRAINS TO KINDA JUMP-START 'EM. THEY DO A COUPLA P.R. APPEARANCES, WAVE TO THE CAMERA--AFTER THAT THEY'RE KEPT WELL IN THE BACKGROUND...
SO, TEENAGE KIX ARE HAVIN' THE PRESS OVER NEXT WEEK, SHOW 'EM THEIR LITTLE MIRACLE BUDDY. WE WANT YOU TO MAKE SURE THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' FOR 'EM TO SHOW...
WHY, ARE THEY NO' QUITE RIGHT?
THEY'RE RETARDED. YOU CAN RE-ANIMATE A BODY, BUT A MIND... GOOD FUCKING LUCK.
YOU MEAN KILL HIM? AGAIN?
WHY ME?
POINT BUTCHER'S TRYNNA MAKE: THE BOYS KILL YOU, YOU STAY KILLED...
AYE.
TO ME, AS WELL AS THE FUCKIN' SUPES.


COME AGAIN...?
HE LIKES REMINDIN' ME I HAVE TO HURT FOLK. SO I HANDLE THIS ONE ALONE, SOMEONE I'VE ALREADY... CHRIST...
WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU, THEN?
LET'S JUST SAY YOU'D BE DOIN' ME A FAVOR.
HUH.
ALL I'D REALLY BE DOIN'S PUTTIN' A CORPSE BACK IN THE GROUND, IS THAT RIGHT?
YEAH...
AN'... YOU'D OWE ME A FAVOR BECAUSE OF THIS?
YEAH...
RIGHT: AS SOON AS IT'S OVER I'M COMIN' BACK DOWN HERE, AN' THEN YOU AN' ME'RE GONNA HAVE A WEE TALK. AN' YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER ALL MY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE BOYS, AN' WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO OVER THE YEARS, AN' BUTCHER. ALL OF IT.
BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WORKIN' FOR HIM FOR SIX MONTHS NOW, AN' HALF THE TIME I THINK I'M NONE THE FUCKIN' WISER.
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'VE LEARNED PLENTY, KID.
YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL.
I GUESS IT MIGHT BE GOOD FOR EVERYONE TO KNOW JUST WHERE THEY STAND...

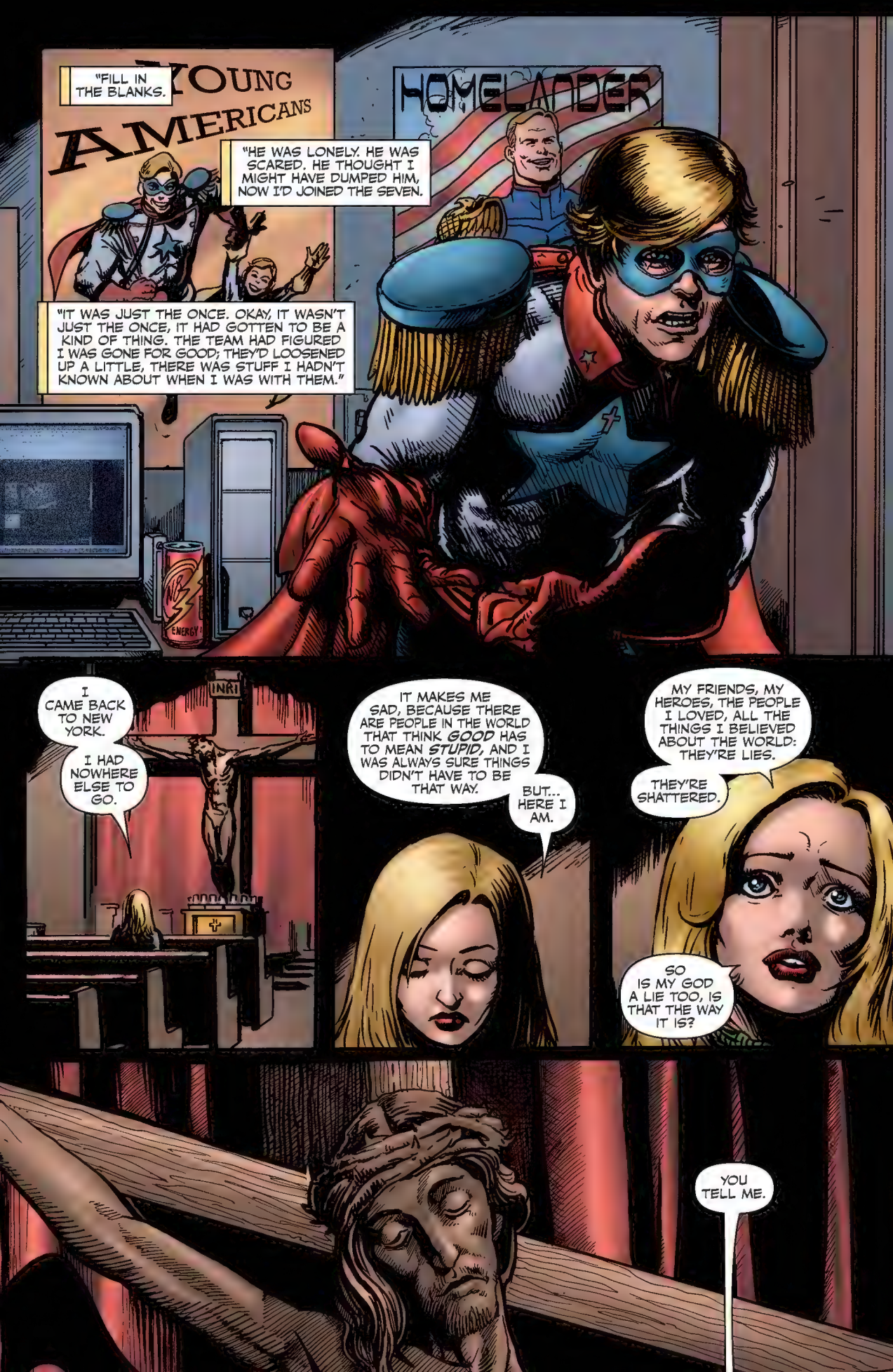

"EVENTUALLY I WENT HOME.
"MAYBE TO VISIT, MAYBE FOR GOOD. I WASN'T SURE.
015
USRAIL
"I DIDN'T FLY.
"DIDN'T FEEL LIKE IT."
"I NEEDED DRUMMER BOY. I NEEDED THAT CLOSENESS WE'D HAD WHEN WE LED THE TEAM TOGETHER, THAT *WARMTH*, THAT SENSE THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT.
"I THOUGHT OUR LOVE WAS STRONG ENOUGH THAT I COULD STAND THE TIME APART, BUT NOW ALL I COULD IMAGINE WAS FLINGING MYSELF INTO HIS ARMS AND NEVER LETTING GO AGAIN..."
CAPES for CHRIST
REALLY, ALL I WANTED WAS TO BE WITH SOMEONE WHO'D BE KIND TO ME.
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES.

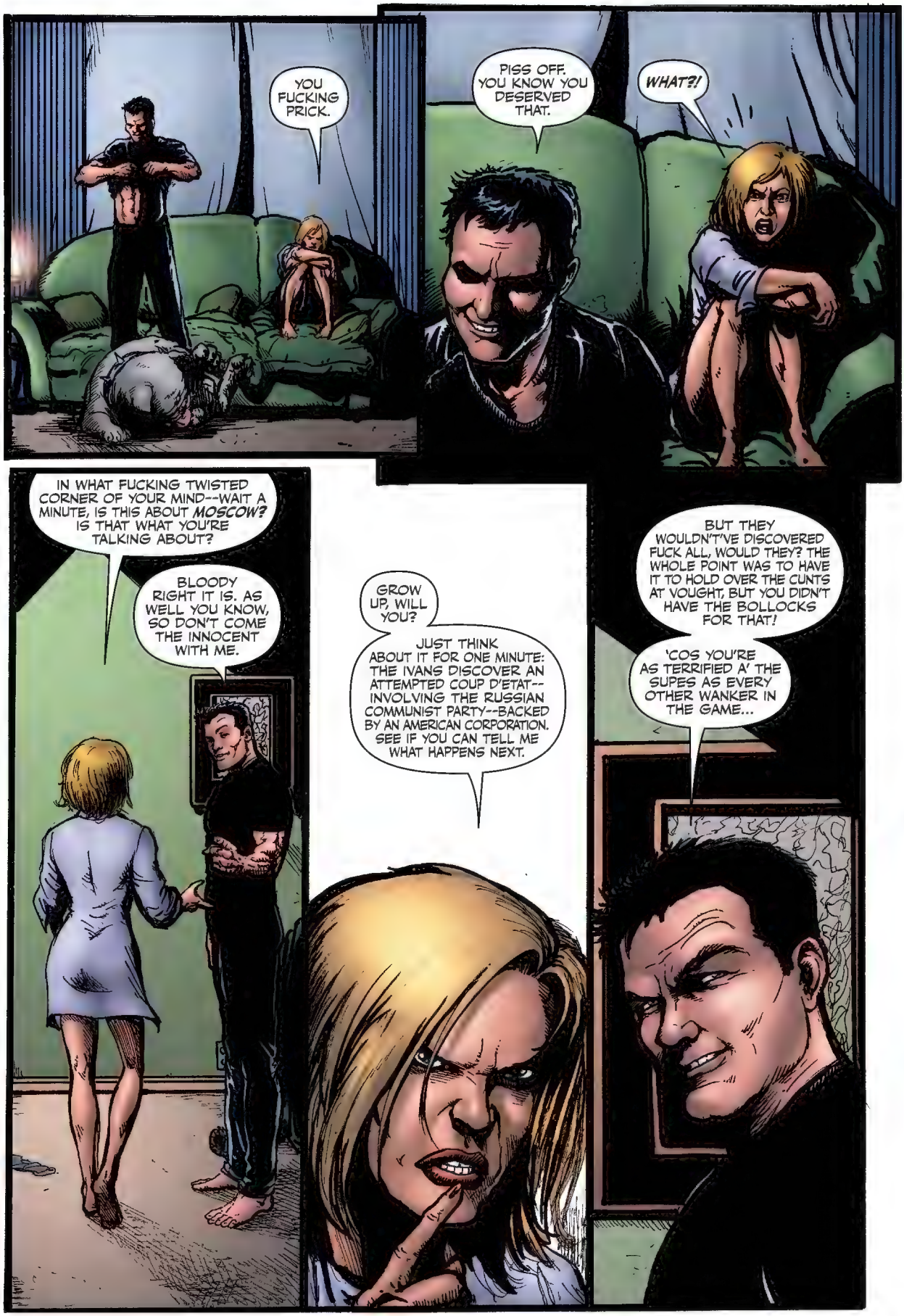
DRUMMER BOY?
HOLY MARY?
OH, SHIT.


STARLIGHT--?
OH JESUS, ANNIE, WE--WE HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE COMING--!

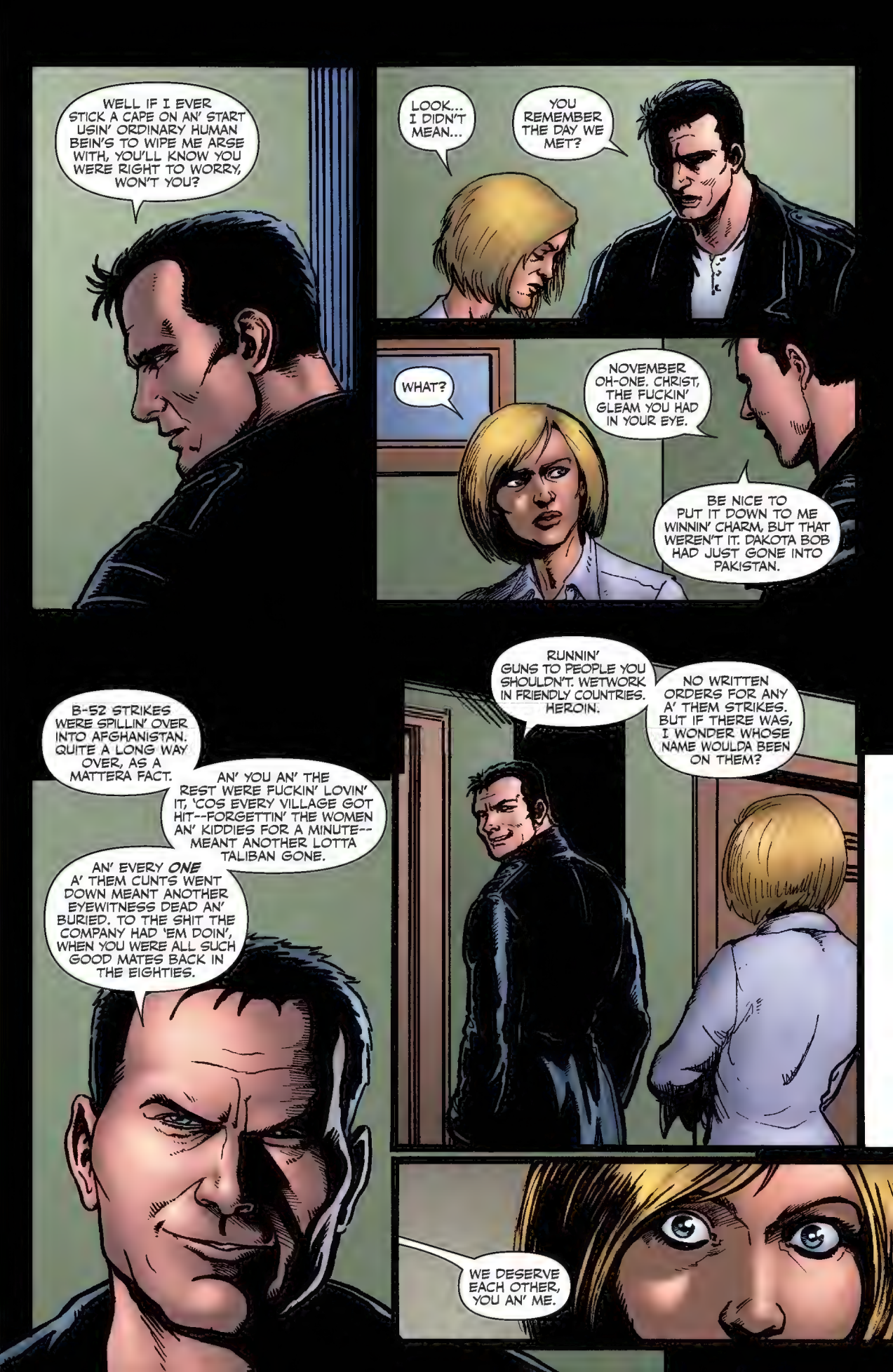

NO, I...I NEVER CALLED, DID I...?
SO I GUESS WE FINALLY HAVE A TABLE FOR MEETINGS...

ANNIE, I'M SORRY-- I--IT WAS--
YOU SAID...ESS AITCH EYE TEE.
AND YOU TOOK THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN.

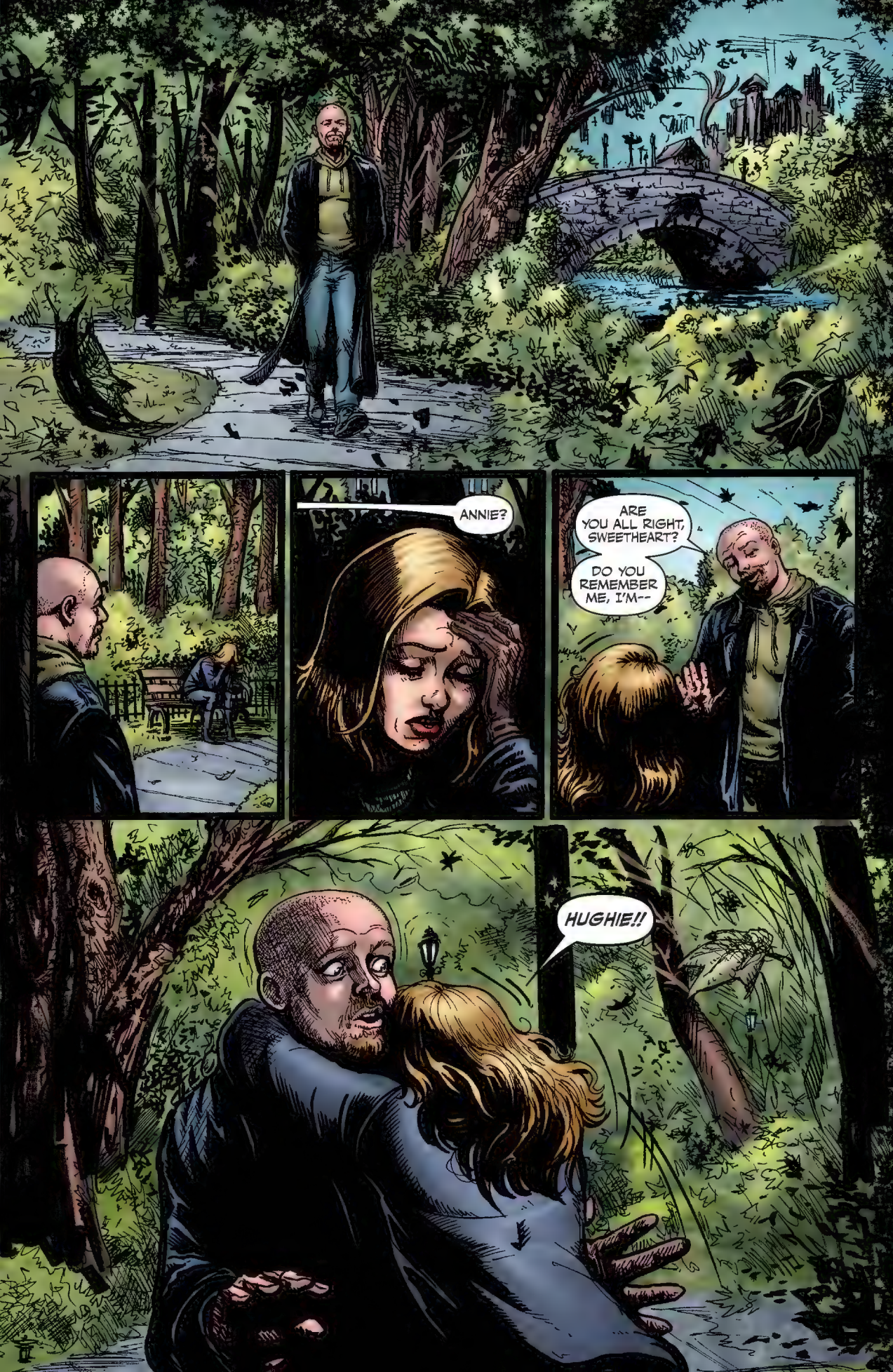

"FILL IN THE BLANKS.
YOUNG AMERICANS
HOMELANDER
"HE WAS LONELY. HE WAS SCARED. HE THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE DUMPED HIM, NOW I'D JOINED THE SEVEN.
"IT WAS JUST THE ONCE. OKAY, IT WASN'T JUST THE ONCE, IT HAD GOTTEN TO BE A KIND OF THING. THE TEAM HAD FIGURED I WAS GONE FOR GOOD; THEY'D LOOSENED UP A LITTLE, THERE WAS STUFF I HADN'T KNOWN ABOUT WHEN I WAS WITH THEM."
ENERGY
I CAME BACK TO NEW YORK.
I HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.
INRI
IT MAKES ME SAD, BECAUSE THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD THAT THINK *GOOD* HAS TO MEAN *STUPID*, AND I WAS ALWAYS SURE THINGS DIDN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY.
BUT... HERE I AM.
MY FRIENDS, MY HEROES, THE PEOPLE I LOVED, ALL THE THINGS I BELIEVED ABOUT THE WORLD: THEY'RE LIES.
THEY'RE SHATTERED.
SO IS MY GOD A LIE TOO, IS THAT THE WAY IT IS?
YOU TELL ME.

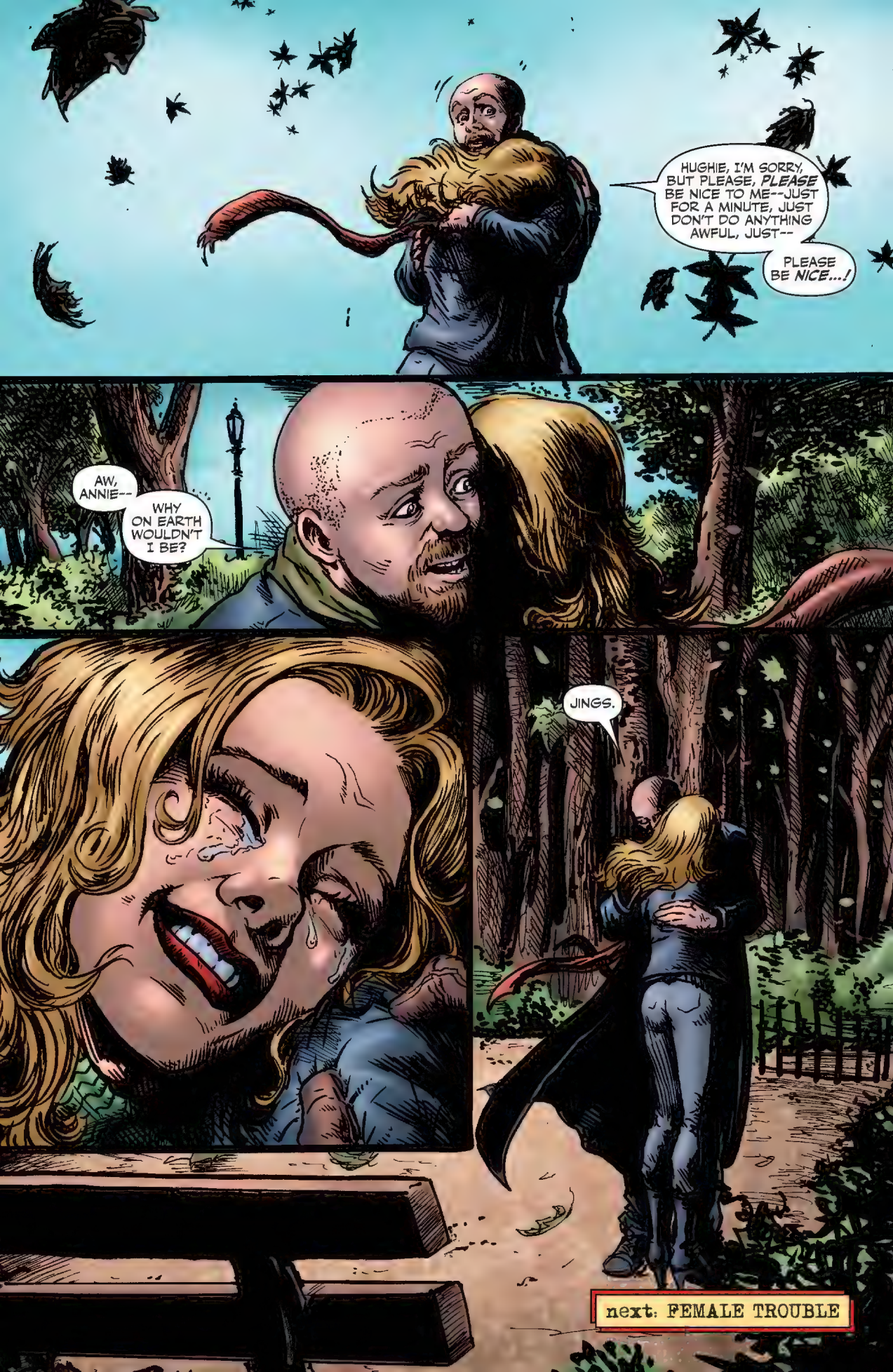

YOU FUCKING PRICK.
PISS OFF. YOU KNOW YOU DESERVED THAT.
WHAT?!
IN WHAT FUCKING TWISTED CORNER OF YOUR MIND--WAIT A MINUTE, IS THIS ABOUT MOSCOW? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
BLOODY RIGHT IT IS. AS WELL YOU KNOW, SO DON'T COME THE INNOCENT WITH ME.
GROW UP, WILL YOU?
JUST THINK ABOUT IT FOR ONE MINUTE: THE IVANS DISCOVER AN ATTEMPTED COUP D'ETAT--INVOLVING THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY--BACKED BY AN AMERICAN CORPORATION. SEE IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
BUT THEY WOULDN'T'VE DISCOVERED FUCK ALL, WOULD THEY? THE WHOLE POINT WAS TO HAVE IT TO HOLD OVER THE CUNTS AT VOUGHT, BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE BOLLOCKS FOR THAT!
'COS YOU'RE AS TERRIFIED A' THE SUPES AS EVERY OTHER WANKER IN THE GAME...

VOUGHT-AMERICAN HAVE A LOT OF SUPERPOWER AT THEIR DISPOSAL, NO ONE'S DENYING THAT. BUT HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT ELSE THEY HAVE?
FRIENDS, BUTCHER. IN CONGRESS, IN THE MEDIA, IN THE WHITE HOUSE. VIC THE VEEP, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
HOW FAR DO YOU THINK WE'D REALLY GET IF WE TRIED SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
IT'S TOO LATE, ANYWAY. THINGS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SET IN MOTION.
MEANIN' JOSEF CHEMENKO'S GOIN' SWIMMIN', AN' THE BLOKE I NABBED'S ALREADY FALLEN OUT OF A C-130 OVER THE BERING STRAIT.
GIVE US A SHOUT IF YOU EVER WANT THAT QUESTION ANSWERED, MADAM DIRECTOR.
OH, DON'T BE SO DRAMATIC, WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO JUMP SHIP.
I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY, ANYWAY, YOU WIPED OUT EVERY SINGLE SUPE INVOLVED--AND YES, THANKS FOR LEAVING US TO CLEAN THAT ONE UP. VERY MUCH APPRECIATED, I ASSURE YOU.
LITTLE NINA TRIED TO DO FOR US, REMEMBER, ON THIS VOUGHT TOSSER'S RECOMMENDATION. I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE LEAVIN' ALL THAT MUSCLE AROUND FOR THE NEXT THING THE TWATS'VE GOT PLANNED.
BESIDES, THE ORDER SAID TERMINATE. I TERMINATED.
YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL I MEANT NINA NAMENKO, NOT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY OTHER PEOPLE--!
A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SUPES, RAYNER. DON'T GET SENTIMENTAL, EH?
YOU HAVE COMPOUND V IN YOU TOO, YOU KNOW IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT.
YOU SEE, THIS IS THE KIND OF STUFF THAT WORRIES ME ABOUT YOU. THAT REALLY DOES GET ME THINKING.


WELL IF I EVER STICK A CAPE ON AN' START USIN' ORDINARY HUMAN BEIN'S TO WIPE ME ARSE WITH, YOU'LL KNOW YOU WERE RIGHT TO WORRY, WON'T YOU?
LOOK... I DIDN'T MEAN...
YOU REMEMBER THE DAY WE MET?
WHAT?
NOVEMBER OH-ONE. CHRIST, THE FUCKIN' GLEAM YOU HAD IN YOUR EYE.
BE NICE TO PUT IT DOWN TO ME WINNIN' CHARM, BUT THAT WEREN'T IT. DAKOTA BOB HAD JUST GONE INTO PAKISTAN.
B-52 STRIKES WERE SPILLIN' OVER INTO AFGHANISTAN. QUITE A LONG WAY OVER, AS A MATTERA FACT.
AN' YOU AN' THE REST WERE FUCKIN' LOVIN' IT, 'COS EVERY VILLAGE GOT HIT--FORGETTIN' THE WOMEN AN' KIDDIES FOR A MINUTE--MEANT ANOTHER LOTTA TALIBAN GONE.
AN' EVERY ONE A' THEM CUNTS WENT DOWN MEANT ANOTHER EYEWITNESS DEAD AN' BURIED. TO THE SHIT THE COMPANY HAD 'EM DOIN', WHEN YOU WERE ALL SUCH GOOD MATES BACK IN THE EIGHTIES.
RUNNIN' GUNS TO PEOPLE YOU SHOULDN'T. WETWORK IN FRIENDLY COUNTRIES. HEROIN.
NO WRITTEN ORDERS FOR ANY A' THEM STRIKES. BUT IF THERE WAS, I WONDER WHOSE NAME WOULDA BEEN ON THEM?
WE DESERVE EACH OTHER, YOU AN' ME.

YOU'RE NOT THERE.
ALL MY LIFE--


ANNIE?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART?
DO YOU REMEMBER ME, I'M--
HUGHIE!!


HUGHIE, I'M SORRY, BUT PLEASE, *PLEASE* BE NICE TO ME--JUST FOR A MINUTE, JUST DON'T DO ANYTHING AWFUL, JUST--
PLEASE BE *NICE...!*
AW, ANNIE--
WHY ON EARTH WOULDN'T I BE?
JINGS.
next: FEMALE TROUBLE

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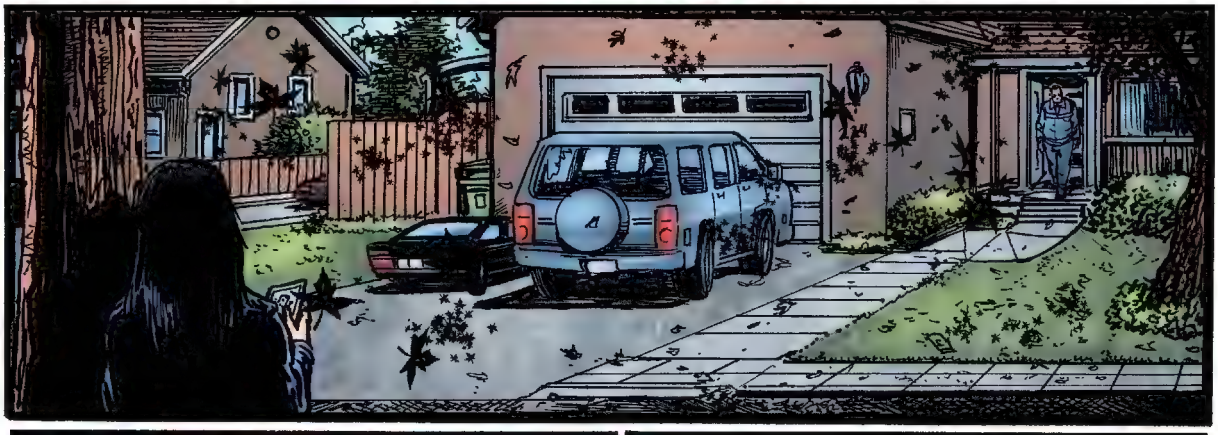
GOOD FOR THE SOUL

part two



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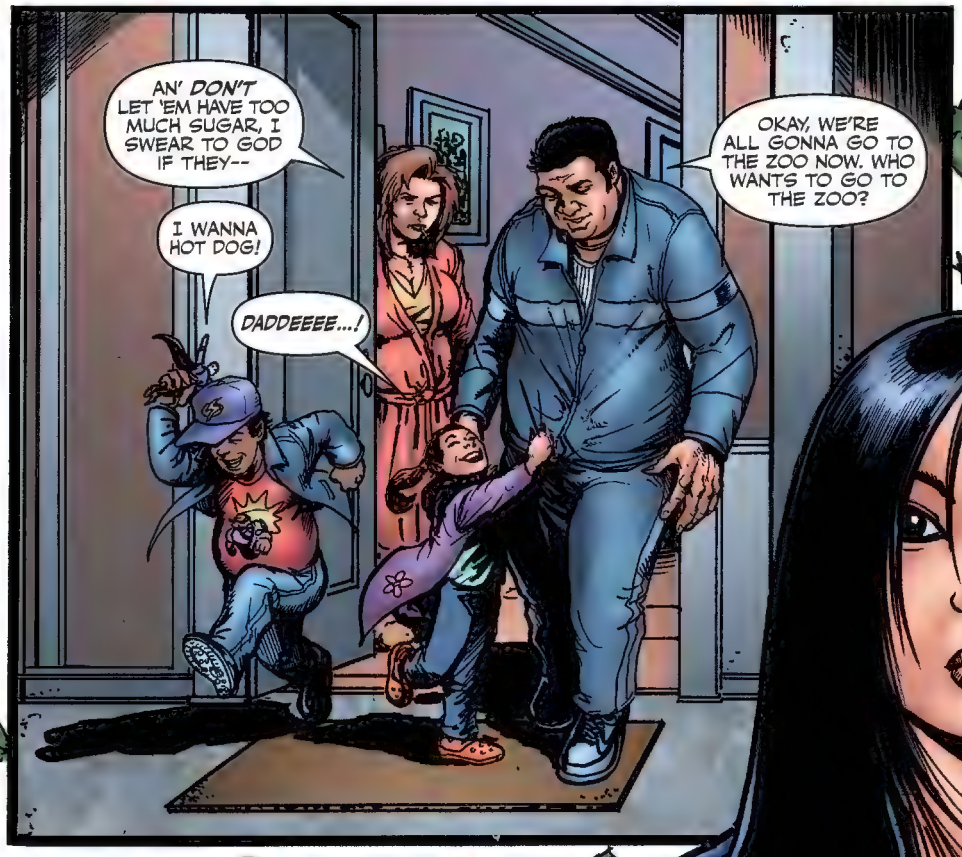
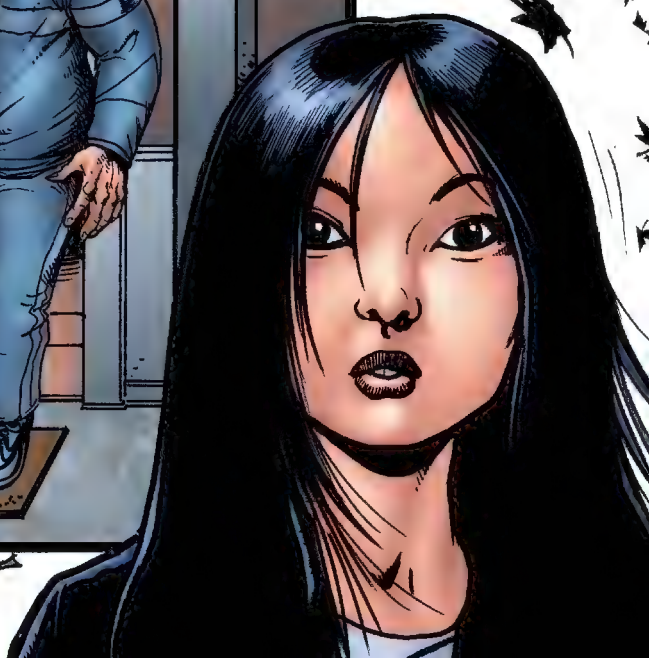
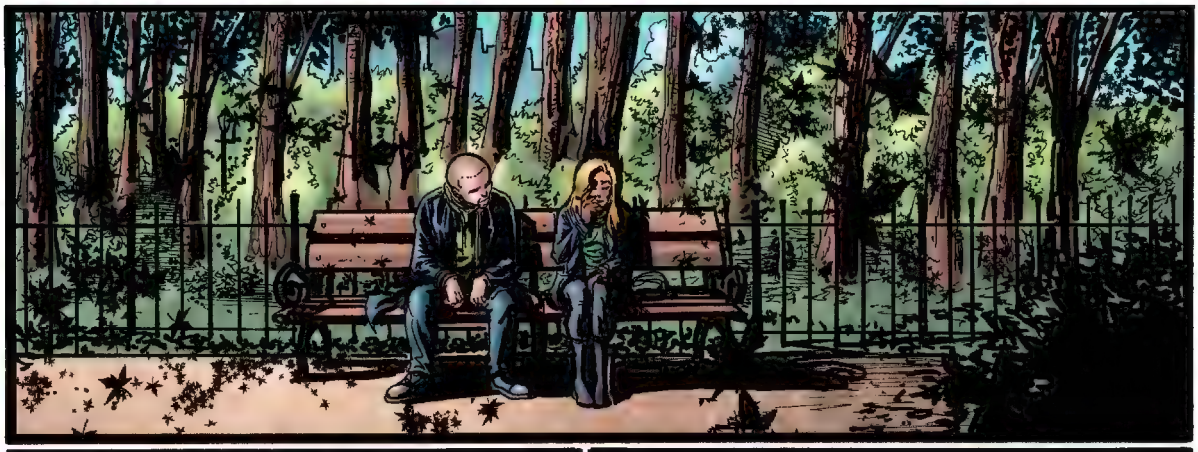
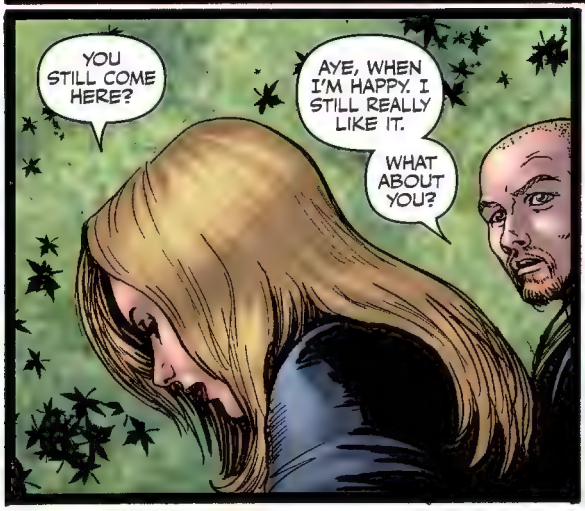
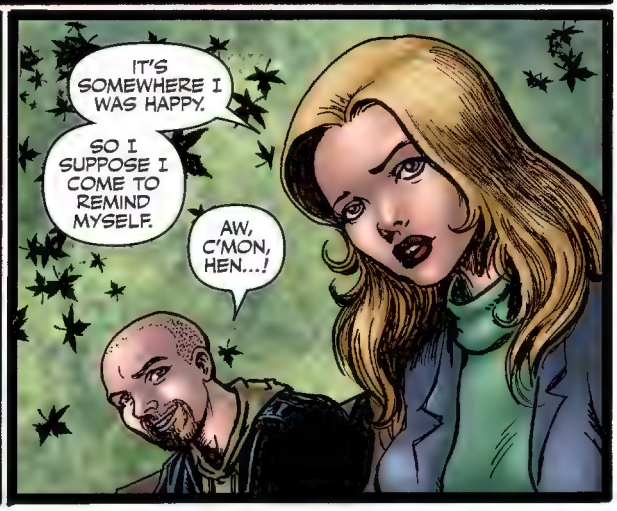
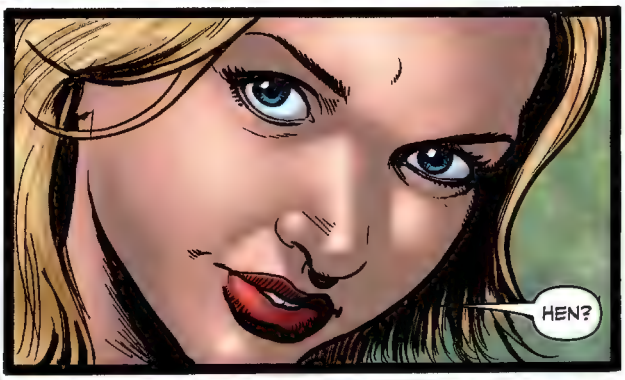

AN' DON'T LET 'EM HAVE TOO MUCH SUGAR, I SWEAR TO GOD IF THEY--
I WANNA HOT DOG!
DADDEEEE...!
OKAY, WE'RE ALL GONNA GO TO THE ZOO NOW. WHO WANTS TO GO TO THE ZOO?



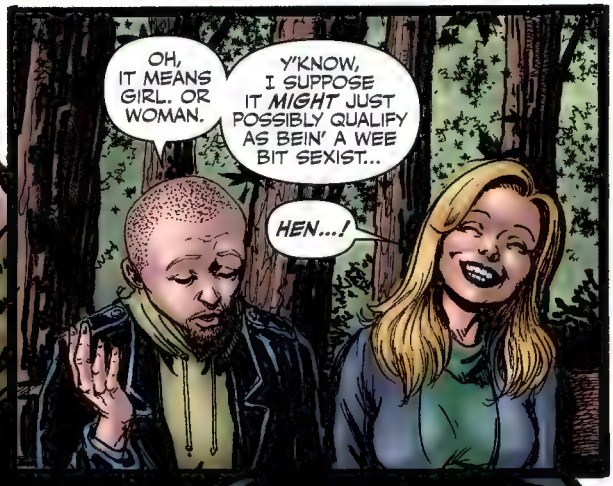


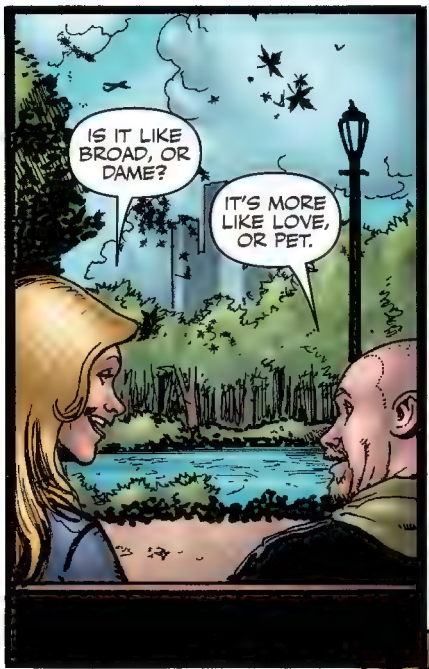

YOU STILL COME HERE?
AYE, WHEN I'M HAPPY. I STILL REALLY LIKE IT.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?


IT'S SOMEWHERE I WAS HAPPY.
SO I SUPPOSE I COME TO REMIND MYSELF.
AW, C'MON, HEN...!

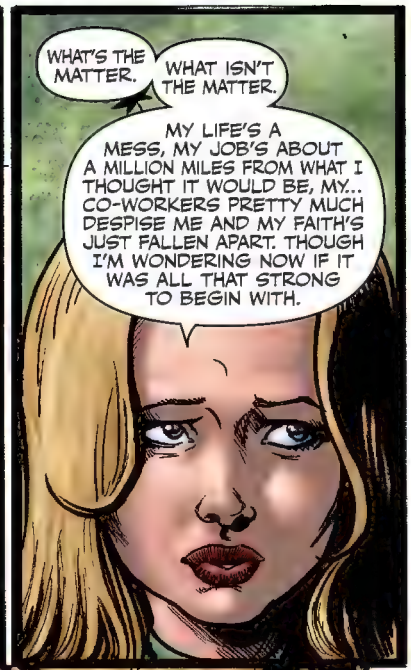

HEN?

YOU'RE NO' SERIOUSLY TRYNNA TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN MISERABLE FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS, ARE YOU? C'MON NOW!

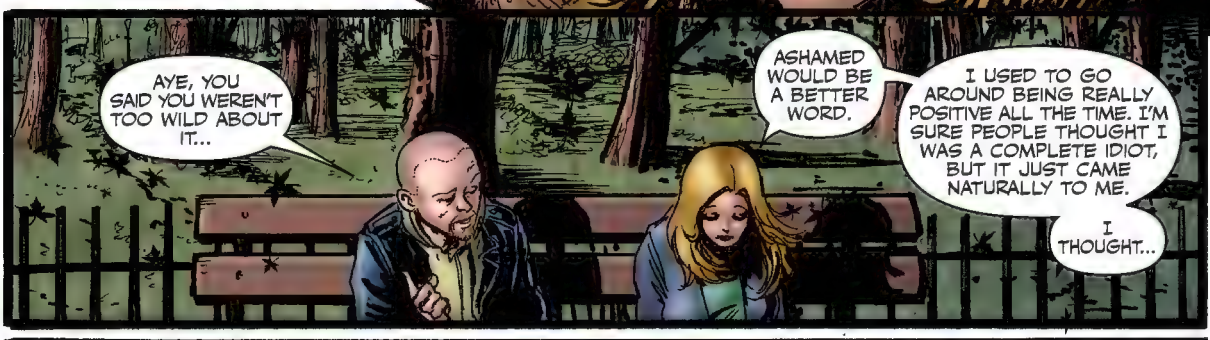

OH, IT MEANS GIRL. OR WOMAN.
Y'KNOW, I SUPPOSE IT *MIGHT* JUST POSSIBLY QUALIFY AS BEIN' A WEE BIT SEXIST...
HEN...!

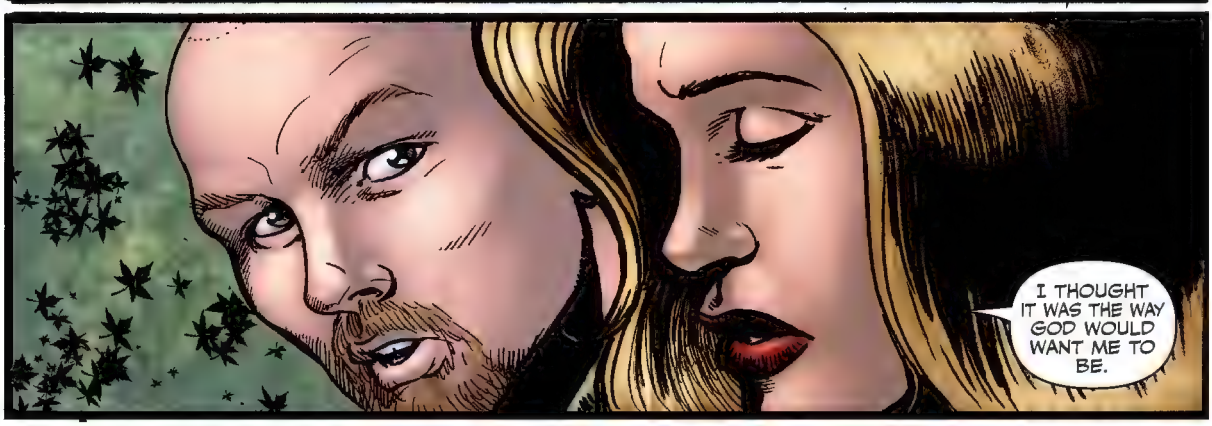

IS IT LIKE BROAD, OR DAME?
IT'S MORE LIKE LOVE, OR PET.

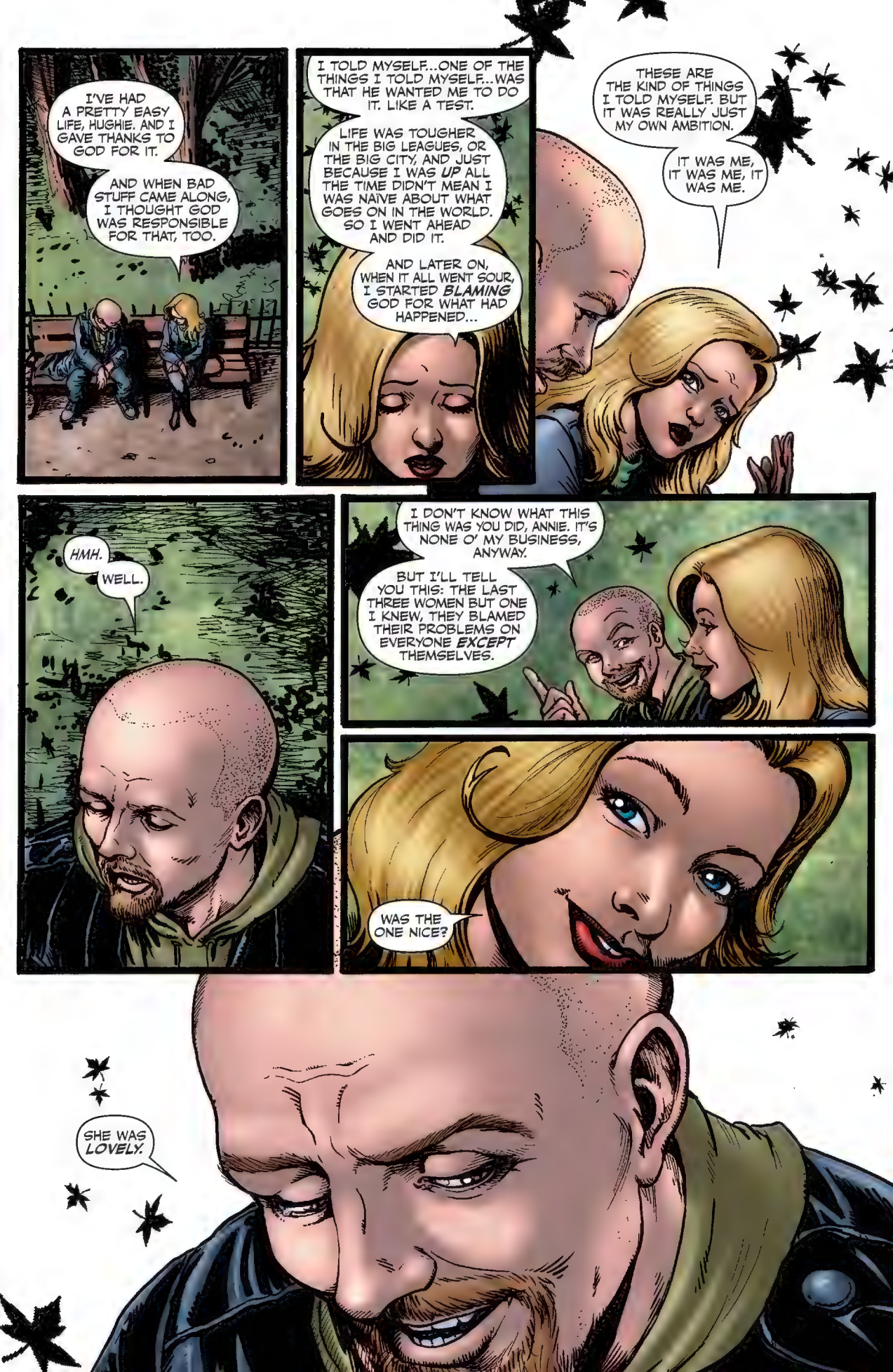
I MEAN NOT LIKE, YOU KNOW, I MEAN-- JUST FRIENDLY, LIKE...
SO, SO WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANYWAY?

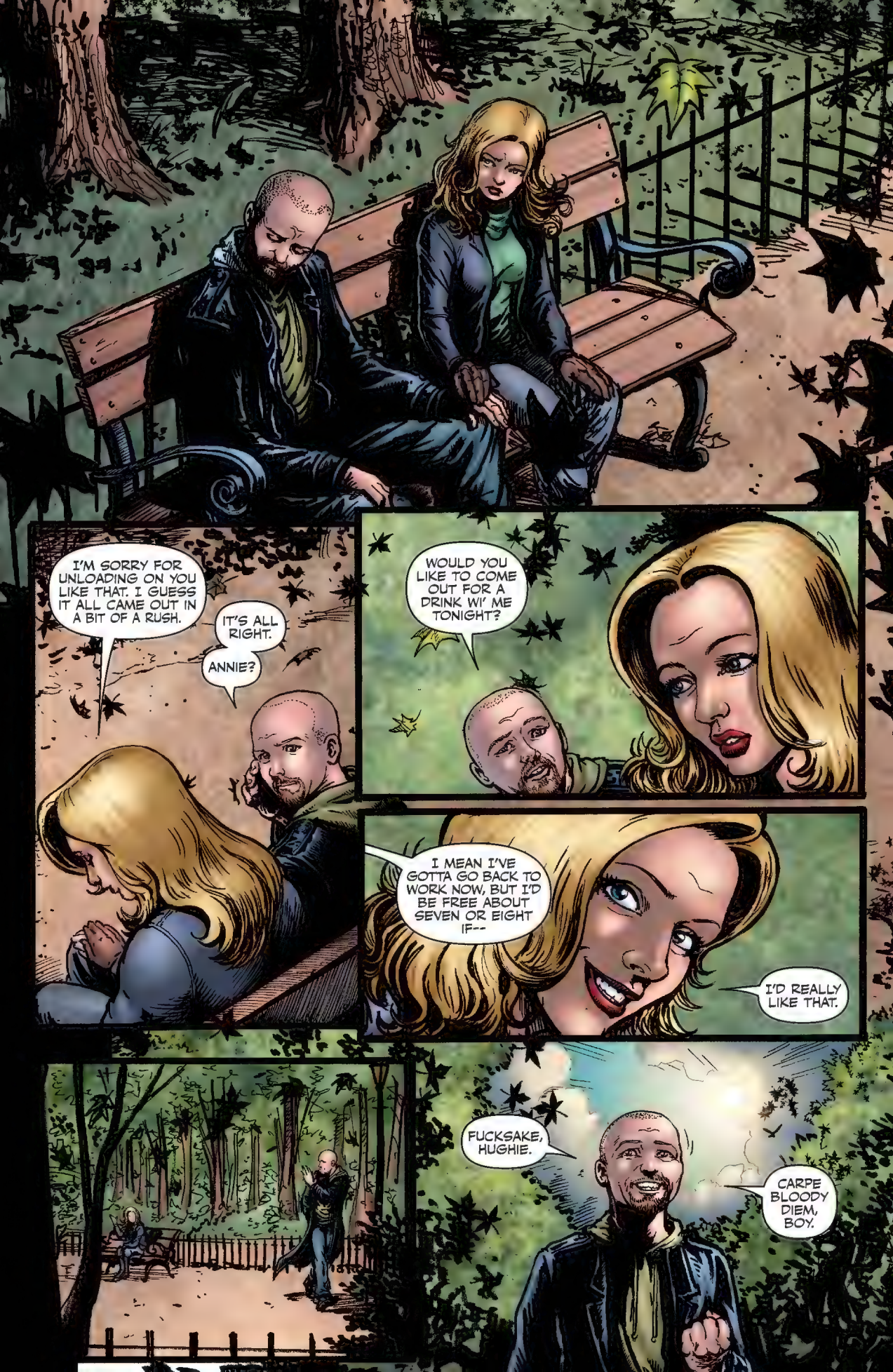

WHAT'S THE MATTER.
WHAT ISN'T THE MATTER.
MY LIFE'S A MESS, MY JOB'S ABOUT A MILLION MILES FROM WHAT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE, MY... CO-WORKERS PRETTY MUCH DESPISE ME AND MY FAITH'S JUST FALLEN APART. THOUGH I'M WONDERING NOW IF IT WAS ALL THAT STRONG TO BEGIN WITH.

OH, YOU'RE A CHRISTIAN OR WHATEVER, ARE YOU?
I SUPPOSE SO.
DO YOU REMEMBER I SAID I HAD TO DO SOME THINGS TO GET THE JOB I WANTED?


AYE, YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T TOO WILD ABOUT IT...
ASHAMED WOULD BE A BETTER WORD.
I USED TO GO AROUND BEING REALLY POSITIVE ALL THE TIME. I'M SURE PEOPLE THOUGHT I WAS A COMPLETE IDIOT, BUT IT JUST CAME NATURALLY TO ME.
I THOUGHT...


I THOUGHT IT WAS THE WAY GOD WOULD WANT ME TO BE.


I'VE HAD A PRETTY EASY LIFE, HUGHIE. AND I GAVE THANKS TO GOD FOR IT.
AND WHEN BAD STUFF CAME ALONG, I THOUGHT GOD WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT, TOO.
I TOLD MYSELF...ONE OF THE THINGS I TOLD MYSELF...WAS THAT HE WANTED ME TO DO IT. LIKE A TEST.
LIFE WAS TOUGHER IN THE BIG LEAGUES, OR THE BIG CITY, AND JUST BECAUSE I WAS UP ALL THE TIME DIDN'T MEAN I WAS NAÏVE ABOUT WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD. SO I WENT AHEAD AND DID IT.
AND LATER ON, WHEN IT ALL WENT SOUR, I STARTED BLAMING GOD FOR WHAT HAD HAPPENED...
THESE ARE THE KIND OF THINGS I TOLD MYSELF. BUT IT WAS REALLY JUST MY OWN AMBITION.
IT WAS ME, IT WAS ME, IT WAS ME.
HMH.
WELL.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS THING WAS YOU DID, ANNIE. IT'S NONE O' MY BUSINESS, ANYWAY.
BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS: THE LAST THREE WOMEN BUT ONE I KNEW, THEY BLAMED THEIR PROBLEMS ON EVERYONE EXCEPT THEMSELVES.
WAS THE ONE NICE?
SHE WAS LOVELY.


I'M SORRY FOR UNLOADING ON YOU LIKE THAT. I GUESS IT ALL CAME OUT IN A BIT OF A RUSH.
IT'S ALL RIGHT.
ANNIE?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OUT FOR A DRINK WI' ME TONIGHT?
I MEAN I'VE GOTTA GO BACK TO WORK NOW, BUT I'D BE FREE ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT IF--
I'D REALLY LIKE THAT.
FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE.
CARPE BLOODY DIEM, BOY.

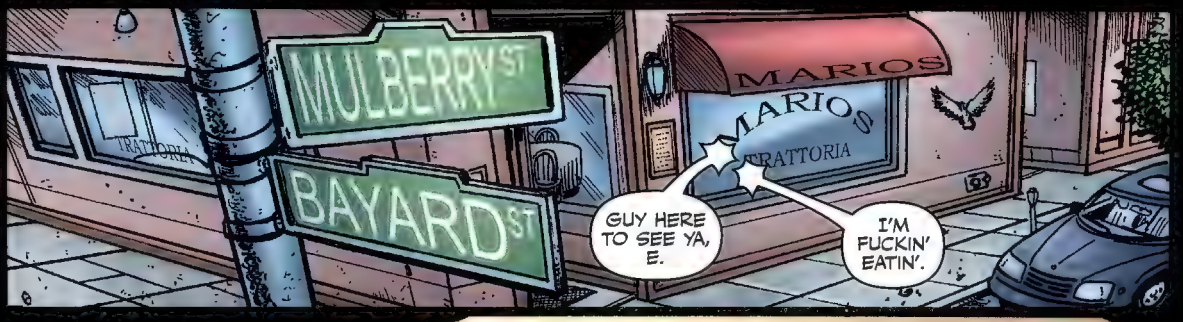
OU EST LA FEMME?
M.M., LISTEN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU--
AW, WHERE'S THE FUCKIN' REMOTE...?
I DUNNO, I AIN'T SEEN HER ALL--
UH, MOST LIKELY THEY DID, I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE. TRY TAKIN' THE VAN UP THERE AN'-- COASTER...!
YOU KNOW THE BUGS WE PUT IN TEENAGE KIX'S PLACE? DID THEY FIND THEM ALL?
OH, SORRY, MATE...
MAIS ELLE EST ALWAYS HERE, THERE IS NOWHERE ELSE FOR HER TO GO...
THE VAN? WILL THEY NO' REMEMBER IT FROM LAST TIME?
SO RENT A DIFFERENT ONE AN' MOVE THE SHIT OVER. FRENCHIE, AIN'T NONE OF US KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THAT HEADA HERS...
WILL IT STILL WORK, AYE?
WHY THE FUCK WOULDN'T IT? JUST PARK ACROSS THE STREET AN' SEE WHAT YOU CAN TUNE IN.
HOW COME I'M S'POSED TO KNOW ALL THE GODDAMN ANSWERS 'ROUND HERE...?
MERDE.

I FOUND THE REMOTE BY MESELF, IF THAT'S ANY GOOD TO YOU.
ON THE RIGHT, HUGHIE.
EH?
REMEMBER TO DRIVE ON THE RIGHT.
OH AYE...!
Y'ALL'RE LIKE MUTHAFUCKIN' CHILDREN.
SWEAR TO GOD.
FRIDAY AFTERNOON FROLICS, THEN.
...SILLY LITTLE BITCH?
DUNNO.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE ACTUALLY NEED HER.
THAT'S NOT THE POINT. NOBODY MISSES THESE THINGS.
NOBODY.
BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START WITHOUT HER:
CAM 2

FIRSTLY, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, IS TOMORROW'S VICE-PRESIDENTIAL VISIT.
THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF PRESS WITH US, SO WATCH YOUR SMILES. EITHER WARM OR WISE, SO IF YOU AREN'T NODDING YOU SHOULD GO FOR SENTIMENTAL.
ZOOM
WE KNOW THE ROUTINE...
I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, BECAUSE THIS WILL BE NO ORDINARY VISIT.
SO WHERE'S THE DUDE FROM MOSCOW...?
HERE.
AND VIC'S SPEECH WILL BE ANYTHING BUT ROUTINE.
UH-HUH.
BECAUSE a), HE'S GOING TO BE RE-OPENING THE QUESTION OF SUPERPOWER IN NATIONAL DEFENSE, AND b), HE HASN'T CLEARED THE SPEECH WITH DAKOTA BOB'S OFFICE.
JESUS CHRIST--!
THAT'S...THAT'S KIND OF UPPING THE ANTE, ISN'T IT? I MEAN DOING IT FROM HERE, ESPECIALLY...
WHICH IS WHY NOBODY--NOBODY--IS TO MENTION IT OUTSIDE OF THIS ROOM. SECURITY ON THIS IS TOTAL.
I TRUST THAT'S COMPLETELY CLEAR?
POPCORN?
DON'T MIND IF I FUCKIN' DO.

SHITE!
AW FUCK, M.M.'S GONNA BE RAGIN' ABOUT THAT...!
NO...
NO... NO...NO...
THE BASTARDS, THEY'VE PULLED OUT EVERY BLOODY ONE--
A PUBLIC APPEARANCE, ARE YOU SERIOUS? LIKE THAT?
AW, YOU WEE STOATER.
LOOK, WE NEED SOMEONE, I MEAN SHOUT-OUT CAN'T COME BACK FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF MONTHS YET...
DO WE WANT HIM TO COME BACK AT ALL?
YEAH, I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT. I MEAN EITHER HE'S FULLY OUT, WHICH MEANS WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO MIDDLE AMERICA, OR HE ANNOUNCES HIS GAYNESS IS CURED--AT WHICH POINT WE CAN PACK UP AND LEAVE TOWN, BECAUSE WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE FUCKING END OF IT...
RIGHT, SO THE POINT IS, IF WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF BOOST IT'S NOT GOING TO COME FROM SHOUT-OUT. SO--
SO IT SHOULD BE FUCKING BLARNEY COCK? LOOK AT HIM! LOOK!

WAMAHAMMA...
JESUS WEPT.
OKAY, OKAY, SO IT'S NOT IDEAL--
"HERE'S OUR FALLEN COMRADE BACK FROM THE GREAT BEYOND--INSERT SOME BULLSHIT ABOUT BATTLING WRAITHS FOR HIS LIFE-FORCE--AND READY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN TEENAGE KIX ONCE AGAIN. PISSING HIMSELF? OH NO, NO, THAT'S JUST ECTOPLASM FROM HIS RECENTLY RE-ASSIMILATED SOUL..."
WAMAHAMMA...
HEY! HEY!
WAMAHAMMA...
GET AWAY FROM THERE, YOU STUPID FUCK!
WELL, I WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO GO WITH THE KARMIC WHEEL THING, YOU KNOW, EXCEPT HE SOMEHOW ENDS UP BACK IN HIS OWN BODY...
INSTEAD OF SOME KIND OF SHIT-EATING COCKROACH, YOU MEAN?
OR ONE OF THOSE TROPICAL FISH THAT SWIMS UP YOUR-- JESUS CHRIST, GET HIM AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!
AW, NO...!
WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING, IS HE--
SNIFFING?


MULBERRY ST
BAYARD ST
MARIOS
MARIOS
TRATTORIA
GUY HERE TO SEE YA, E.
I'M FUCKIN' EATIN'.

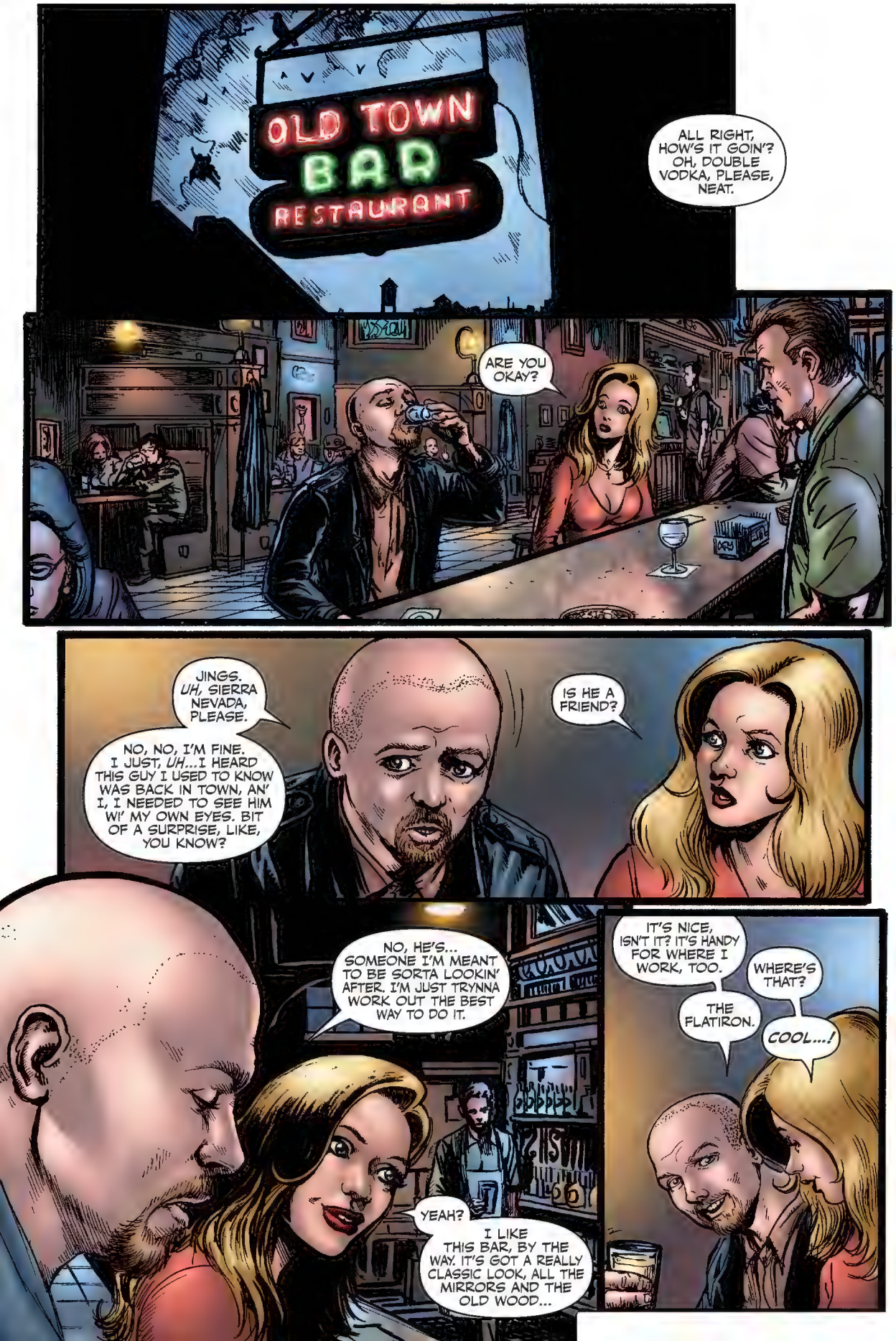
YEAH, THE THING IS...IT'S ABOUT *HER*...
YEAH.
YA MEAN--

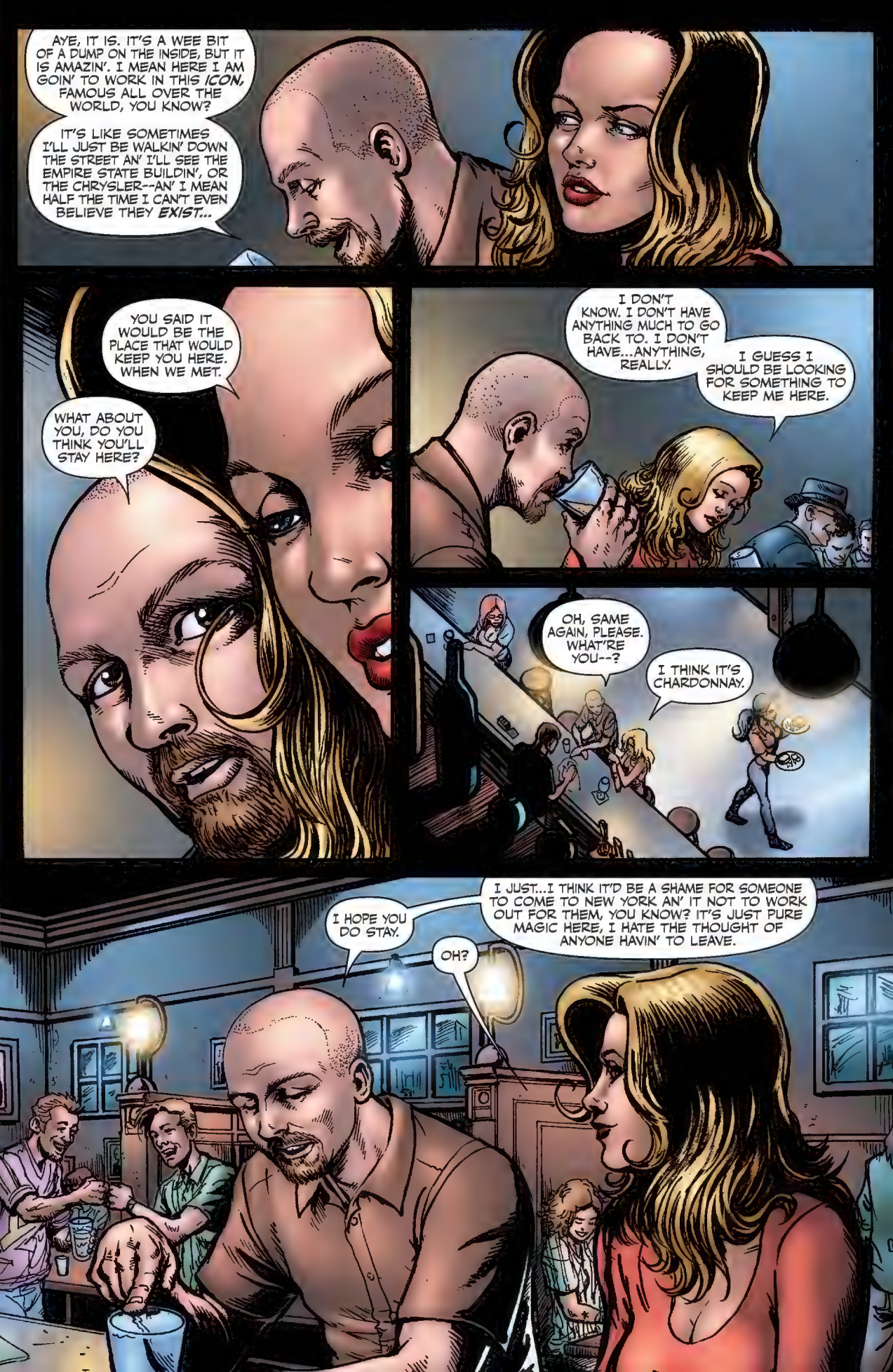
BONJOUR, M'SIEUR.

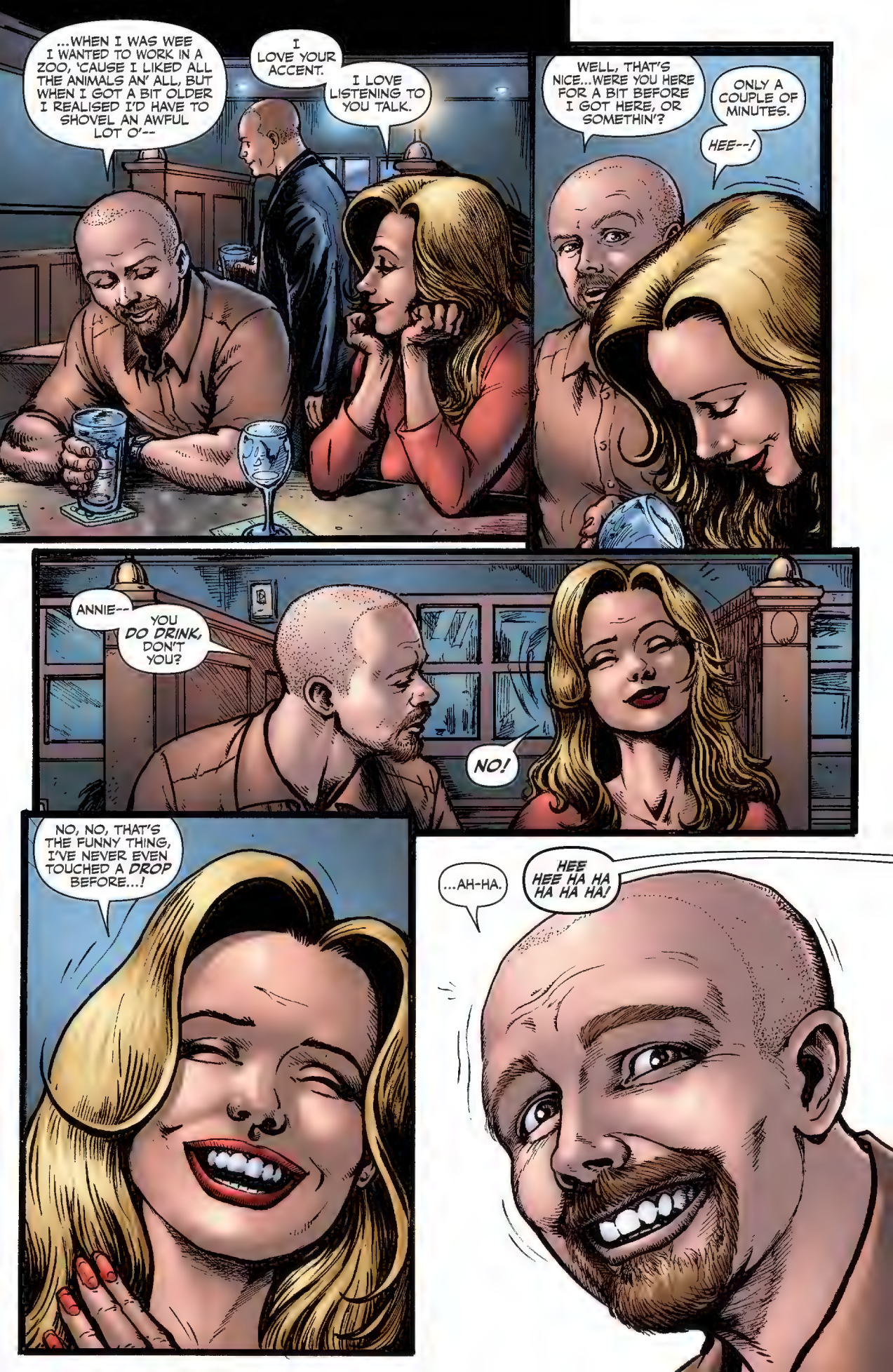
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE SENT MY FRIEND, THE FEMALE.
AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SWEAR THAT YOU WILL NEVER CONTACT HER AGAIN.

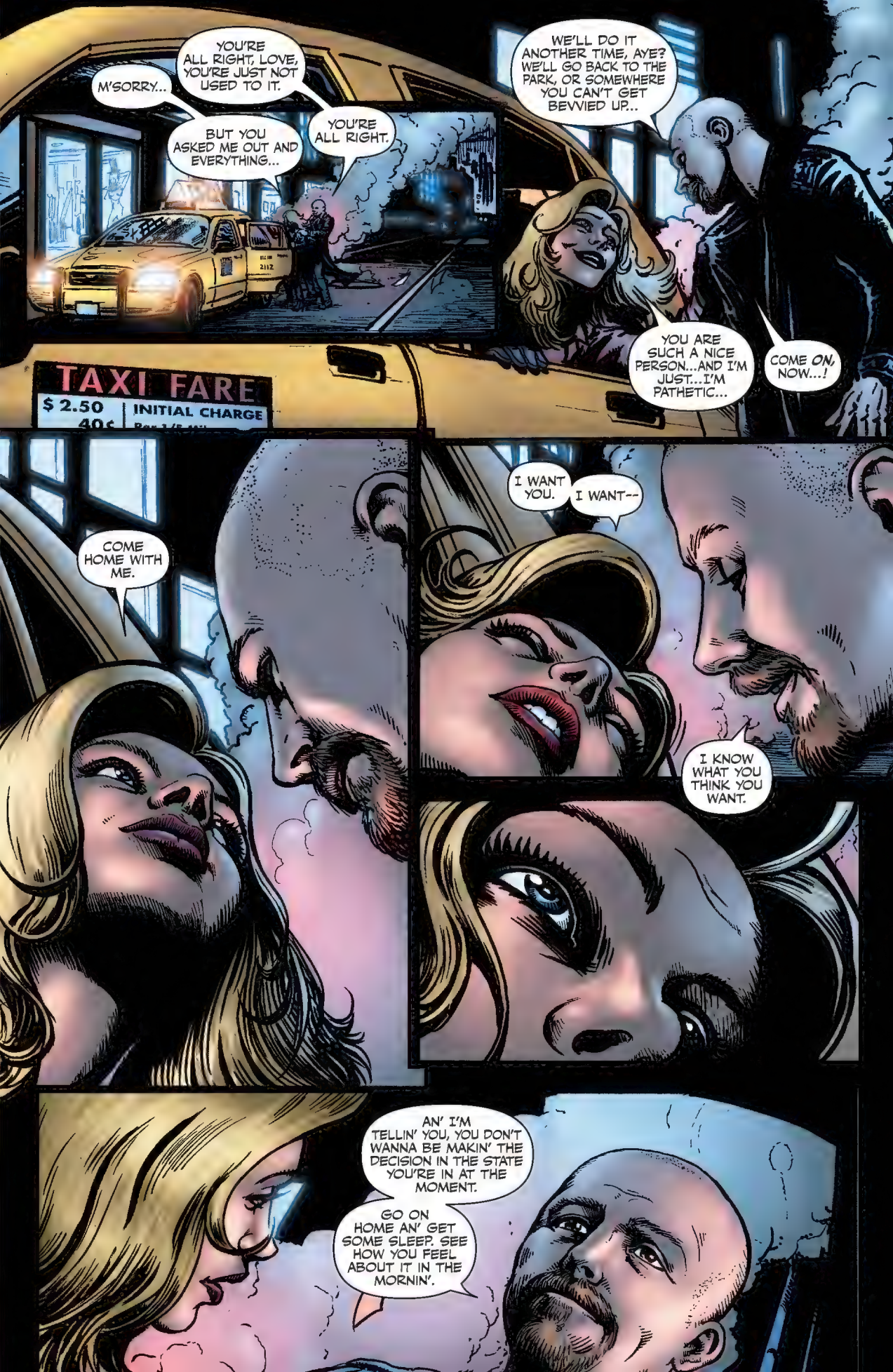
GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.
I MUST ASK YOU TO RECONSIDER, M'SIEUR...

I KNOW YOU ARE LE PATRON, OUI? LE GRAND FROMAGE. YOU ARE THE KING OF, HOW YOU SAY, LITTLE WOPOLI?
CUCINA
NO IT AIN'T HOW WE FUCKIN' SAY! THROW THIS FUCKIN' COCKSUCKER OUTTA HERE! NOW!
VOUS ETES LE CAPITAINE, N'EST'CE PAS?
AND THEY ARE YOUR SOLDIERS.
YOU LIKE TO SPEAK AS IF YOU ARE AT WAR. BUT I WONDER IF YOU HAVE EVER TRULY SEEN ONE.
LA GUERRE.
STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD BE FEMININE, DO YOU NOT THINK?


OLD TOWN
BAR
RESTAURANT
ALL RIGHT, HOW'S IT GOIN'? OH, DOUBLE VODKA, PLEASE, NEAT.
ARE YOU OKAY?
JINGS. UH, SIERRA NEVADA, PLEASE.
NO, NO, I'M FINE. I JUST, UH...I HEARD THIS GUY I USED TO KNOW WAS BACK IN TOWN, AN' I, I NEEDED TO SEE HIM W/' MY OWN EYES. BIT OF A SURPRISE, LIKE, YOU KNOW?
IS HE A FRIEND?
NO, HE'S... SOMEONE I'M MEANT TO BE SORTA LOOKIN' AFTER. I'M JUST TRYNNA WORK OUT THE BEST WAY TO DO IT.
YEAH?
I LIKE THIS BAR, BY THE WAY. IT'S GOT A REALLY CLASSIC LOOK, ALL THE MIRRORS AND THE OLD WOOD...
IT'S NICE, ISN'T IT? IT'S HANDY FOR WHERE I WORK, TOO.
WHERE'S THAT?
THE FLATIRON.
COOL...!

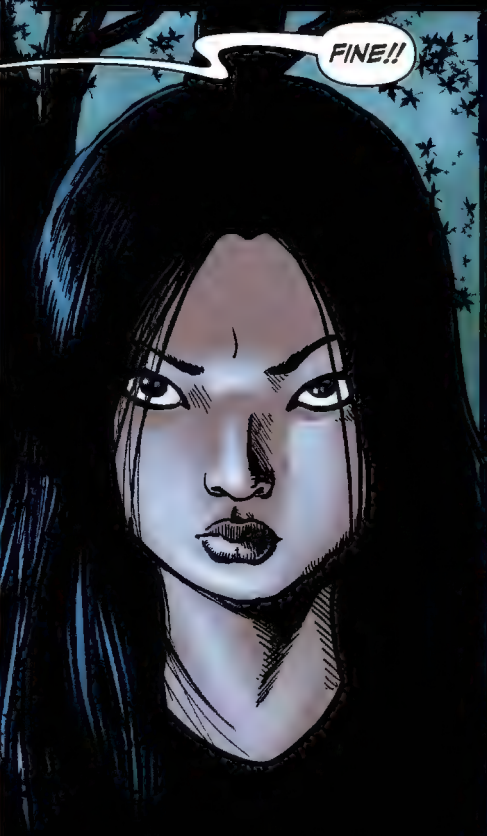

AYE, IT IS. IT'S A WEE BIT OF A DUMP ON THE INSIDE, BUT IT IS AMAZIN'. I MEAN HERE I AM GOIN' TO WORK IN THIS ICON, FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?
IT'S LIKE SOMETIMES I'LL JUST BE WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET AN' I'LL SEE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDIN', OR THE CHRYSLER--AN' I MEAN HALF THE TIME I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE THEY EXIST...
YOU SAID IT WOULD BE THE PLACE THAT WOULD KEEP YOU HERE. WHEN WE MET.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, DO YOU THINK YOU'LL STAY HERE?
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING MUCH TO GO BACK TO. I DON'T HAVE...ANYTHING, REALLY.
I GUESS I SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO KEEP ME HERE.
OH, SAME AGAIN, PLEASE. WHAT'RE YOU--?
I THINK IT'S CHARDONNAY.
I HOPE YOU DO STAY.
OH?
I JUST...I THINK IT'D BE A SHAME FOR SOMEONE TO COME TO NEW YORK AN' IT NOT TO WORK OUT FOR THEM, YOU KNOW? IT'S JUST PURE MAGIC HERE, I HATE THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE HAVIN' TO LEAVE.

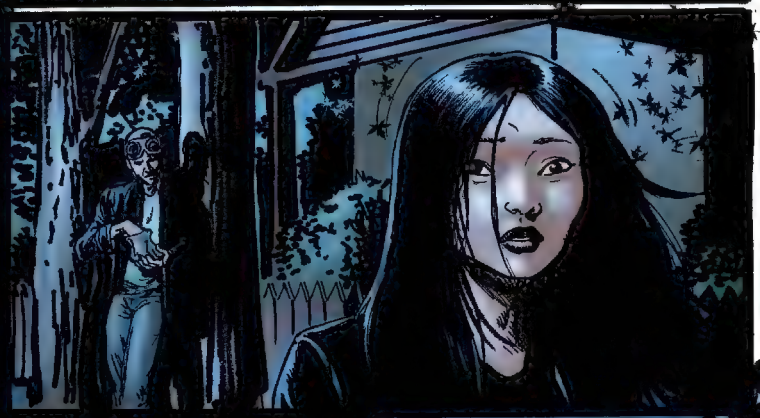

...WHEN I WAS WEE I WANTED TO WORK IN A ZOO, 'CAUSE I LIKED ALL THE ANIMALS AN' ALL, BUT WHEN I GOT A BIT OLDER I REALISED I'D HAVE TO SHOVEL AN AWFUL LOT O'--
I LOVE YOUR ACCENT.
I LOVE LISTENING TO YOU TALK.
WELL, THAT'S NICE...WERE YOU HERE FOR A BIT BEFORE I GOT HERE, OR SOMETHIN'?
ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES.
HEE--!
ANNIE--
YOU DO DRINK, DON'T YOU?
NO!
NO, NO, THAT'S THE FUNNY THING, I'VE NEVER EVEN TOUCHED A DROP BEFORE...!
...AH-HA.
HEE HEE HA HA HA HA HA!


M'SORRY...
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, LOVE, YOU'RE JUST NOT USED TO IT.
BUT YOU ASKED ME OUT AND EVERYTHING...
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
WE'LL DO IT ANOTHER TIME, AYE? WE'LL GO BACK TO THE PARK, OR SOMEWHERE YOU CAN'T GET BEVVIED UP...
YOU ARE SUCH A NICE PERSON...AND I'M JUST...I'M PATHETIC...
COME ON, NOW...!
TAXI FARE
$ 2.50
INITIAL CHARGE
COME HOME WITH ME.
I WANT YOU.
I WANT--
I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU WANT.
AN' I'M TELLIN' YOU, YOU DON'T WANNA BE MAKIN' THE DECISION IN THE STATE YOU'RE IN AT THE MOMENT.
GO ON HOME AN' GET SOME SLEEP. SEE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT IN THE MORNIN'.

YOU ARE SO NICE...!
LISTEN, LOVE, IF I EVER TAKE ADVANTAGE O' YOU IT'LL BE BECAUSE YOU'RE DRUNK OR EMOTIONALLY VULNERABLE: BUT NO' BOTH, ALL RIGHT?
GOODNIGHT, HUGHIE--!
GOODNIGHT, ANNIE.
SLEEP WELL.
THAT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.
AN' I AM NOT AN ARSEHOLE.
3S586
I'M NOT AN ARSEHOLE.
I'M DEFINITELY NOT AN ARSEHOLE...

I TOLD YA, I DON'T KNOW. I GOT A LOT TO DO, I GOT PEOPLE I GOTTA--
OH, I KNOW YOU GOT PEOPLE! THAT BITCH IN QUEENS, FOR--
JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU GET OFF MY BACK! I GOT WORK TO DO! I'LL GET HOME WHEN I GET FUCKIN' HOME!

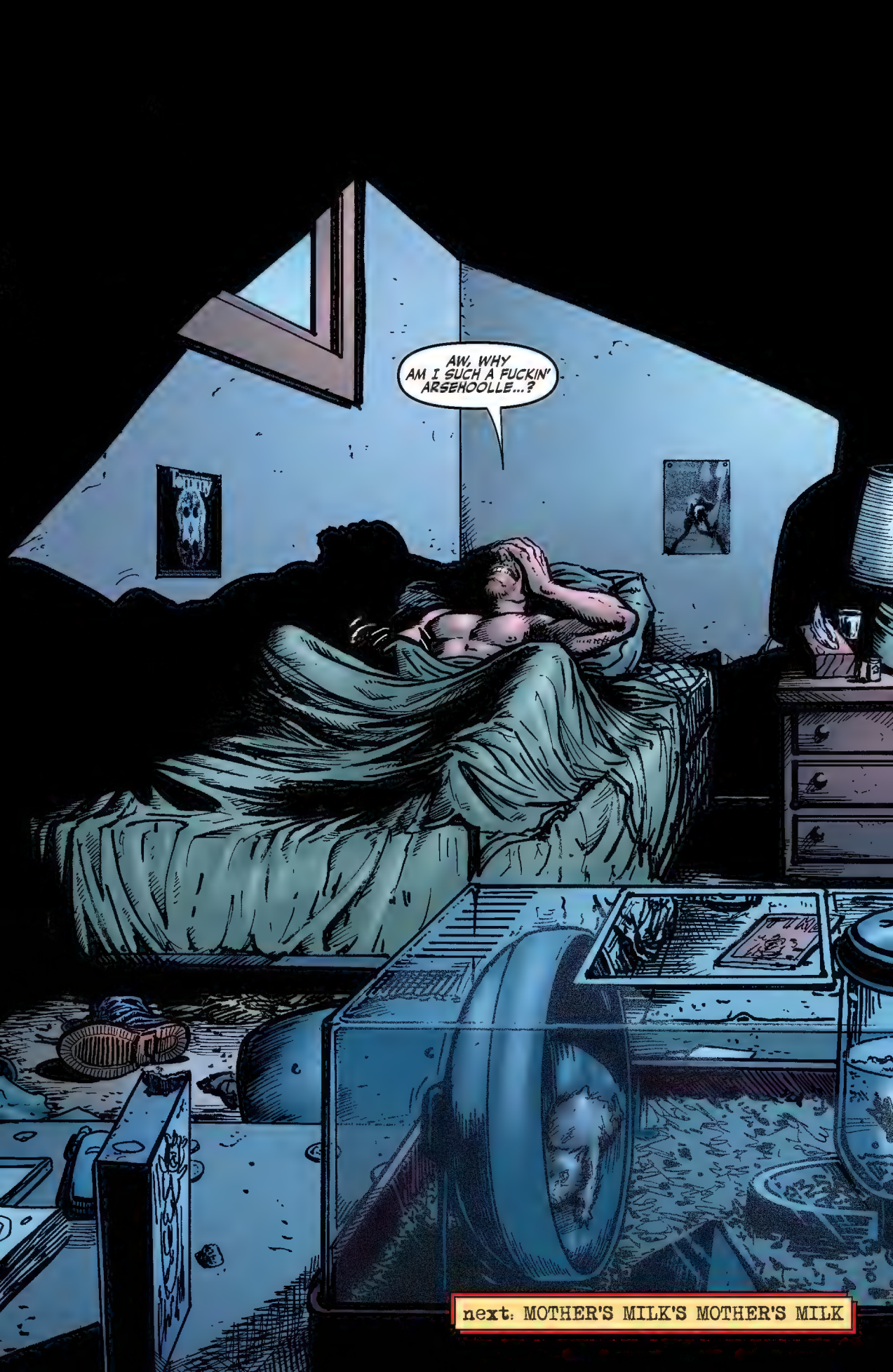

FINE!!



I GO TO THE STORE ON HUDSON, WHERE M'SIEUR CHARCUTER GOES TO BUY HIS TEABAGS. HOW DOES HE SAY? THE BRIT SHOP.
I BUY THE GOOD ENGLISH CANDY. NOT SHITTY AMERICAN CHEMICAL THINGS.
CHOCOLATE LIMES.

I KNOW IT IS BECAUSE YOU CANNOT...
NOT.
I KNOW IT IS NOT FOR THE MONEY.
YOU THINK THIS WAY IS NOT SO BAD, BECAUSE ONLY BAD MEN SUFFER. BUT IT IS NOT SO SIMPLE.
IT KEEPS A TERRIBLE THING ALIVE.
AND M'SIEUR CHARCUTER WILL BE ANNOYED, BECAUSE HE DOES NOT LIKE DISTRACTIONS.
AND IT IS BAD FOR YOU, TO DO IT FOR NO REASON.
FOR YOUR HEART.

YOU CAN CATCH HIM. HE IS NOT QUITE GONE.
OR...
WELL.
CHAUX DE CHOCOLAT?
BON.
AND NOW WE RIDE THE SUBWAY HOME, AND GO TO BATTERY PARK TO WATCH THE STARS COME OUT.


AW, WHY AM I SUCH A FUCKIN' ARSEHOOLLE...?
next: MOTHER'S MILK'S MOTHER'S MILK

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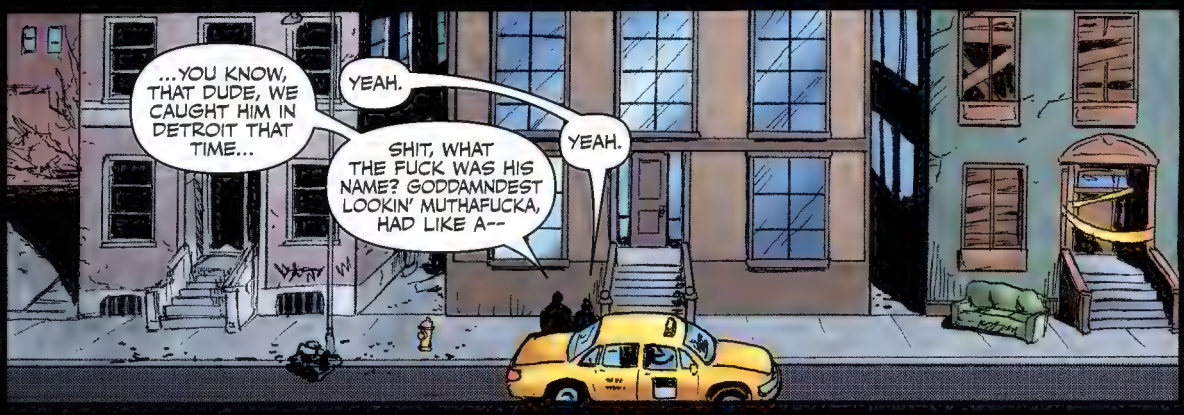
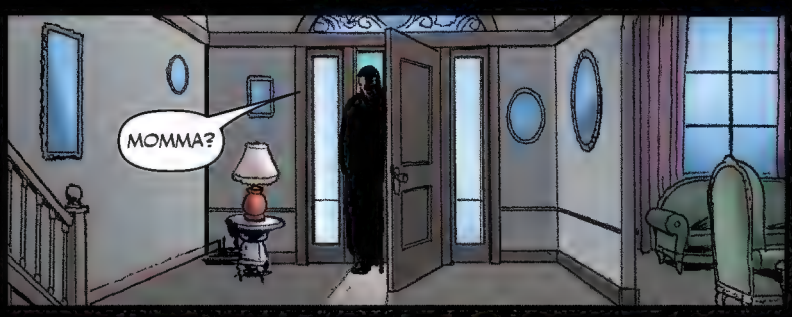

...YOU KNOW, THAT DUDE, WE CAUGHT HIM IN DETROIT THAT TIME...
YEAH.
SHIT, WHAT THE FUCK WAS HIS NAME? GODDAMNDEST LOOKIN' MUTHAFUCKA, HAD LIKE A--
YEAH.

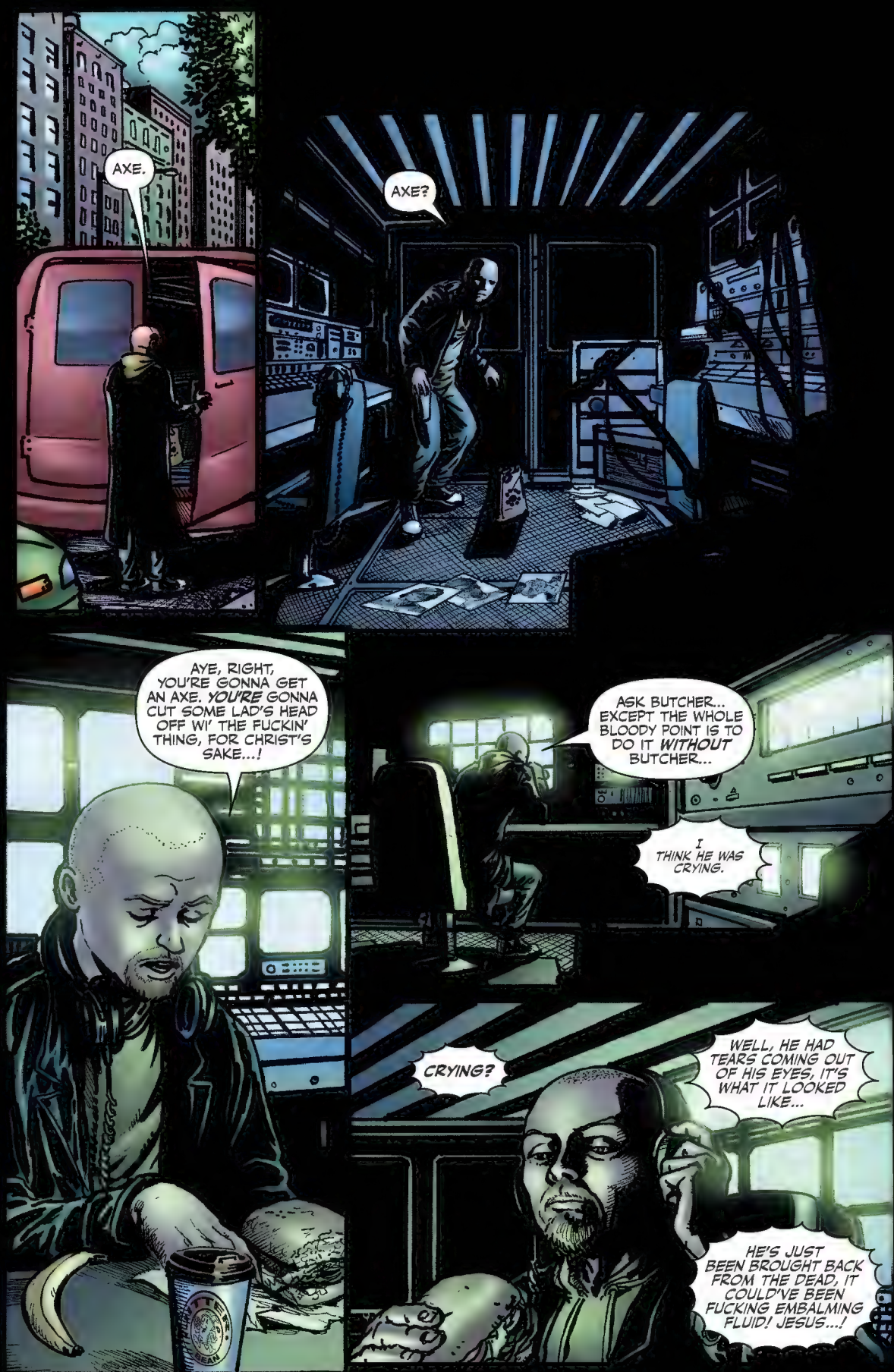
LOOK, MATE, IF YOU WANNA STAND HERE TALKIN' BOLLOCKS ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS ALL AFTERNOON, FINE. BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO IN THERE EVENTUALLY.

...YEAH.
I'LL COME BACK AN' PICK YOU UP IN THE MORNIN', ALL RIGHT?


MOMMA?

IT'S ME, MOMMA.

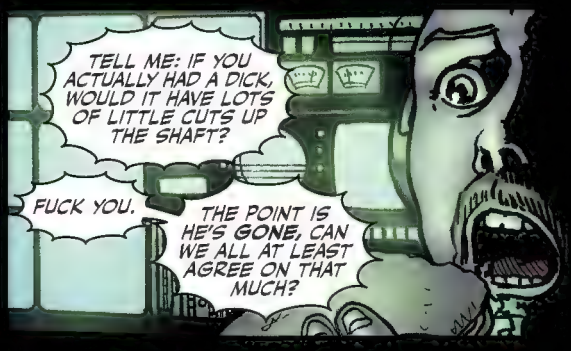
GOOD FOR THE SOUL part three


AXE.
AXE?
AYE, RIGHT, YOU'RE GONNA GET AN AXE. YOU'RE GONNA CUT SOME LAD'S HEAD OFF WI' THE FUCKIN' THING, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...!
ASK BUTCHER... EXCEPT THE WHOLE BLOODY POINT IS TO DO IT WITHOUT BUTCHER...
I THINK HE WAS CRYING.
CRYING?
WELL, HE HAD TEARS COMING OUT OF HIS EYES, IT'S WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE...
HE'S JUST BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD, IT COULD'VE BEEN FUCKING EMBALMING FLUID! JESUS...!

OR CUM. TWO OF YOU MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME?
FUCK YOU, DOGKNOTT! THAT'S YOUR GAME, YOU COCKSUCKER, YOU AND OUR ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER!

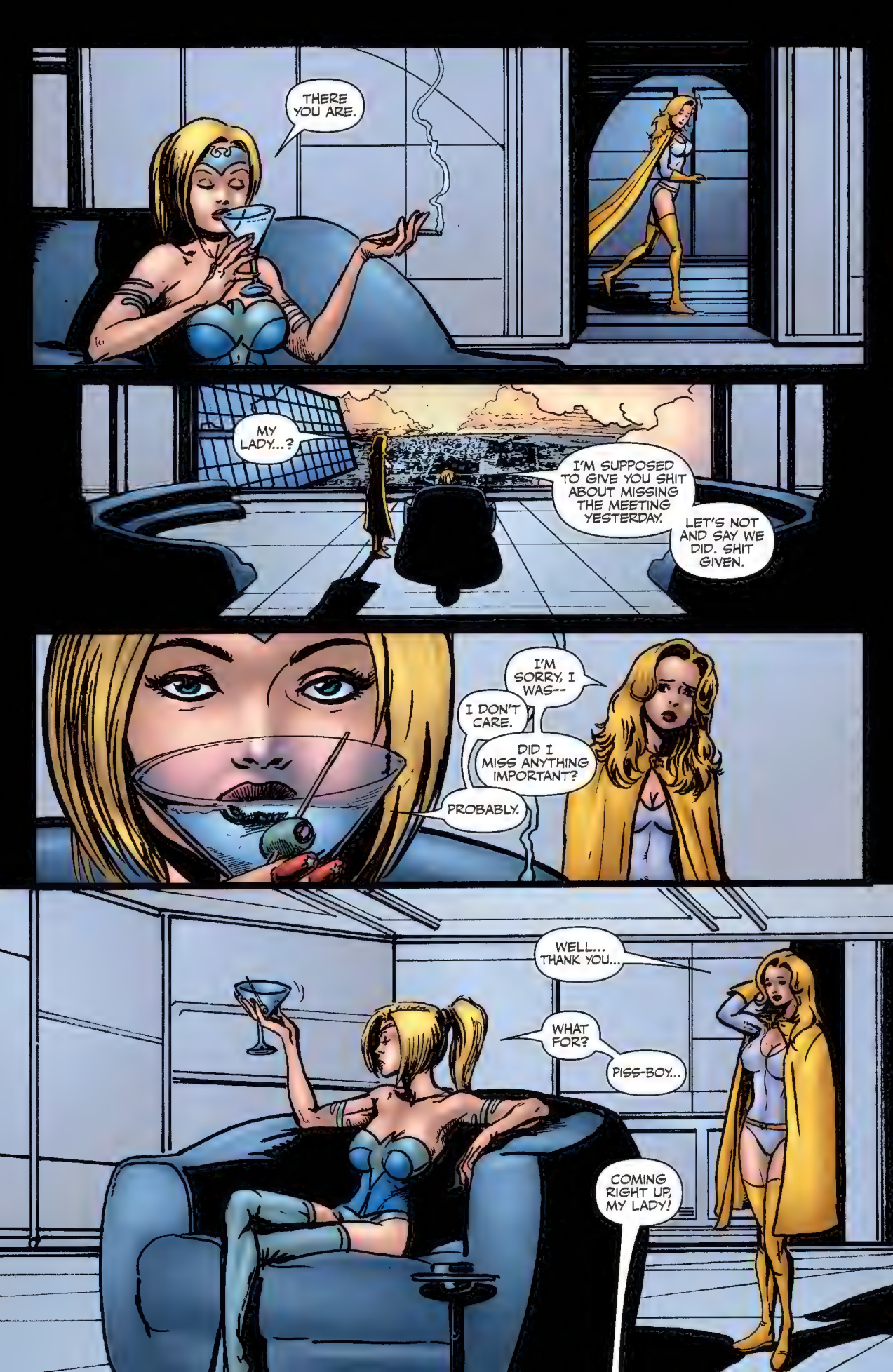
ME AND BLARNEY COCK WERE STRAIGHT AS AAAOW!
WATCH YOUR MOUTH...

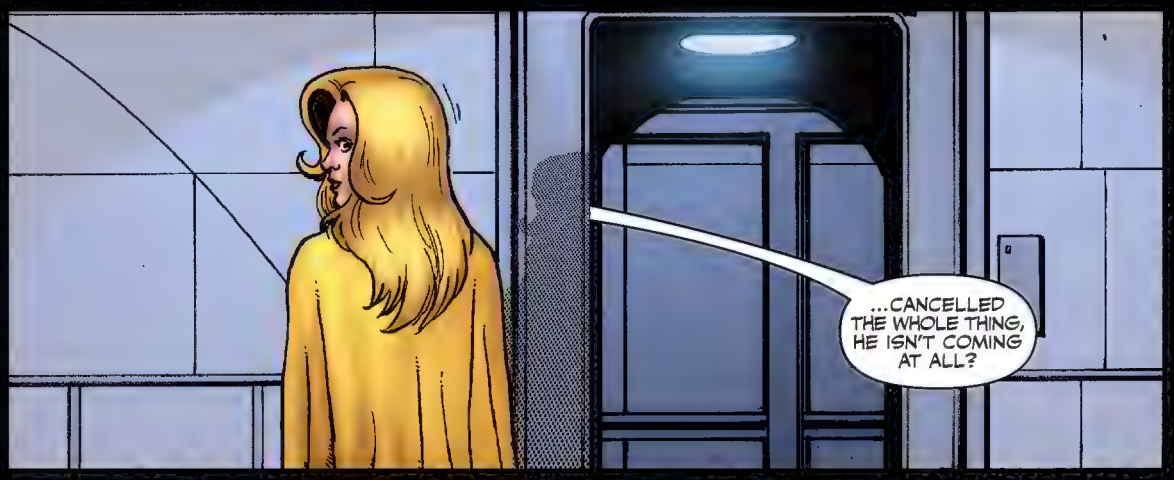
OH YEAH, BIG GAME, BIG MAN! YOU WEREN'T SUCH HOT SHIT WHEN THAT ENGLISH BASTARD CAVED YOUR FACE IN, WERE YOU?
WHACK JOB, I AM FUCKING WARNING YOU--
CAN WE ALL JUST PUT OUR DICKS AWAY FOR ONE MINUTE? PLEASE?


TELL ME: IF YOU ACTUALLY HAD A DICK, WOULD IT HAVE LOTS OF LITTLE CUTS UP THE SHAFT?
FUCK YOU.
THE POINT IS HE'S GONE, CAN WE ALL AT LEAST AGREE ON THAT MUCH?

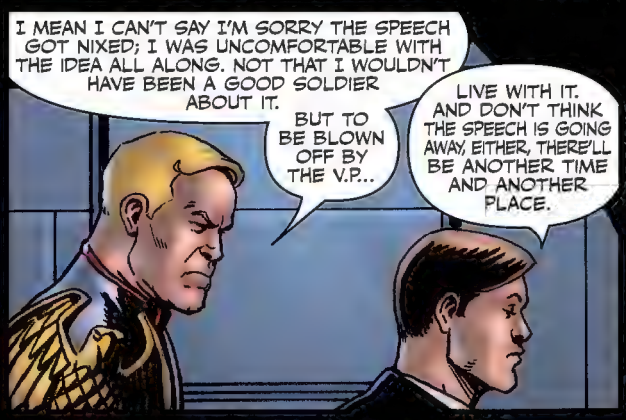
GOOD.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?

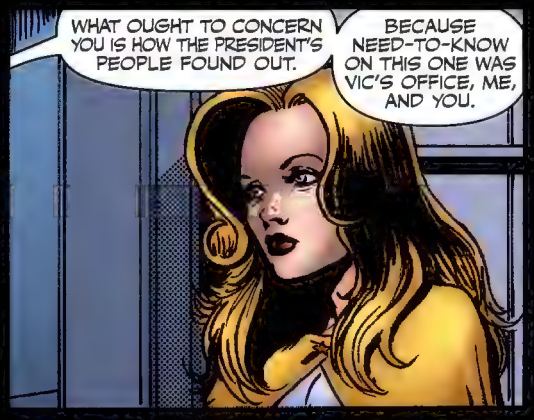
CALL VOUGHT?
NO FUCKING WAY DO WE CALL VOUGHT...
THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES, WE CAN'T COPE ON OUR--
YOU DON'T THINK THE SHIP MIGHT ALREADY'VE SAILED ON THAT ONE?
ALL RIGHT, KNOCK IT OFF. HE'S A REANIMATED CORPSE WITH SOMETHING LIKE THREE PERCENT OF ORIGINAL BRAIN FUNCTION: WHAT CAN HE DO, REALLY?
AND HOW DIFFICULT IS IT GOING TO BE FOR THE SIX OF US--WORKING TOGETHER--TO CATCH HIM?
DID DOCTOR CARLIN SAY ANYTHING...?
FEED HIM AND CLEAN HIM. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN TOO MANY OF THESE, THEY'RE STILL FIGURING A LOT OF STUFF OUT.
THE SEVEN AND THE G-MEN HAVE HAD LIKE ONE EACH, WE COULD ALWAYS TRY TALKING TO THEM...
YOU KNOW WHAT THE SEVEN WOULD DO TO YOU IF YOU EVEN FUCKING MENTIONED THE LAMPLIGHTER...?
SHITE.
THIS IS NO' YOU, HUGHIE.
THIS IS NO' YOU AT ALL.
WAMAHAMMA...


THERE YOU ARE.
MY LADY...?
I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOU SHIT ABOUT MISSING THE MEETING YESTERDAY.
LET'S NOT AND SAY WE DID. SHIT GIVEN.
I'M SORRY, I WAS--
I DON'T CARE.
DID I MISS ANYTHING IMPORTANT?
PROBABLY.
WELL... THANK YOU...
WHAT FOR?
PISS-BOY...
COMING RIGHT UP, MY LADY!


...CANCELLED THE WHOLE THING, HE ISN'T COMING AT ALL?

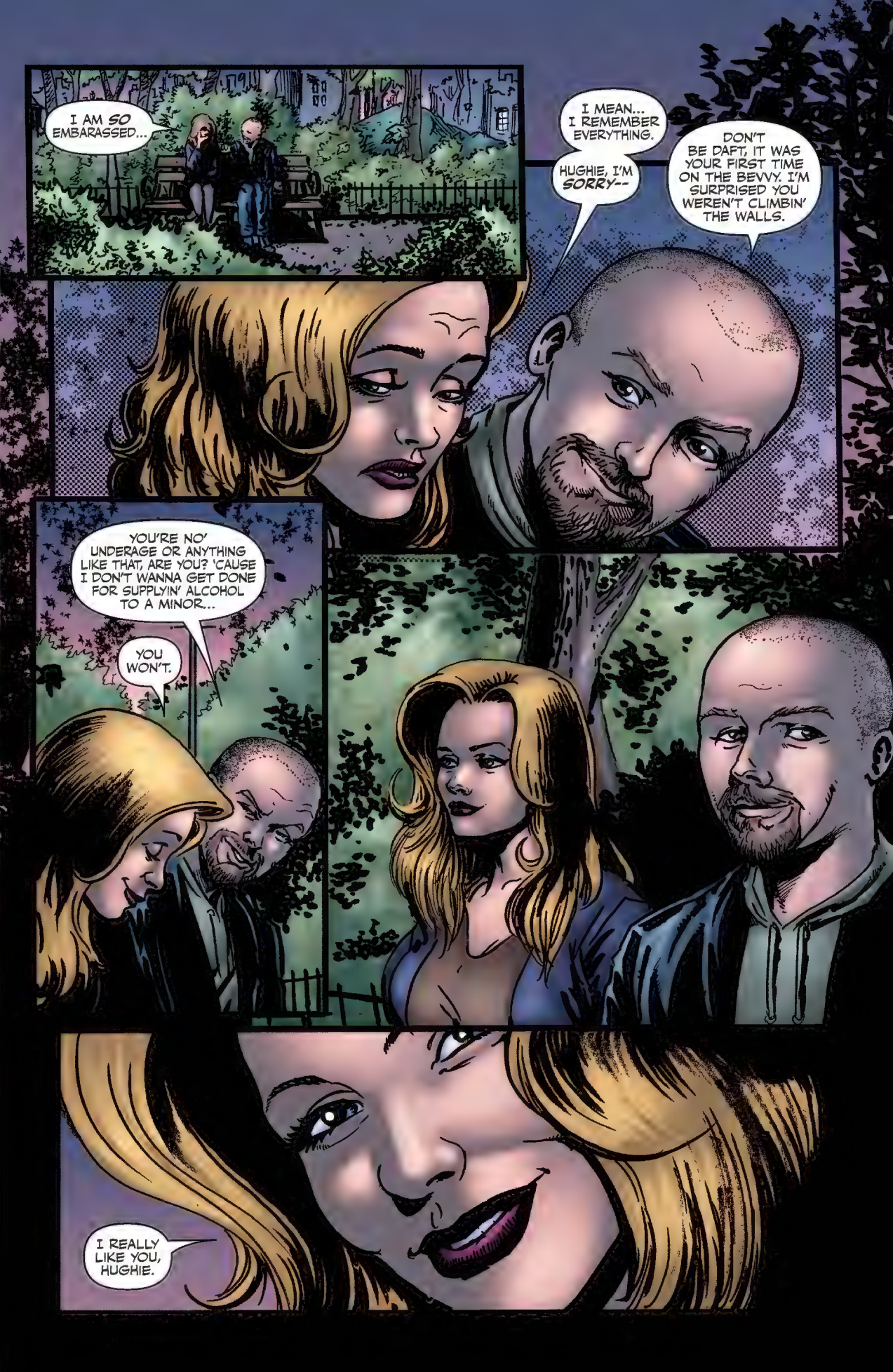
IF HE'S NOT MAKING THE SPEECH, WHAT REASON HAS HE TO COME HERE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW...AVOIDING MAKING US LOOK LIKE SHIT, MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

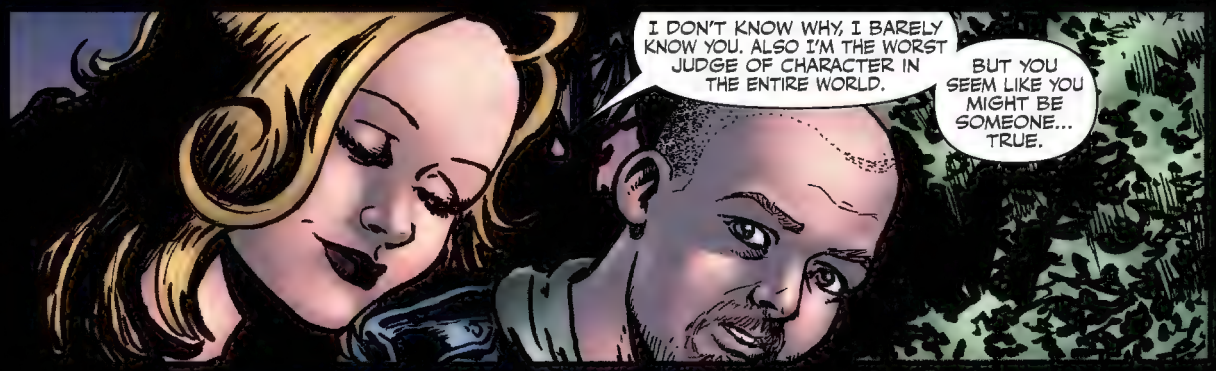

I MEAN I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY THE SPEECH GOT NIXED; I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA ALL ALONG. NOT THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A GOOD SOLDIER ABOUT IT.
BUT TO BE BLOWN OFF BY THE V.P...
LIVE WITH IT. AND DON'T THINK THE SPEECH IS GOING AWAY, EITHER, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE.

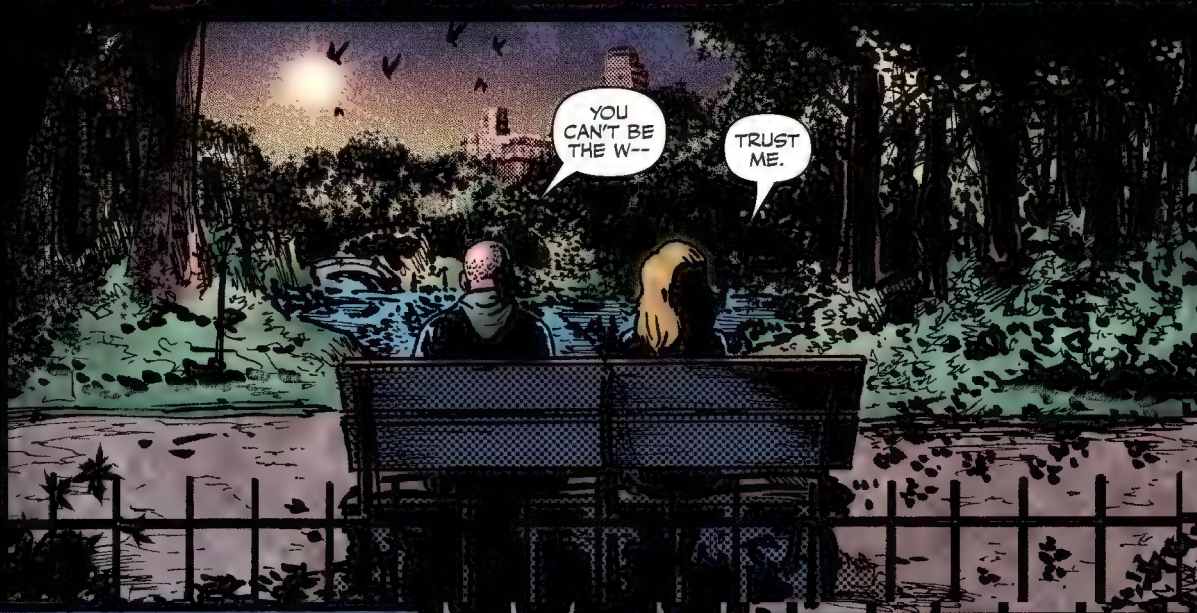

WHAT OUGHT TO CONCERN YOU IS HOW THE PRESIDENT'S PEOPLE FOUND OUT.
BECAUSE NEED-TO-KNOW ON THIS ONE WAS VIC'S OFFICE, ME, AND YOU.

WELL, VIC'S--
THOSE PEOPLE?
COME ON.

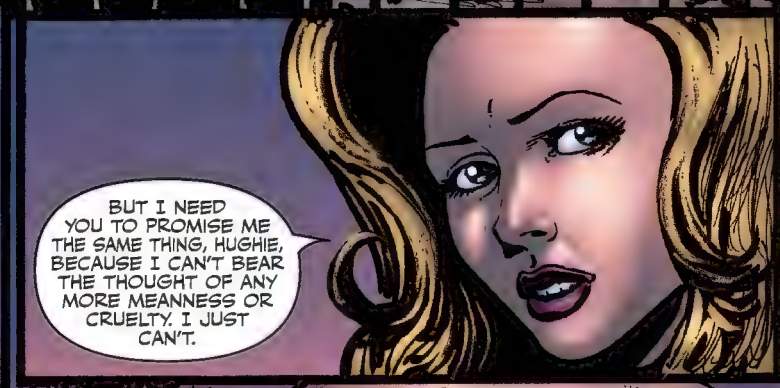
FUCK...!
I MEAN OKAY, MAYBE A-TRAIN OR JACK--BUT WITH WHAT THEY STAND TO LOSE, WHY WOULD ANYONE--
YOU'RE NOT THINKING.
WHOEVER IT WAS GOT WORD TO DAKOTA BOB THROUGH CHANNELS. THEY DIDN'T GO TO THE MEDIA, WHICH WOULD BE BOTH CHEAP AND OBVIOUS.
SO IT WAS A SHOT. A SUBTLE ONE, FRUSTRATING THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN AGENDA, CAUSING INTERNAL RATHER THAN PUBLIC EMBARASSMENT.
DOES THAT SOUND LIKE A-TRAIN OR JACK?
SO THE FUCKING PLACE IS BUGGED? BY WHO?
BECAUSE I--
YOU SURPRISE ME, HOMELANDER.
YOU WEREN'T THIS SLOW ON THE UPTAKE WHEN TEENAGE KIX HAD THEIR LITTLE MISHAP LAST YEAR.
GETTING TO BE A HABIT OF YOURS.
LISTENING AT KEYHOLES.


I AM SO EMBARASSED...
I MEAN... I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.
HUGHIE, I'M SORRY--
DON'T BE DAFT, IT WAS YOUR FIRST TIME ON THE BEVVY. I'M SURPRISED YOU WEREN'T CLIMBIN' THE WALLS.
YOU'RE NO' UNDERAGE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, ARE YOU? 'CAUSE I DON'T WANNA GET DONE FOR SUPPLYIN' ALCOHOL TO A MINOR...
YOU WON'T.
I REALLY LIKE YOU, HUGHIE.


I DON'T KNOW WHY, I BARELY KNOW YOU. ALSO I'M THE WORST JUDGE OF CHARACTER IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.
BUT YOU SEEM LIKE YOU MIGHT BE SOMEONE... TRUE.

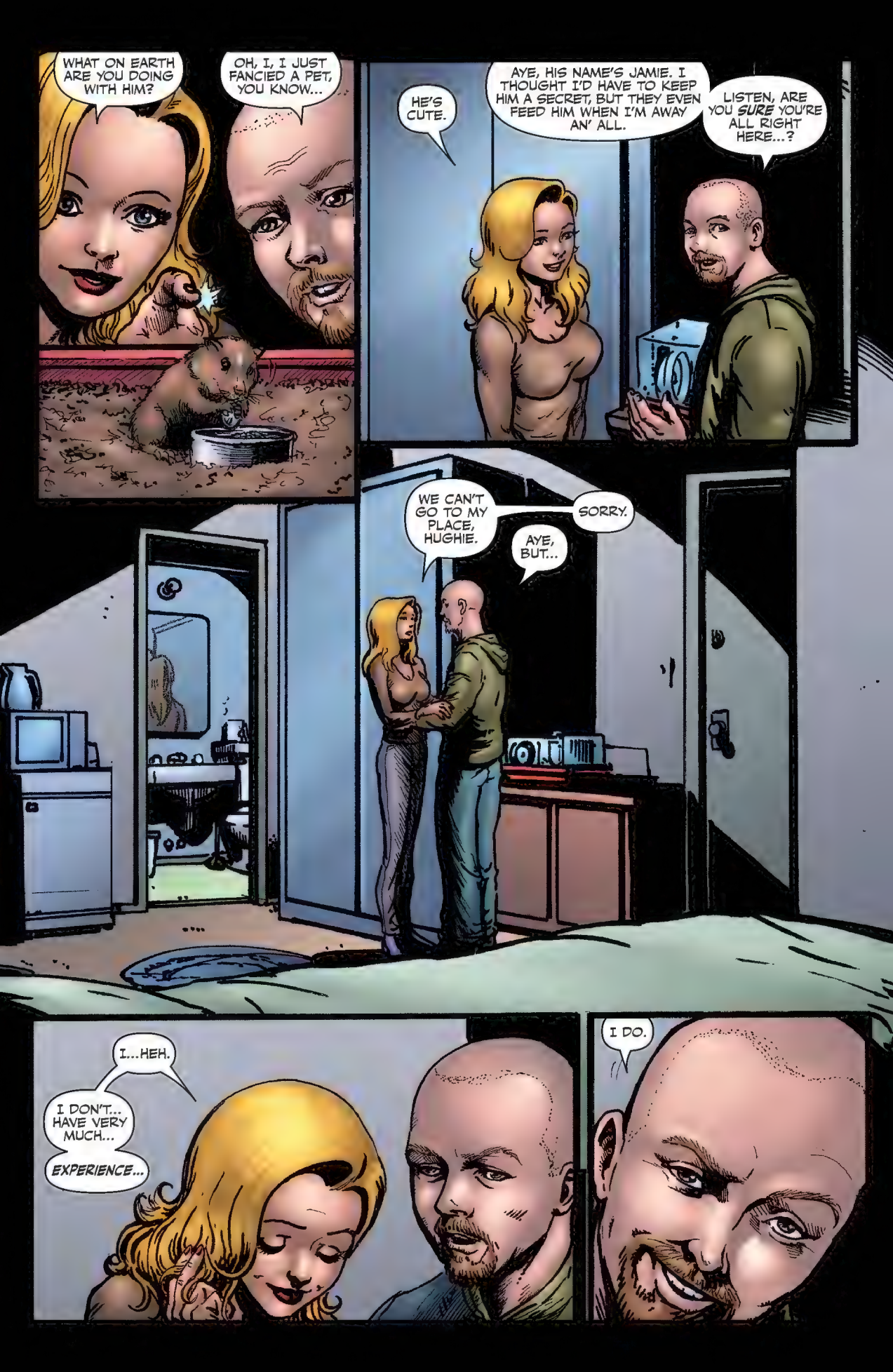

YOU CAN'T BE THE W--
TRUST ME.

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING VERY SMALL BUT VERY REAL BETWEEN US. AND THAT'S PRECIOUS.
I GET THE SENSE YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME BAD STUFF, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING--ANYTHING--TO HURT YOUR HEART MORE THAN IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALREADY.


BUT I NEED YOU TO PROMISE ME THE SAME THING, HUGHIE, BECAUSE I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF ANY MORE MEANNESS OR CRUELTY. I JUST CAN'T.

IF THE WORLD REALLY IS THE WAY I'VE COME TO THINK IT IS, WHAT'S BETWEEN US IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

...JINGS...
IF I'M WRONG--
YOU'RE NO' WRONG.
I'M JUST A WEE BIT SCARED O'... JUMPIN'...
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO PUSH YOU, HUGHIE.
PROMISE ME.


WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH HIM?
OH, I, I JUST FANCIED A PET, YOU KNOW...
HE'S CUTE.
AYE, HIS NAME'S JAMIE. I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO KEEP HIM A SECRET, BUT THEY EVEN FEED HIM WHEN I'M AWAY AN' ALL.
LISTEN, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT HERE...?
WE CAN'T GO TO MY PLACE, HUGHIE.
SORRY.
AYE, BUT...
I...HEH.
I DON'T... HAVE VERY MUCH...
EXPERIENCE...
I DO.

AH
AH
OH GOD-- HUGHIE--
NO ONE EVER--
AAAAAAAAHHH...!

STOP THE CAR, MATE.
TAXI FARE
$ 2.50 INITIAL CHARGE
40¢ Per 1/5 Mile
40¢ Per 2 Minutes Stopped/Slow traffi
$ 1.00 Weekday Surcharge 4 pm - 8 pm
50¢ Night Surcharge 8 pm - 6 am
WANNA WALK FOR A BIT?
NO.
THAT'S IT.
MUTHAFUCK...
THIS SHIT EVER GONNA BE OVER?
YOU WANT IT TO BE?

SICK FUCKIN' THING IS, I CAN FEEL IT WORKIN'. AIN'T BEEN TEN MINUTES SINCE I WALKED OUTTA THERE AN' I FEEL *BUZZED...*
LIKE I WANNA FEEL LIKE SHIT, I WANNA BE FUCKIN' *DISGUSTED*-- BUT--
YOU KNOW WHO LIVES 'ROUND HERE?
HUH?
WANNA GIVE HUGHIE A LIFT TO WORK?
...NO.

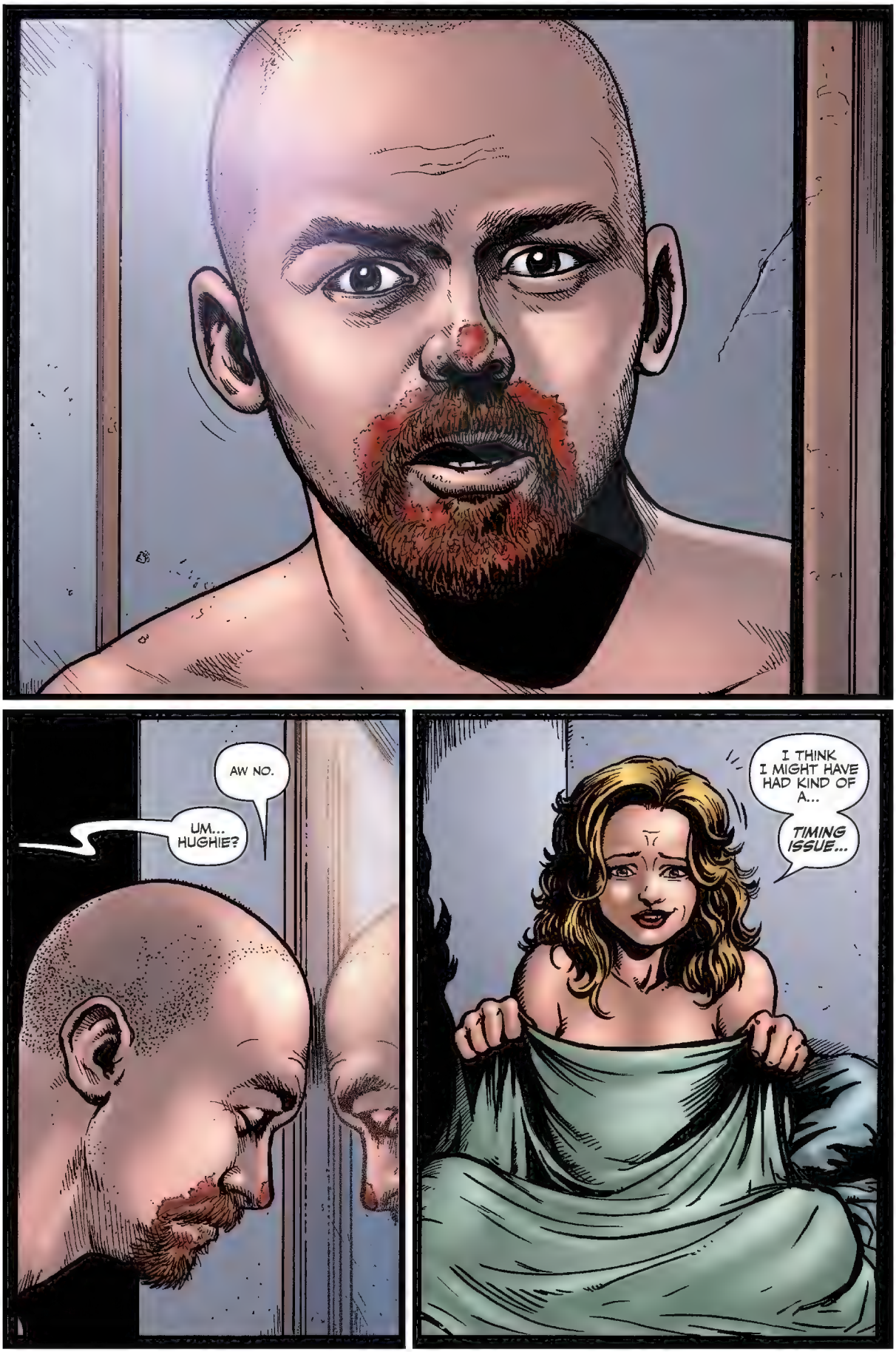
DAMN.
MOTEL
CHARMIN', INNIT?
FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, SINCE WHEN DO YOU SWITCH YOUR BLEEDIN' PHONE OFF...?
'FUCK IS HE DOIN' HERE?
I'LL HAVE TO NIP UP AN' GET HIM--OH, HE THINKS IT'S AUTHENTIC, OR SOMETHIN'. THE REAL NEW YORK, LIKE THESE DICKHEADS'RE ALWAYS SAYIN' THEY MISS SO MUCH...
HUH.
GET YOURSELF MUGGED OR RAPED OR SOME SHIT, THEN WE GONNA TALK ABOUT REAL...
TWO MINUTES.
UHHH...?
COME ON--!
6A
UHHH...
ABOUT BLOODY TIME! AN' WHAT'D I SAY TO YOU ABOUT SWITCHIN' YOUR--

WHAT...?
NOTHIN', MATE.

I'LL, UH, I'LL JUST...I'VE GOT A TAXI WAITIN'.
TAKE YOUR TIME.

?

WHO WAS THAT...?
JUST MY BOSS.
GIVE US A SECOND HERE...


AW NO.
UM... HUGHIE?
I THINK I MIGHT HAVE HAD KIND OF A...
TIMING ISSUE...

YOU HAD TO--
HA!!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!

NFF NFF
FUCKARAMA
6C
6A
6D
NFF NFF
6A
WAMAHAMMA...

6A
WAMAHAMMA...
WAMAHAMMA...!
6A
AH--
AH--
AH--

AH WANNND MAH HAMMZDAH BAGGGKK...!
next: BATTLE WITHOUT HONOR OR HUMANITY

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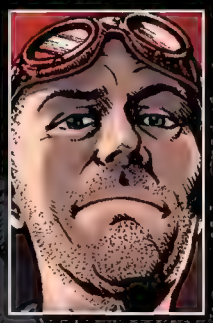

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That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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MOTEL
FIRST YOU LEAVE IT TURNED OFF AN' THEN YOU FORGET THE BLOODY THING? HUGHIE...!
SORRY! YOU GO ON, I'LL GET THE TRAIN! SORRY!

SHITE...

'LO AGAIN, MISTER POTAMUS!
SEE THAT CRAZY MUTHAFUCKA?
CAN'T STOP, I'M SORRY!
FUCKARAMA

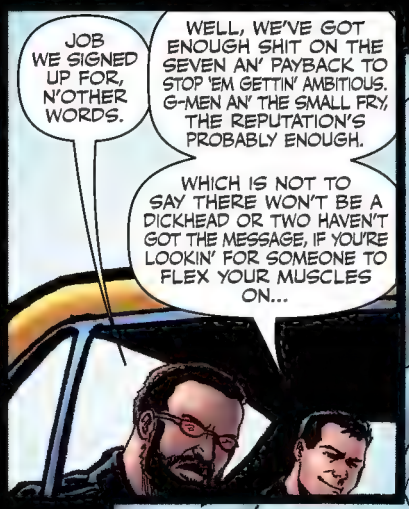
MUTHAFUCKA'S CRAZY.
FUCKARAMA

JUST ME, JAMIE! HERE, WHAT'S THE--

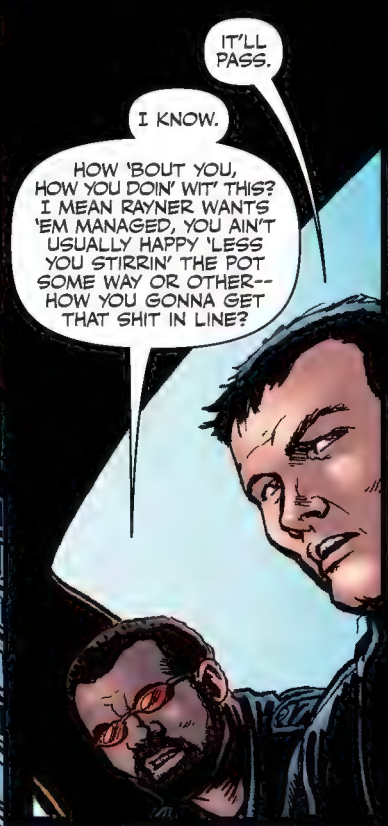
GOOD FOR THE SOUL

conclusion

SO WHAT DOES THAT SHIT MEAN, EXACTLY? MANAGEMENT?
WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SIDE A' THE TIN, I S'POSE. CARRY ON KEEPIN' 'EM IN LINE. STATUS QUO.

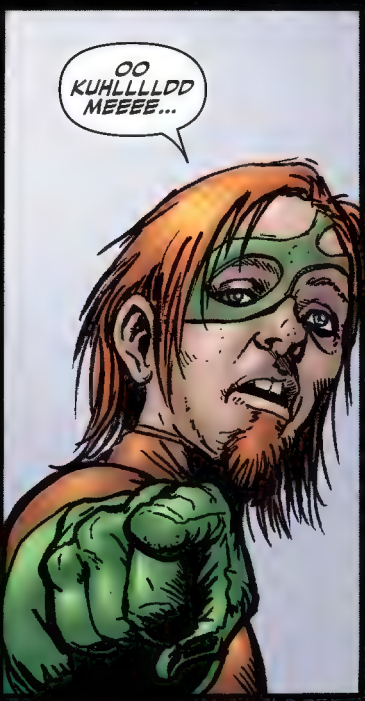

JOB WE SIGNED UP FOR, N'OTHER WORDS.
WELL, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SHIT ON THE SEVEN AN' PAYBACK TO STOP 'EM GETTIN' AMBITIOUS. G-MEN AN' THE SMALL FRY, THE REPUTATION'S PROBABLY ENOUGH.
WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THERE WON'T BE A DICKHEAD OR TWO HAVEN'T GOT THE MESSAGE, IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE TO FLEX YOUR MUSCLES ON...

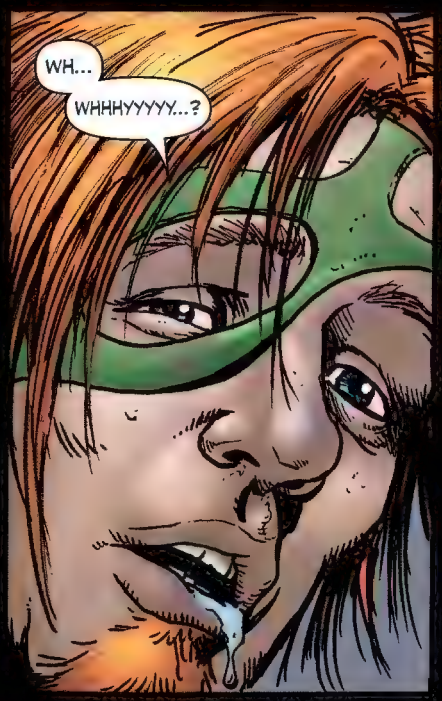
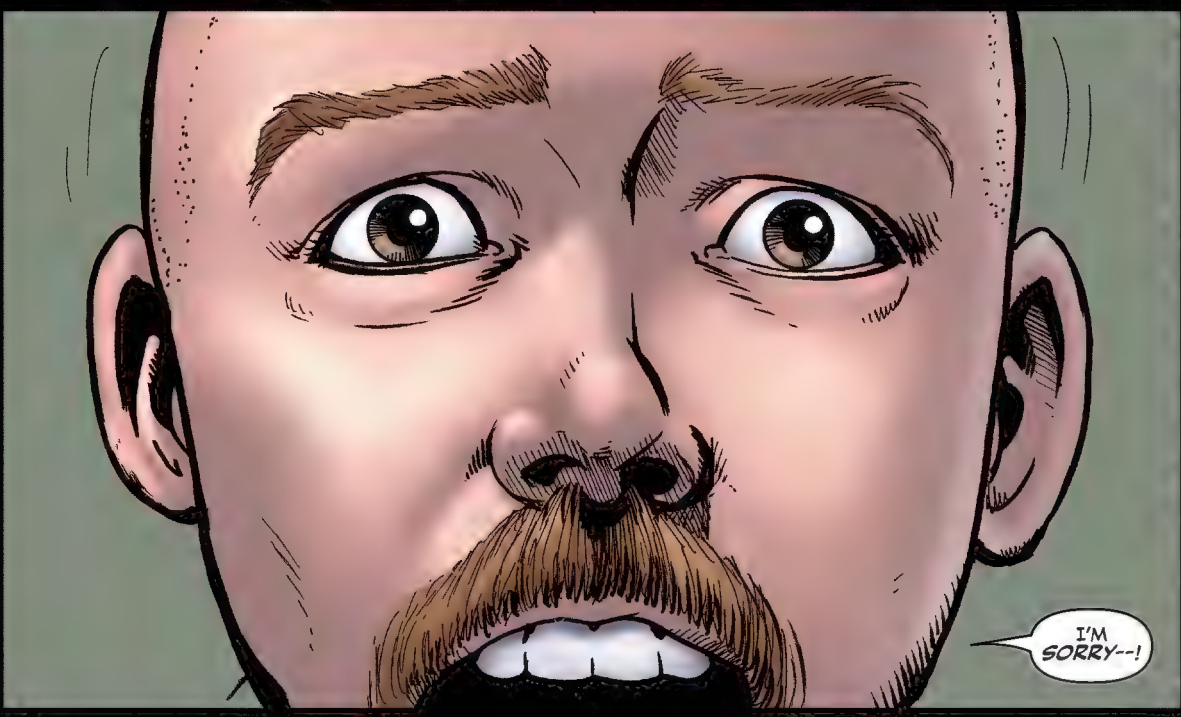
YEAH.
I JUST GOT THAT THING I ALWAYS GET AFTER I SEE MOMMA. LIKE I WANNA FUCK SOMEBODY UP BAD, YOU KNOW?


IT'LL PASS.
I KNOW.
HOW 'BOUT YOU, HOW YOU DOIN' WIT' THIS? I MEAN RAYNER WANTS 'EM MANAGED, YOU AIN'T USUALLY HAPPY 'LESS YOU STIRRIN' THE POT SOME WAY OR OTHER-- HOW YOU GONNA GET THAT SHIT IN LINE?

YOU KNOW ME, MATE. DON'T WANNA ROCK THE BOAT.
NO I IN TEAM, AIN'T THAT THE WAY THEY SAY IT?
UH-HUH.
LEFT LANE MUST TURN LEFT
TAXI

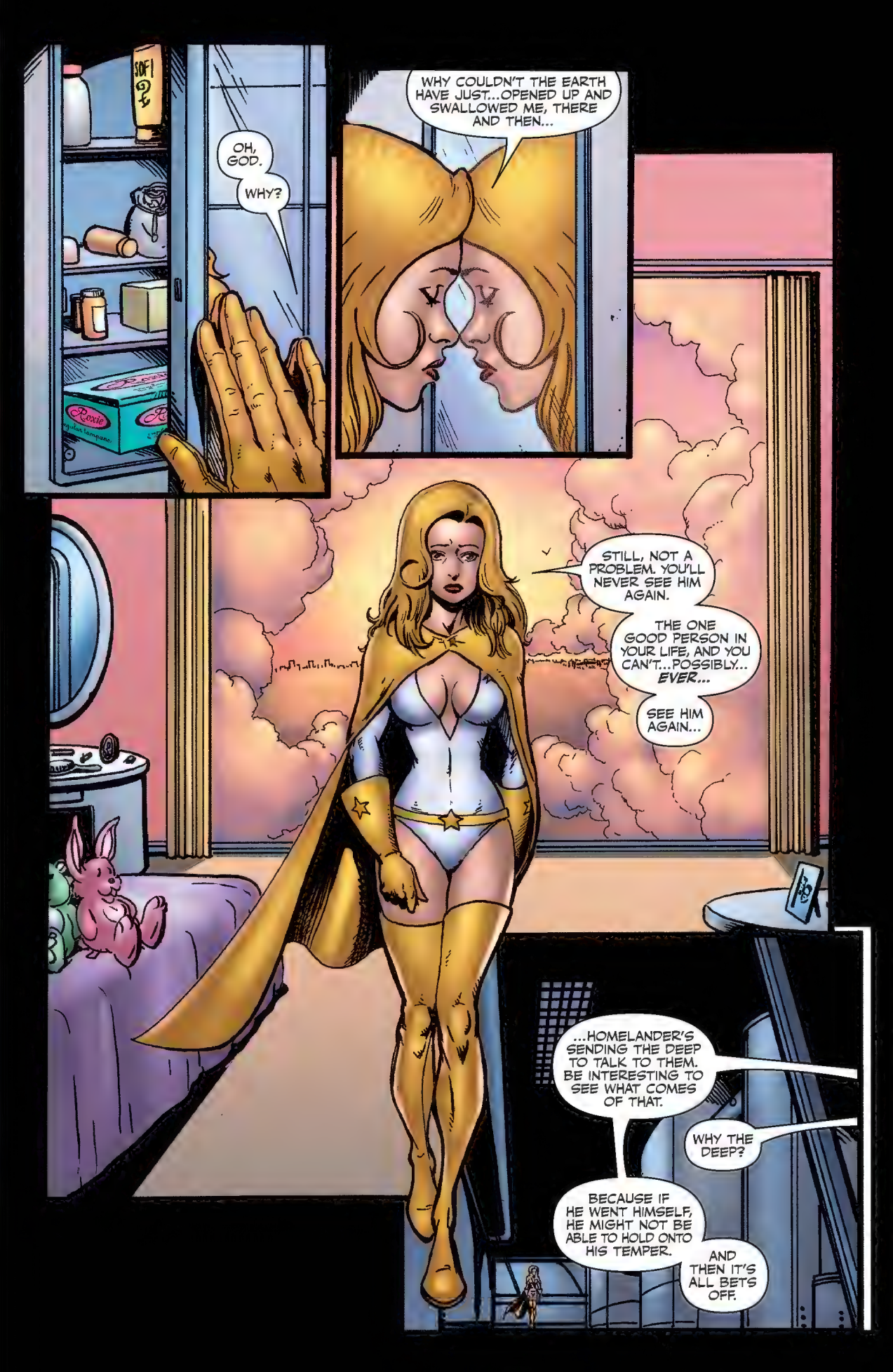
UUHHHHH...?
UH--
AH--

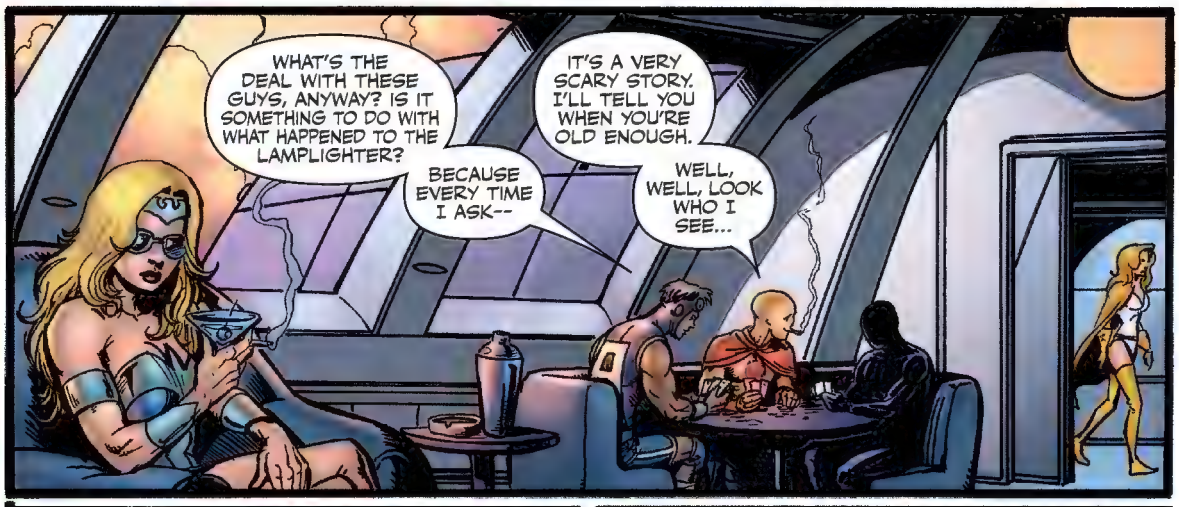
WH-WH-WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU--HOW DID YOU--
OOOO...
OOOO...

OO KUHLLLLDD MEEEE...

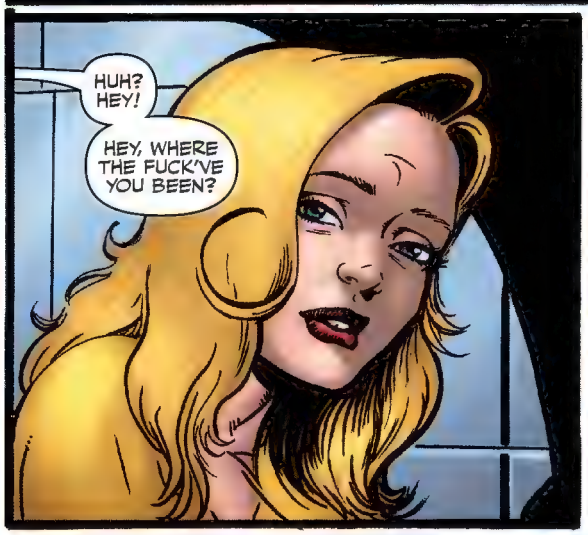
WHAT? NO!
KUHLLLLDD MEEE...
NO-NO-NO, DON'T SAY THAT! DON'T!

WH...
WHHHYYYYY...?

I'M SORRY--!

PLEASE, I'M SORRY, DON'T--DON'T SAY THAT--!
NNNNNN...
I DIDN'T MEAN TO, I SWEAR TO GOD...!
I WAS SCARED AN' YOU WERE HURTIN' ME, I MEAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA KILL ME--I'M NO GOOD IN FIGHTS, I ALWAYS JUST FUCKIN' PANIC! AN' I JUST-- LASHED OUT!
I SWEAR TO FUCK I FEEL TERRIBLE, IT'S BEEN EATIN' AT ME EVER SINCE! I'VE HARDLY SLEPT, I DREAM ABOUT IT, I--I--
I'M SORRY. PLEASE.
I'M SORRY...!
UH?
UUUUUUUHHHH

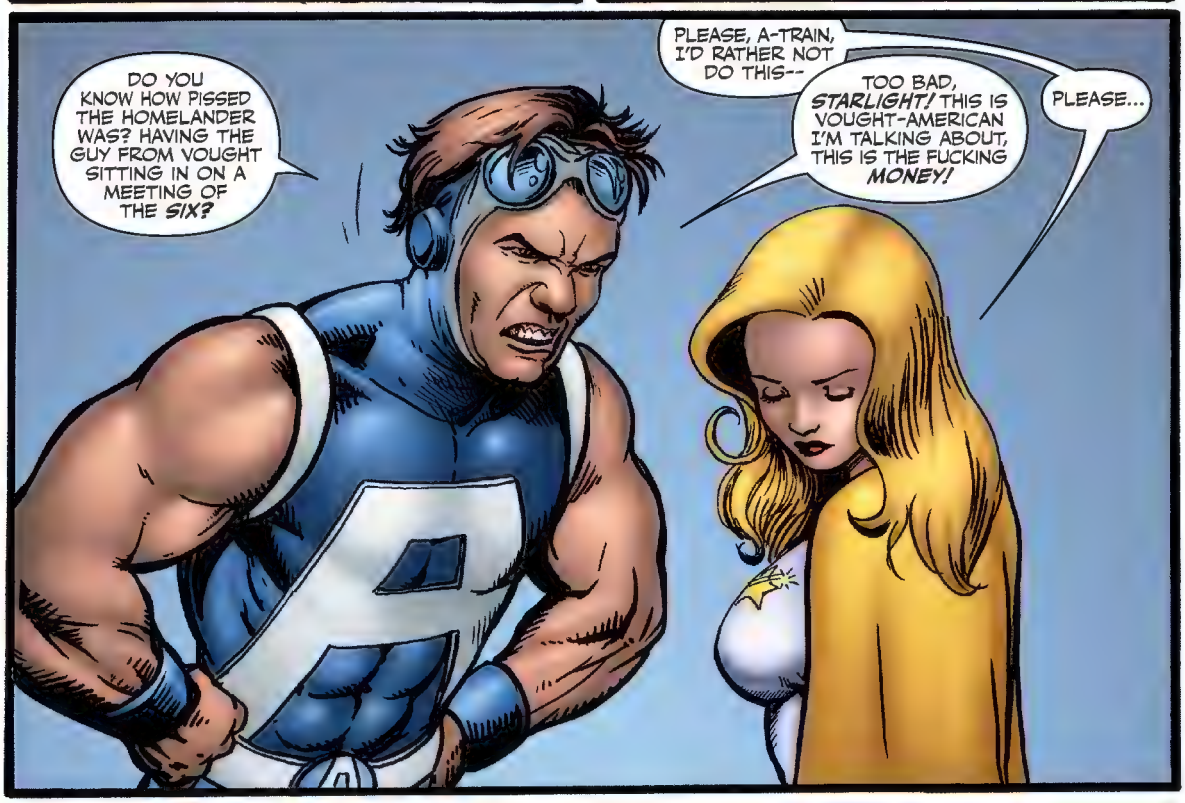
JESUS, WHAT'RE YOU-- STOP--!
UUUUUUUUHHH
FOR FUCK'S SAKE STOP IT, WILL YOU? LOOK AT YOU-- FUCK--
UUUUUUUHHH
STOP PISSIN', YOU STUPID BASTARD...!
UH.
JESUS CHRIST.
THAT'S FUCKIN' CHARMIN', THAT IS. I MEAN THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL, THAT REALLY DOES SAY IT ALL.
AH... AH...
AH WANNND MAH HAMZDAH BAGGGK...
WHAT?

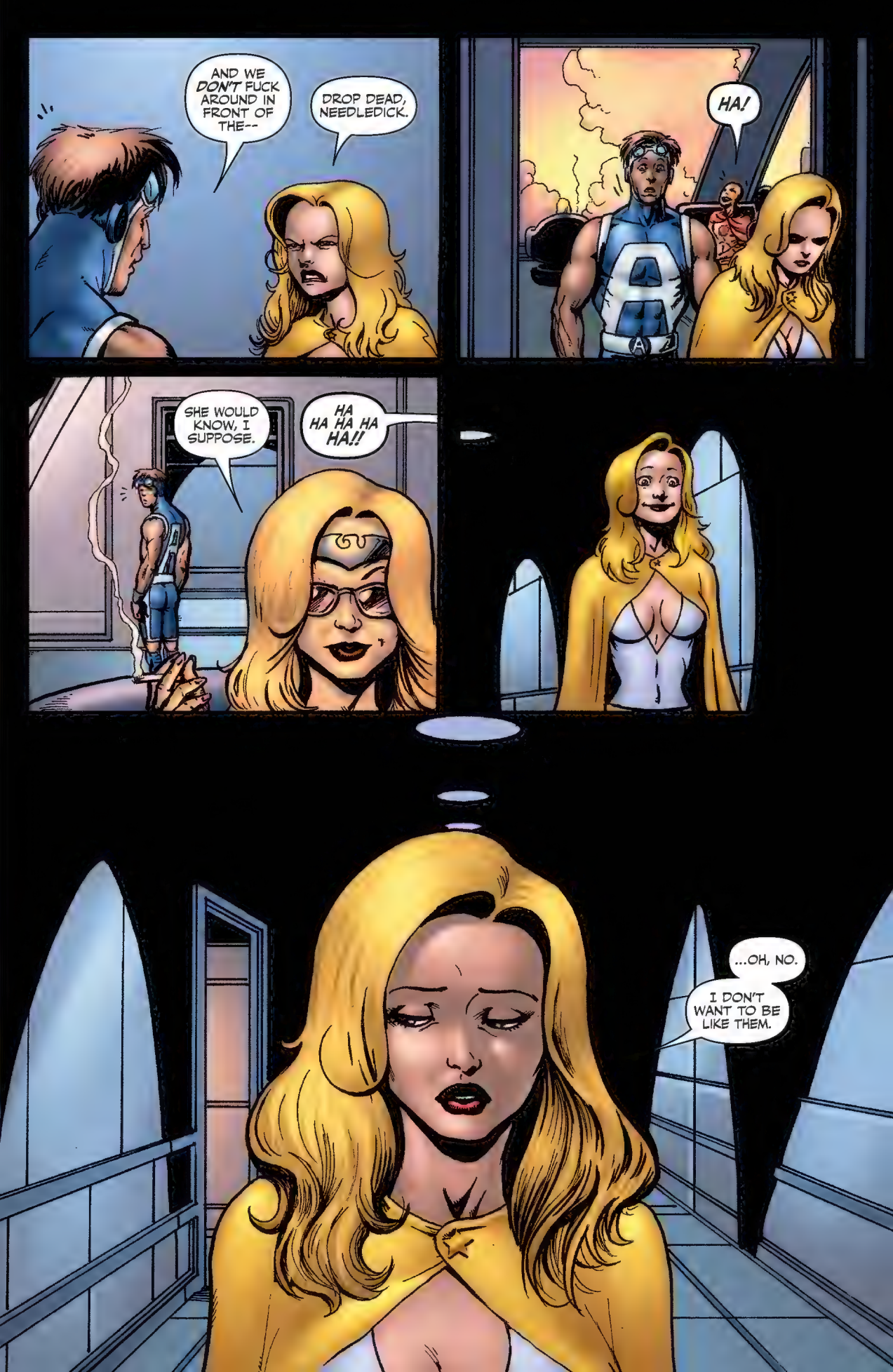

OH, GOD.
WHY?
WHY COULDN'T THE EARTH HAVE JUST...OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED ME, THERE AND THEN...
STILL, NOT A PROBLEM. YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
THE ONE GOOD PERSON IN YOUR LIFE, AND YOU CAN'T...POSSIBLY... EVER...
SEE HIM AGAIN...
...HOMELANDER'S SENDING THE DEEP TO TALK TO THEM. BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT COMES OF THAT.
WHY THE DEEP?
BECAUSE IF HE WENT HIMSELF, HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD ONTO HIS TEMPER.
AND THEN IT'S ALL BETS OFF.


WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THESE GUYS, ANYWAY? IS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAMPLIGHTER?
BECAUSE EVERY TIME I ASK--
IT'S A VERY SCARY STORY. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH.
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO I SEE...


HUH? HEY!
HEY, WHERE THE FUCK'VE YOU BEEN?

QUEEN MAEVE ALREADY SPOKE TO ME ABOUT MISSING THE MEETING. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
OH, YOU THINK THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, DO YOU?


DO YOU KNOW HOW PISSED THE HOMELANDER WAS? HAVING THE GUY FROM VOUGHT SITTING IN ON A MEETING OF THE *SIX?*
PLEASE, A-TRAIN, I'D RATHER NOT DO THIS--
TOO BAD, *STARLIGHT!* THIS IS VOUGHT-AMERICAN I'M TALKING ABOUT, THIS IS THE FUCKING *MONEY!*
PLEASE...


AND WE DON'T FUCK AROUND IN FRONT OF THE--
DROP DEAD, NEEDLEDICK.
HA!
SHE WOULD KNOW, I SUPPOSE.
HA HA HA HA HA!!
...OH, NO.
I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THEM.

HEY!!
WAMAHAMA...

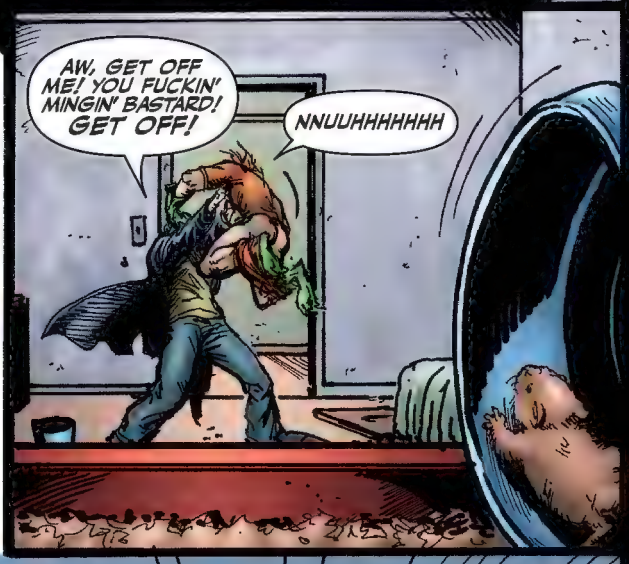
GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU'RE NO' HAVIN' HIM! HE'S MINE!
WHAT?!
MYYYY... HERRBBIIEEE...

HE'S NO' CALLED HERBIE, HIS NAME'S JAMIE!
HERRRBIIEEE...
JAMIE! AN YOU USED TO KEEP HIM STUCK UP YOUR ARSE, THERE'S NO FUCKIN' WAY YOU'RE HAVIN' HIM! IT'S CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, SO IT IS!
HERRBIIIEEE...!

LISTEN TO ME: YOU ARE NOT LEAVIN' HERE WI' THAT HAMSTER.
HIS NAME'S JAMIE. HE'S WI' ME. AN' YOU CAN FUCK OFF.

WAMAHAMMA BAGGGKK...!

HERRRBBIIIIEEEE...!
HERE--
FUCKSAKE--!

AAACCCHHHH!!

AW, GET OFF ME! YOU FUCKIN' MINGIN' BASTARD! GET OFF!
NNUUHHHHHHH

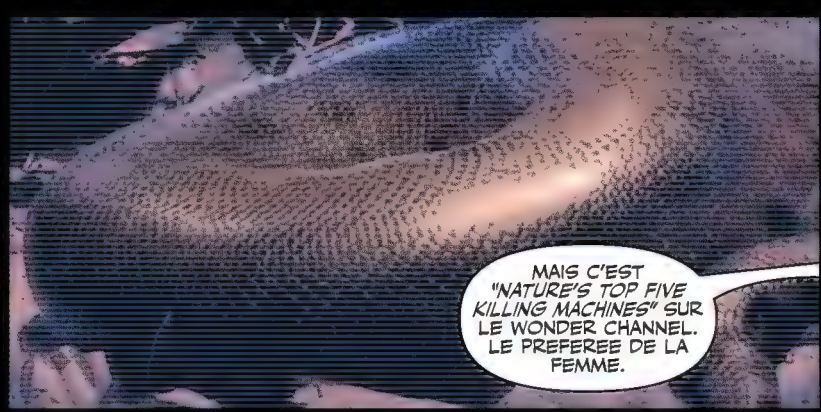
SHITE!

AW, JESUS...!
AW, FUCK--!
AW, NO.

...THE ANACONDA, WHICH CAN REACH LENGTHS OF UP TO FORTY FEET--AND ACCORDING TO SOME EXPERTS, EVEN BIGGER...

ITS HUGE COILS CAN CRUSH THE LIFE FROM ITS PREY IN SECONDS--PREY THAT HAS INCLUDED... HUMAN BEINGS...
FRENCHIE, TURN THAT SHIT OFF, WILL YOU?

LAIT DE LA MERE! POURQUOI?
I JUST...I'M TRYNNA CONCENTRATE HERE, I GOT A LOTTA TAPE TO TRANSCRIBE...


MAIS C'EST "NATURE'S TOP FIVE KILLING MACHINES" SUR LE WONDER CHANNEL. LE PREFEREE DE LA FEMME.

I KNOW SHE DIGS IT, I--
I JUST DON'T WANNA BE THINKIN' ABOUT GIANT FUCKIN' SNAKES RIGHT N--UHH--

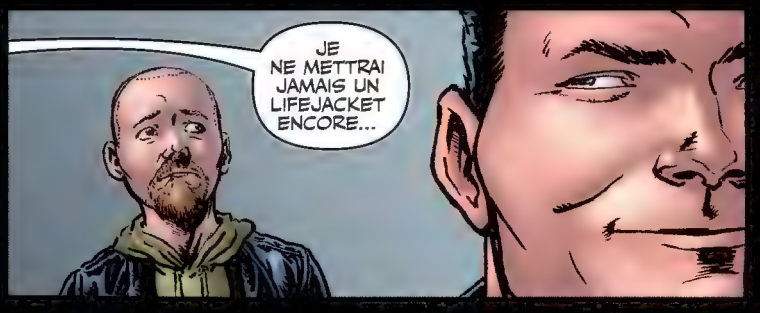
OH FUCK, FORGET IT--!

MORNIN', ALL--JINGS!
YOU ALL RIGHT, M.M.?
UKK
UKK

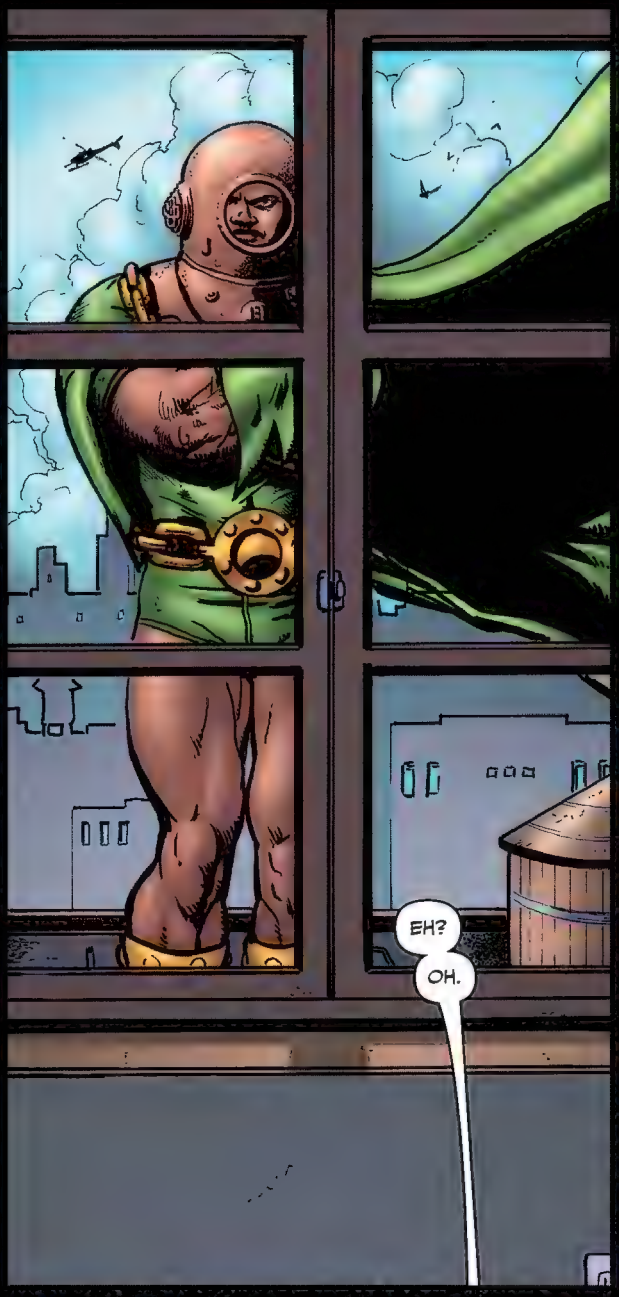
WHEN WE COME BACK: AMAZING SLOW-MOTION FOOTAGE OF GREAT WHITE SHARKS ON THE ATTACK--AND ACCORDING TO SOME EXPERTS, THIS BIG FISH COULD BE GETTING EVEN BIGGER...
AUCUN PLUS DE SERPENTS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WI'...
MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHIN' HE ATE.
THAT ANYWHERE NEAR OVER, FRENCHIE? YOU GONNA WATCH SOMETHIN' ELSE?

SO NO' MUCH GOIN' ON TODAY, THEN?
NOT A LOT.
PAPERWORK.


JE NE METTRAI JAMAIS UN LIFEJACKET ENCORE...

SO I WAS WATCHIN' C.S.I. LAST NIGHT, YOU KNOW?
OH YEAH?
IT'S REALLY AMAZIN' THE STUFF THEY HAVE THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW, THAT THEY USE ON THE SHOW? I MEAN YOU WONDER HOW ANYONE GETS AWAY WI' ANYTHING NOWADAYS.
I MEAN--YOU KNOW--IF YOU HAD TO GET RID OF A BODY OR WHATEVER, I MEAN HOW WOULD YOU DO IT SO THAT THEY NEVER KNEW IT WAS YOU...?
IF I HAD TO DO IT? WAIT FOR IT...
AYE.
AN' I DIDN'T WANT THE LADS ON C.S.I. TO GET ME? WAIT FOR IT...!
AYE.
I'D PROBABLY STICK THE BOD IN AN OIL DRUM AN' SOAK IT IN ABOUT A GALLON A' PETROL--WHICH I'D REMEMBER TO CALL GAS 'COS I'D BE BUYIN' IT OFF A SEPTIC--AN' I'D CHUCK WHATEVER THE PETROL CAME IN ON TOP OF IT. THEN I'D LIGHT A MATCH.
KNOW WHAT ELSE I'D DO?
WHAT...?
BUY ME NEW GIRLFRIEND A CALENDAR.
OH, HA FUCKIN' HA!
YO, BUTCHER.


EH?
OH.

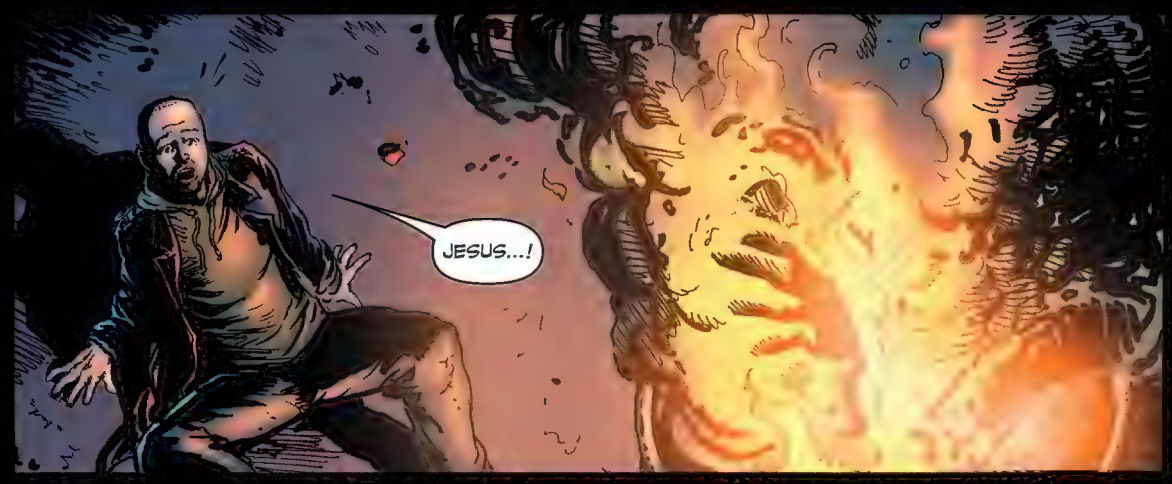
YEAH?
THE *HOMELANDER* KNOWS YOU INFORMED THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE V.P.'S VISIT. AND HIS INTENDED SPEECH.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE *DOING.*
AND IF THE *TRUCE* STILL *HOLDS.*

WELL IF HE REALLY WANTED TO KNOW HE'DA COME HIMSELF, WOULDN'T HE? 'STEADA SENDIN' A TIT LIKE YOU.

THAT REMINDS ME: DID THEY FIND ANY A' THE BUGS AFTER I MADE THE CALL TO MONKEY?
DON'T KNOW, I SHUT 'EM ALL DOWN. THEY WOULDA RUN A SWEEP RIGHT AWAY.
WELL, LEMME KNOW WHEN YOU SWITCH 'EM BACK ON...
AH, M'SIEUR CHARCUTER...!
--PREHISTORIC ANCESTOR AS LONG AS SIXTY FEET--AND WHO IS TO SAY, THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF--
WHAT IS IT, FRENCHIE?
YEAH, I HAVE BEEN, FRENCHIE. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.
NON, NON, UH...LES ARCHIVES...
BEFORE WE STARTED UP AGAIN LAST YEAR. RECORDERS WERE RUNNIN' THE WHOLE TIME.
I REMEMBER, I HAVE THE SEVEN SURVEILLANCE NOW COMPLETE. YOU MAY WATCH AT ANY TIME.
OH, YEAH. BE UP TO ABOUT... WHEN WE HAD OUR POP AT THE KIX, WOULDN'T IT?
YEAH, I'LL HAVE TO GET ROUND TO LOOKIN' AT THAT.
SEE WHAT IT WAS THE DIRTY SODS WERE UP TO...

SHITE!
FUCK'S SAKE...!
COME ON...
BIT CLOSE, HUGHIE.
AAAAHH!
TOLD YOU.


JESUS...!

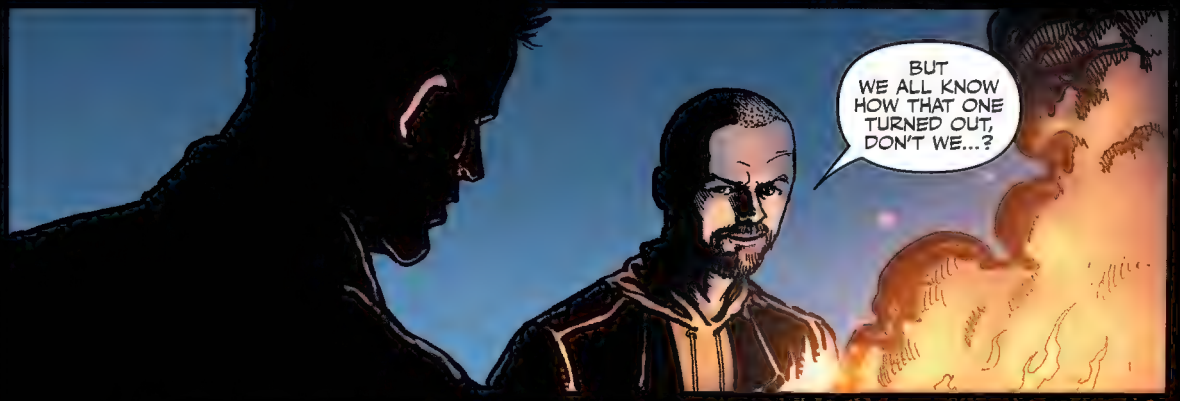
...I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

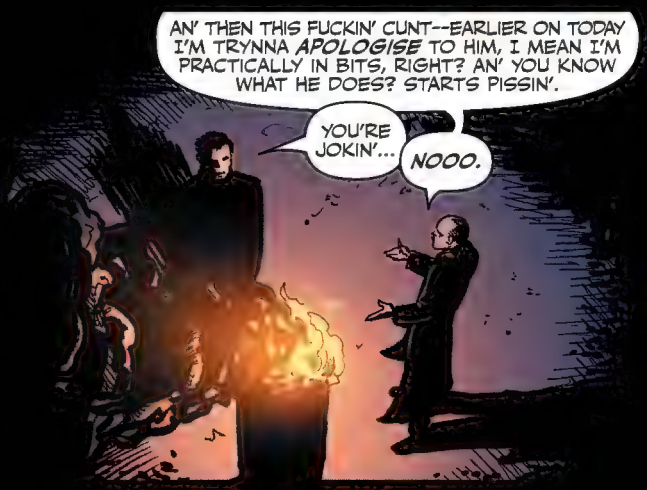
OR IF I SHOULD EVEN SAY ANYTHIN'.
I MEAN I KILLED YOU, AN'... YOU'RE GONE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT YOU WERE TRYNNA HURT ME OR KILL ME, AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.
TWICE.

WELL, YOU WERE A BIT OF A BAD LAD, BUT YOU HAD YOUR MATES AN' I'M SURE YOU LIKED YOUR BEVVY, AN'...
I'M SORRY.

AW FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, THIS IS *RIDICULOUS*--!

I MEAN WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE? BURNIN' YOU, STANDIN' OVER YOU LIKE YOU'RE DARTH FUCKIN' VADER OR SOMETHIN'?
YOU WERE AN ARSEHOLE! YOU WERE A FUCKIN' WANKER, WHY SHOULD I FEEL SORRY FOR THE LIKES O' YOU?
HHHH.
YOU MAY AS WELL COME ON OUT. I CAN HEAR YOU TRYIN' NOT TO LAUGH.
I'M SORRY, MATE, IT WAS WHEN YOU FELL ON YOUR ARSE...!
I KNOW.
IT'S JUST... IT WAS MY THING, AN' I WANTED TO DO IT MY WAY.
I WANTED TO END IT MY WAY.
I MEAN YOU WOULDN'T'VE SAID ANYTHIN', WOULD YOU? YOU'D'VE JUST SET HIM ON FIRE AN' FUCKED OFF.
YEAH...
AYE.
BUT IT'S ALL RIDICULOUS, IT ALWAYS JUST TURNS OUT DAFT. DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I TRY TO DO.
LIKE I MEET THIS LASSIE AN' SHE'S ABSOLUTELY SMASHIN', I REALLY FEEL LIKE I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' GREAT IN MY LIFE--SOMETHIN' NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE, JUST TO ANCHOR ALL THIS FUCKIN' MADNESS...


BUT WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT ONE TURNED OUT, DON'T WE...?


AN' THEN THIS FUCKIN' CUNT--EARLIER ON TODAY I'M TRYNNA *APOLOGISE* TO HIM, I MEAN I'M PRACTICALLY IN BITS, RIGHT? AN' YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES? STARTS PISSIN'.
YOU'RE JOKIN'...
NOOO.

AW, I DUNNO.
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY? I THOUGHT THE IDEA WAS I DID THIS ONE ON MY OWN.
AH, JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW YOU'D HANDLE IT.

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, ANYWAY.
HE WAS A CUNT.

BUT IF YOU WANNA TELL HIM YOU'RE SORRY, OR SAY ANYTHIN' ELSE TO HIM, YOU DO IT.
GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST AN' THAT. BE GOOD FOR YOU.

YOU DO THE JOB THE WAY YOU WANT TO, MATE.
SO: YOU OFF TO SEE THE LEGEND TOMORROW, FIND OUT ALL OUR DEEP, DARK SECRETS?

YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT...?
I KNOW EVERYTHIN', HUGHIE. AIN'T YOU TWIGGED THAT YET?
OI! TERROR!
SO WHO'S THIS BIRD YOU'VE BEEN SEEIN', THEN?
THE END

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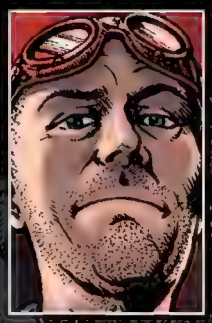

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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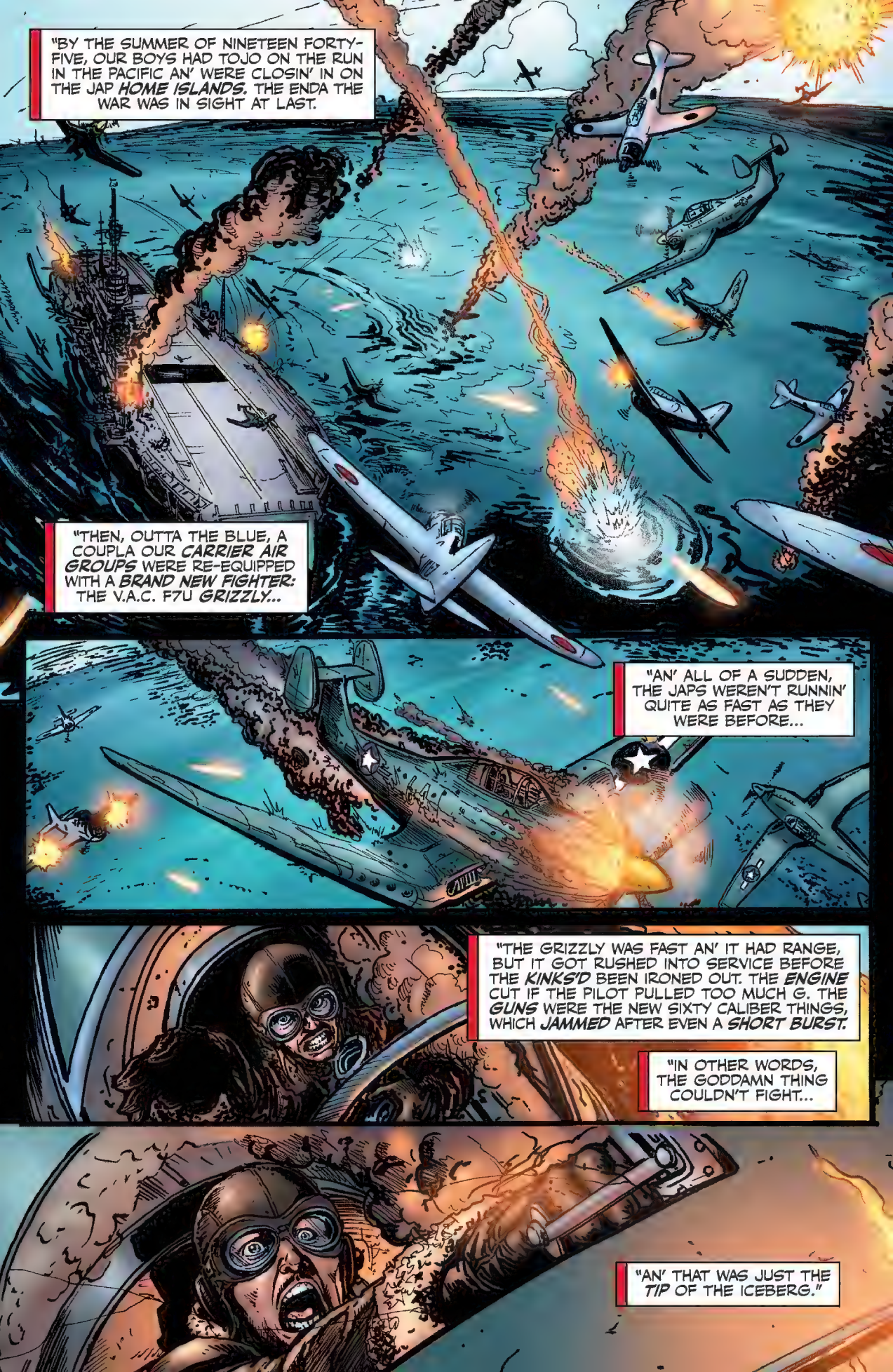
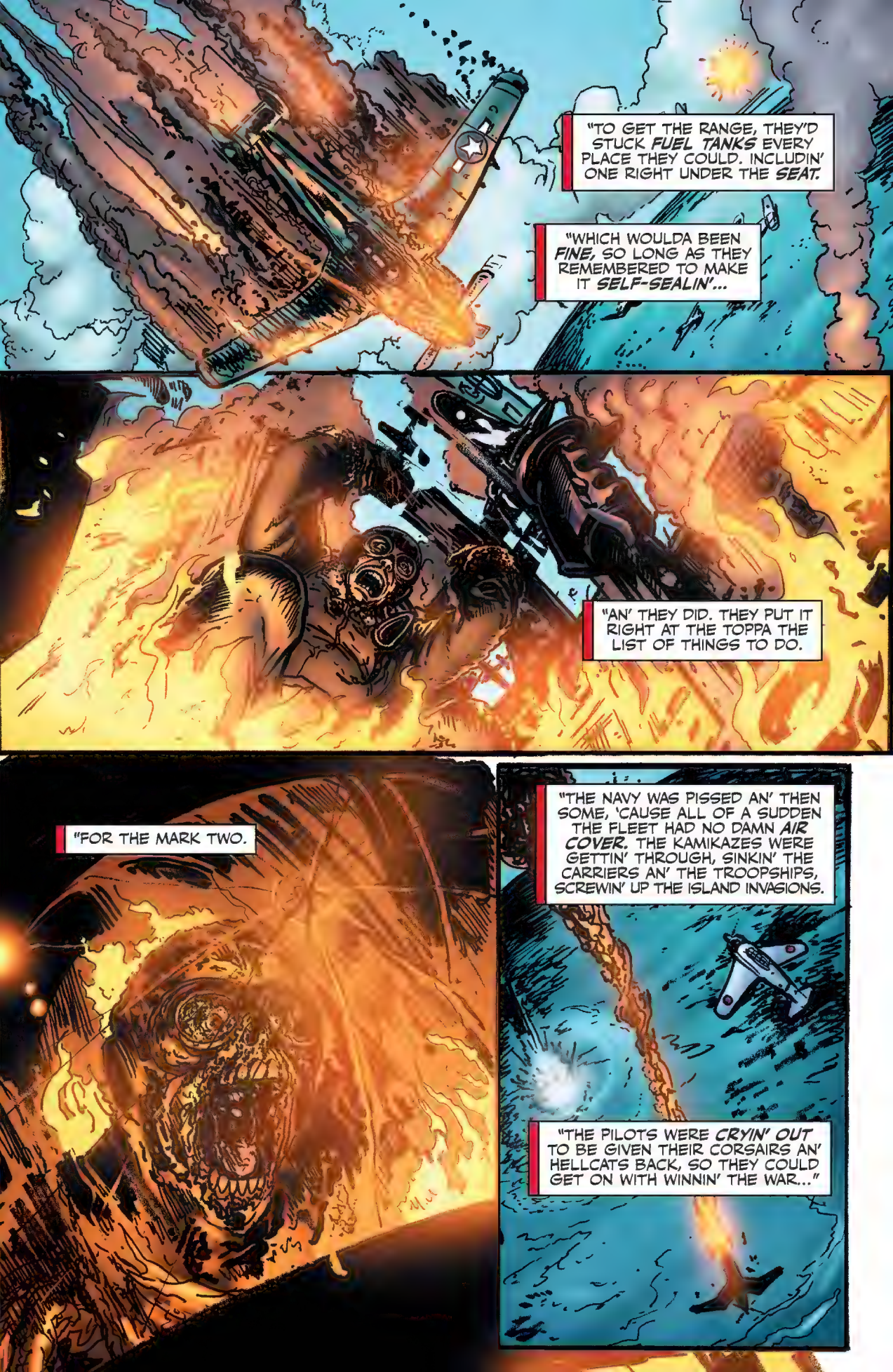
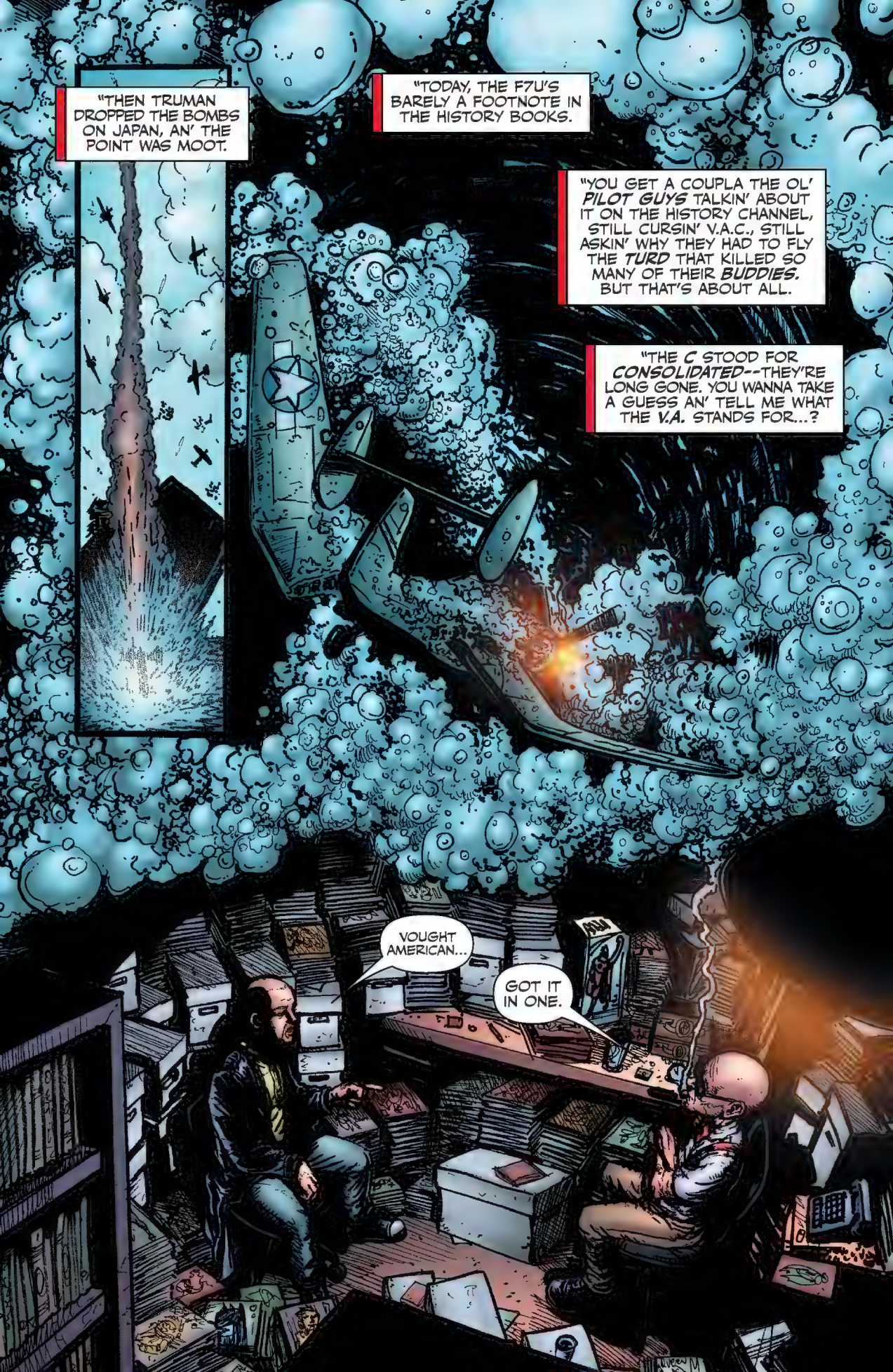
I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

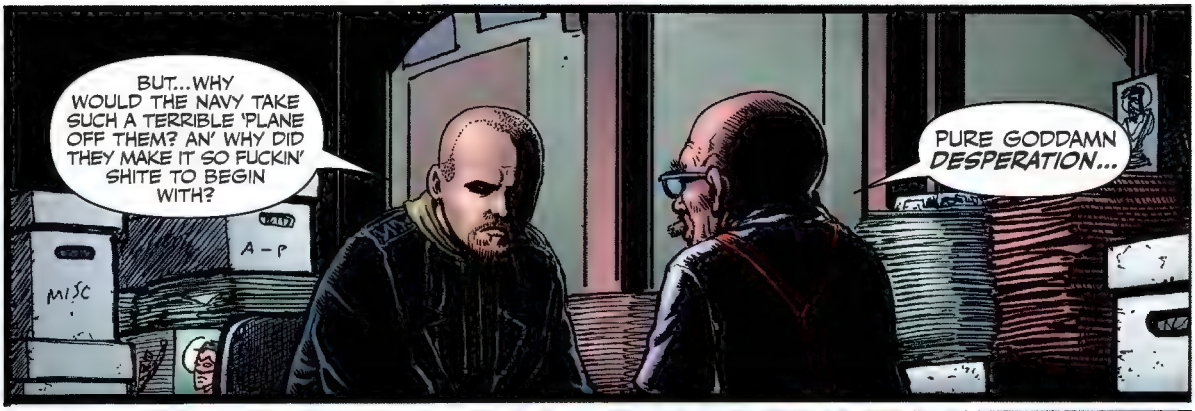
part one


"BY THE SUMMER OF NINETEEN FORTY-FIVE, OUR BOYS HAD TOJO ON THE RUN IN THE PACIFIC AN' WERE CLOSIN' IN ON THE JAP HOME ISLANDS. THE ENDA THE WAR WAS IN SIGHT AT LAST.
"THEN, OUTTA THE BLUE, A COUPLA OUR CARRIER AIR GROUPS WERE RE-EQUIPPED WITH A BRAND NEW FIGHTER: THE V.A.C. F7U GRIZZLY...
"AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE JAPS WEREN'T RUNNIN' QUITE AS FAST AS THEY WERE BEFORE...
"THE GRIZZLY WAS FAST AN' IT HAD RANGE, BUT IT GOT RUSHED INTO SERVICE BEFORE THE KINKS'D BEEN IRONED OUT. THE ENGINE CUT IF THE PILOT PULLED TOO MUCH G. THE GUNS WERE THE NEW SIXTY CALIBER THINGS, WHICH JAMMED AFTER EVEN A SHORT BURST.
"IN OTHER WORDS, THE GODDAMN THING COULDN'T FIGHT...
"AN' THAT WAS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG."


"TO GET THE RANGE, THEY'D STUCK *FUEL TANKS* EVERY PLACE THEY COULD. INCLUDIN' ONE RIGHT UNDER THE *SEAT.*
"WHICH WOULDA BEEN *FINE,* SO LONG AS THEY REMEMBERED TO MAKE IT *SELF-SEALIN'*...
"AN' THEY DID. THEY PUT IT RIGHT AT THE TOPPA THE LIST OF THINGS TO DO.
"FOR THE MARK TWO.
"THE NAVY WAS PISSED AN' THEN SOME, 'CAUSE ALL OF A SUDDEN THE FLEET HAD NO DAMN *AIR COVER.* THE KAMIKAZES WERE GETTIN' THROUGH, SINKIN' THE CARRIERS AN' THE TROOPSHIPS, SCREWIN' UP THE ISLAND INVASIONS.
"THE PILOTS WERE *CRYIN' OUT* TO BE GIVEN THEIR CORSAIRS AN' HELLCATS BACK, SO THEY COULD GET ON WITH WINNIN' THE WAR..."


"THEN TRUMAN DROPPED THE BOMBS ON JAPAN, AN' THE POINT WAS MOOT.
"TODAY, THE F7U'S BARELY A FOOTNOTE IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.
"YOU GET A COUPLA THE OL' PILOT GUYS TALKIN' ABOUT IT ON THE HISTORY CHANNEL, STILL CURSIN' V.A.C., STILL ASKIN' WHY THEY HAD TO FLY THE TURD THAT KILLED SO MANY OF THEIR BUDDIES. BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL.
"THE C STOOD FOR CONSOLIDATED--THEY'RE LONG GONE. YOU WANNA TAKE A GUESS AN' TELL ME WHAT THE V.A. STANDS FOR...?
VOUGHT AMERICAN...
GOT IT IN ONE.

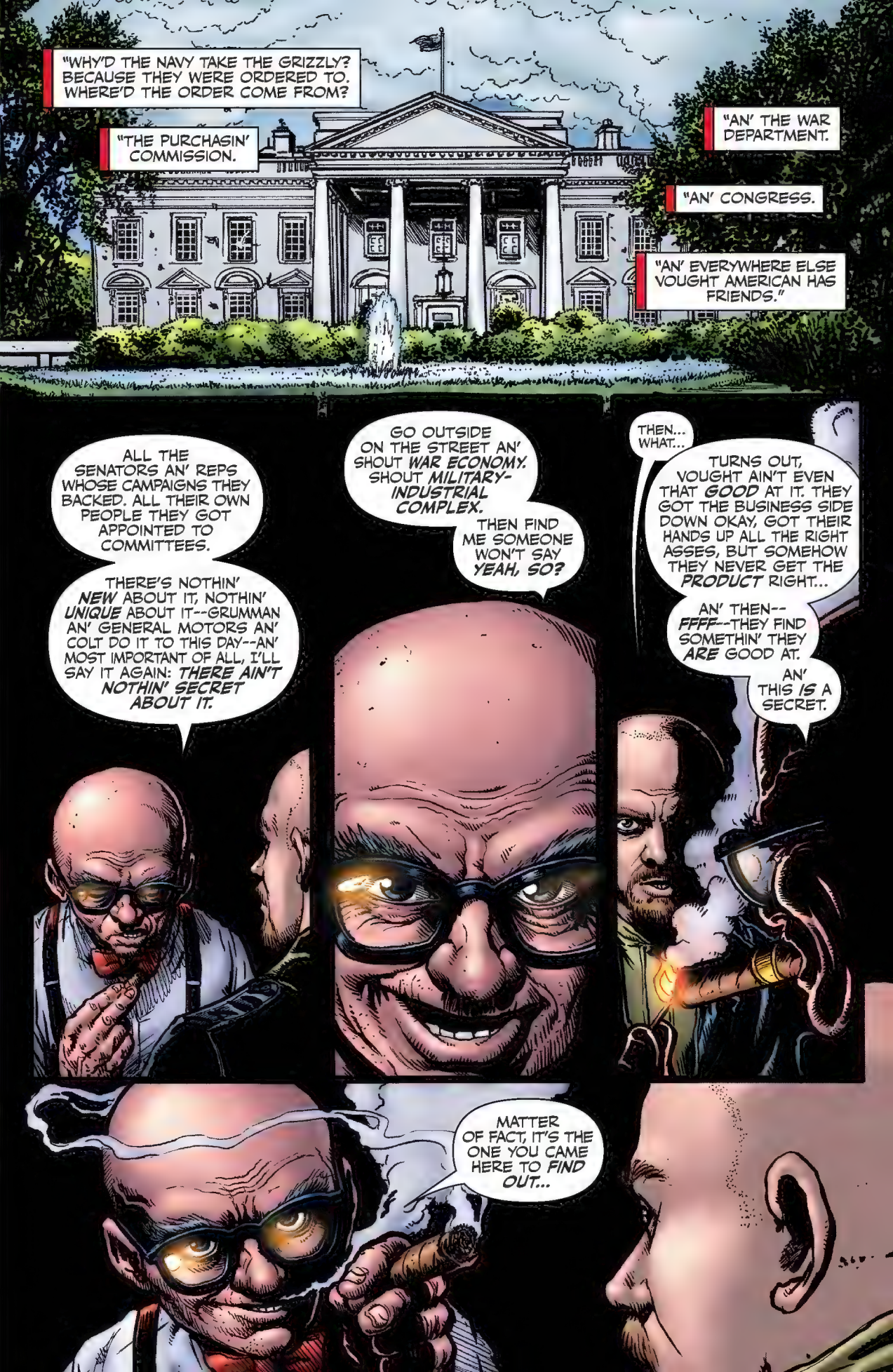
GGGRRRRRR...
GGGRRRRRRR...!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, TERROR.
GGRRRAAAARRROOOWWRRR...!
I KNOW, MATE.
I KNOW.
SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?


BUT...WHY WOULD THE NAVY TAKE SUCH A TERRIBLE 'PLANE OFF THEM? AN' WHY DID THEY MAKE IT SO FUCKIN' SHITE TO BEGIN WITH?
PURE GODDAMN DESPERATION...
A-P
MISC

THEY KNOW THE WAR'S ONLY GOT SO LONG TO GO, THEY WANNA GET THEIR PRODUCT OUT THERE. NAVY GAVE 'EM THE CONTRACT--THEY DON'T DELIVER, THEY'RE NEVER GONNA GET ANOTHER...
SO THEY CUT A FEW CORNERS. SKIP A COUPLE TEST FLIGHTS, MAYBE EVEN FAKE THE RESULTS. DO WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE THE DEADLINE...
WHAT THE FUCK, IT AIN'T LIKE THEY GOTTA FLY THE SON OF A BITCH.

AN' THE NAVY PILOTS WHO DO, WELL, THEY WRITE REPORTS SAYIN' NO FUCKIN' WAY--AN' THE GODDAMN DELIVERIES GO AHEAD ANYHOW.
WHY...?

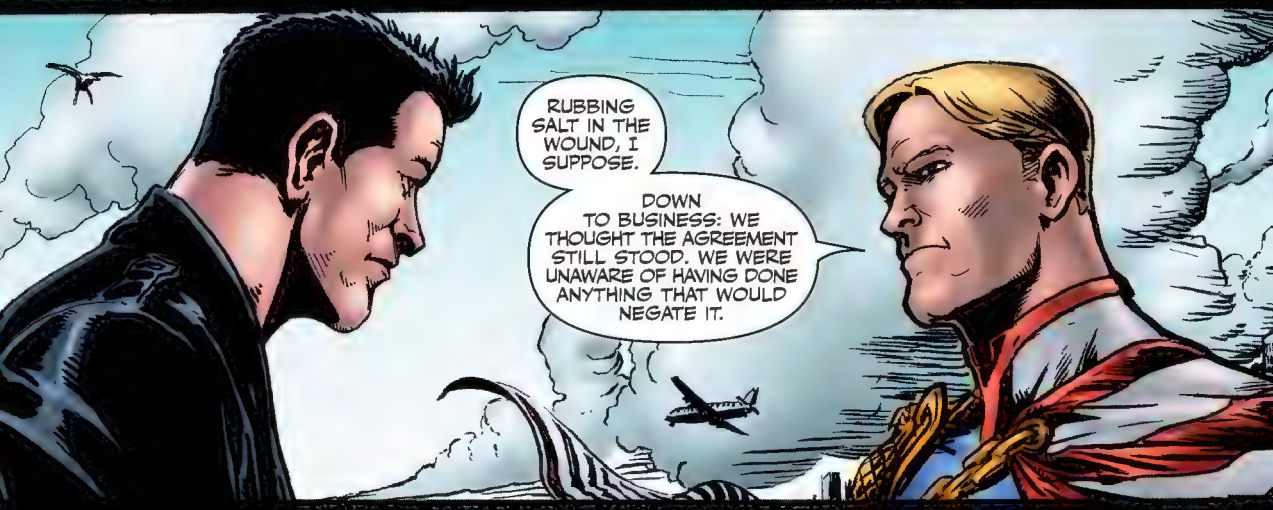
I HEAR YOU'RE A CONSPIRACY NUT. WELL, THIS IS THE CONSPIRACY, KID.
IT AIN'T ANCIENT GODS AN' ALIENS AN' CODED SHIT ON THE DOLLAR BILL. IT AIN'T EVEN A SECRET, IT'S SOMETHIN' ORDINARY FOLKS DO FOR A LIVIN', EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.
IT'S BUSINESS.


"WHY'D THE NAVY TAKE THE GRIZZLY? BECAUSE THEY WERE ORDERED TO. WHERE'D THE ORDER COME FROM?
"THE PURCHASIN' COMMISSION.
"AN' THE WAR DEPARTMENT.
"AN' CONGRESS.
"AN' EVERYWHERE ELSE VOUGHT AMERICAN HAS FRIENDS."
ALL THE SENATORS AN' REPS WHOSE CAMPAIGNS THEY BACKED. ALL THEIR OWN PEOPLE THEY GOT APPOINTED TO COMMITTEES.
THERE'S NOTHIN' NEW ABOUT IT, NOTHIN' UNIQUE ABOUT IT--GRUMMAN AN' GENERAL MOTORS AN' COLT DO IT TO THIS DAY--AN' MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN: THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SECRET ABOUT IT.
GO OUTSIDE ON THE STREET AN' SHOUT WAR ECONOMY. SHOUT MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.
THEN FIND ME SOMEONE WON'T SAY YEAH, SO?
THEN... WHAT...
TURNS OUT, VOUGHT AIN'T EVEN THAT GOOD AT IT. THEY GOT THE BUSINESS SIDE DOWN OKAY, GOT THEIR HANDS UP ALL THE RIGHT ASSES, BUT SOMEHOW THEY NEVER GET THE PRODUCT RIGHT...
AN' THEN-- FFFF--THEY FIND SOMETHIN' THEY ARE GOOD AT.
AN' THIS IS A SECRET.
MATTER OF FACT, IT'S THE ONE YOU CAME HERE TO FIND OUT...

INSECT...
YOU BETCHA, MY LADY!
THIS IS BULLSHIT.
SHE SITS THERE LIKE SHE'S ROYALTY, SWILLING THOSE FUCKING MARTINIS LIKE THEY'RE GOING OUT OF FASHION--
SHE IS ROYALTY.
GIVE ME A BREAK. AND THE REST OF THEM ARE OFF CONFRONTING THESE ULTIMATE FUCKING BADASSES, AND WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT IT IS ABOUT THEM? SERIOUSLY?
BUT, BECAUSE I'M SOMEHOW STILL CONSIDERED A GODDAMN NEWBIE, I'M STUCK HERE WITH YOU. DOING THIS.
WE ALL HAVE OUR CROSSES TO BEAR, A-TRAIN.
WHATEVER...
THE HOMELANDER SAYS THIS IS IMPORTANT. HE SAYS WE SHOULD TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK, BECAUSE IT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO UNDERESTIMATES THESE... WHOEVER THEY ARE.
SEE-- AITCH--ARE-- AYE--ESS--AYE-- ESS, HASH...

BESIDES, EVERYONE'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE A TURN, AREN'T THEY?
JESUS, WHAT'S THAT SMELL--?
MUCKING
OUT
THE
WARE MA PAARRRR...
LAMP
LIGHTER...
WARE MA PARRRRR...!

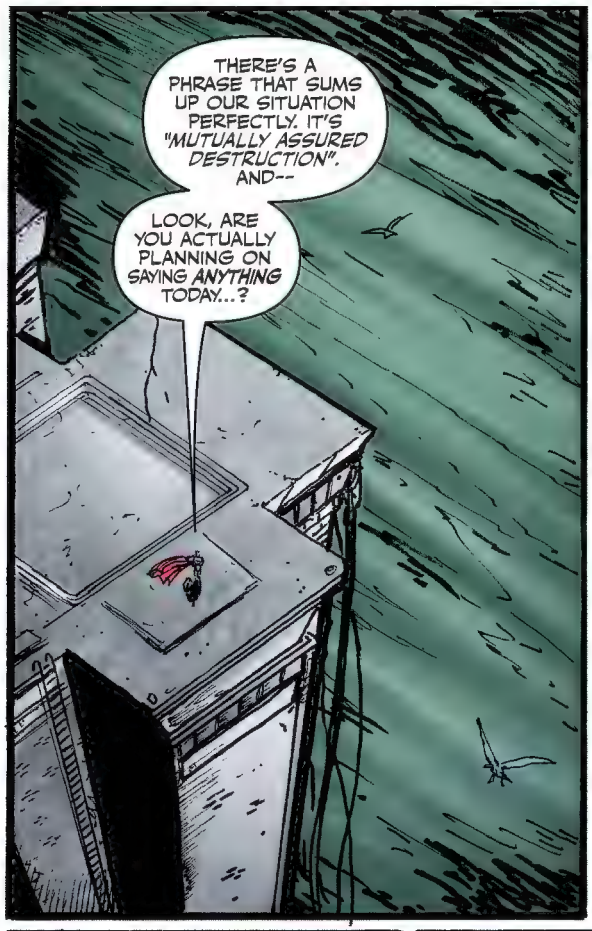
WHY HERE?

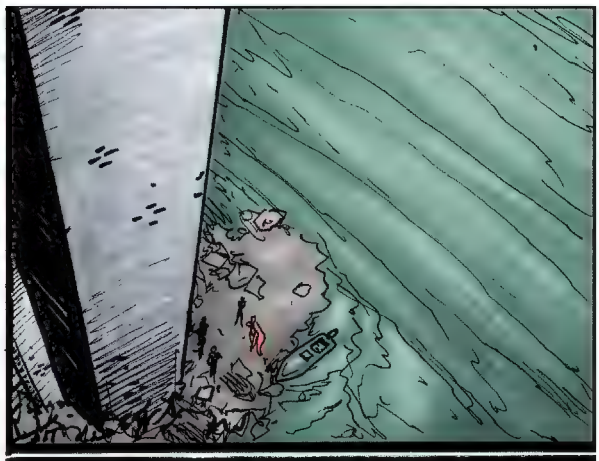

RUBBING SALT IN THE WOUND, I SUPPOSE.
DOWN TO BUSINESS: WE THOUGHT THE AGREEMENT STILL STOOD. WE WERE UNAWARE OF HAVING DONE ANYTHING THAT WOULD NEGATE IT.

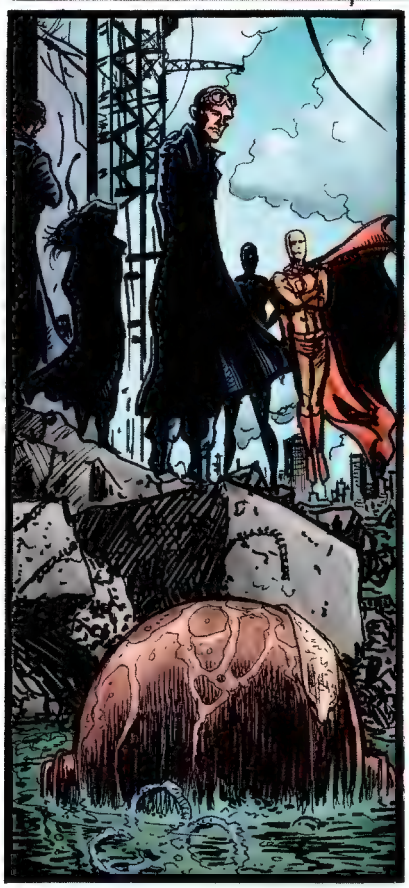
GIVEN WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME, I PERSONALLY CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU'D WANT TO REOPEN HOSTILITIES.
UNLESS COLONEL MALLORY HAS FINISHED MOURNING THOSE TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND RETURNED TO THE FOLD, WHICH I DOUBT. AND I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THE LAMPLIGHTER IS STILL TRYING TO RECHARGE HIS LAMP WITH HIS FECES.
YET HERE WE ARE.

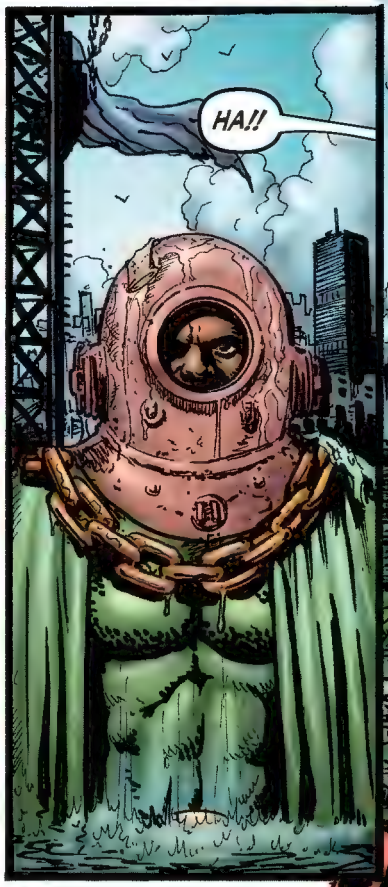
TEENAGE KIX WERE ONE THING--OH, THEY GOT YOUR NOTE, BY THE WAY. BARREL OF BURNED BONES. CHARMING.
BUT FUCKING UP VIC'S SPEECH WAS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY. NEVER MIND THAT YOU'VE BEEN BUGGING OUR HOME, NO DOUBT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING: YOU TOOK A SHOT AT VOUGHT. YOU USED US TO DO IT.

AND AS I SAY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHY YOU'D WANT TO.
UNLESS OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU TO DISTRACTION.


THERE'S A PHRASE THAT SUMS UP OUR SITUATION PERFECTLY. IT'S "MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION". AND--
LOOK, ARE YOU ACTUALLY PLANNING ON SAYING ANYTHING TODAY...?





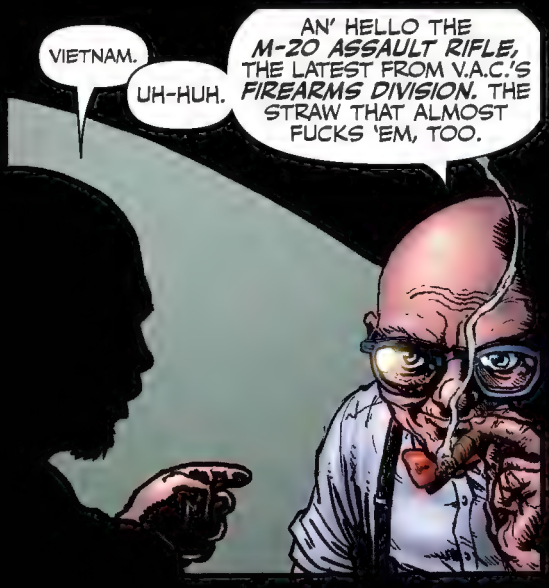

HA!!

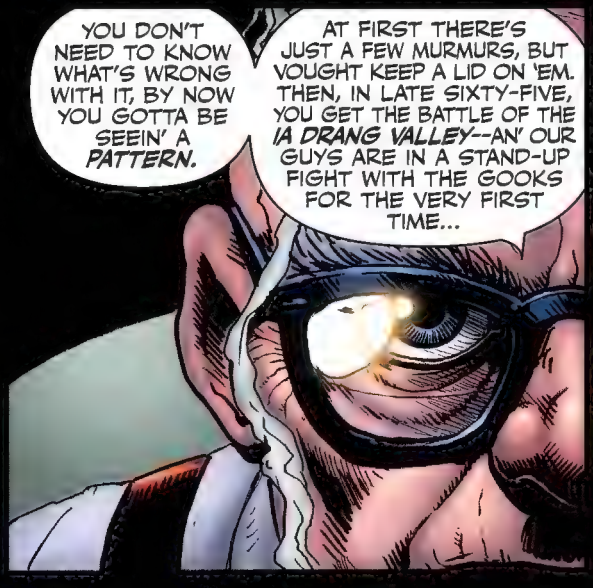
...PARDON, M'SIEU.
PARDON.

"VOUGHT KEPT BACKIN' THE WRONG HORSE. THEY HAD THE POLITICAL CLOUT THEY NEEDED--BUT THE SHIT THEY WERE FOISTIN' ON THE AIR FORCE AN' THE ARMY, JESUS *CHRIST*...

"NOW, THIS WAS FINE SO LONG AS THERE WASN'T A WAR ON: YOU FILL THE CONTRACT, YOU GET ANY NEGATIVE REPORTS FROM THE MILITARY *BURIED*. NO ONE'S USIN' YOUR LOUSY EQUIPMENT FOR *REAL*, SO WHO THE HELL'S GONNA KNOW, RIGHT?

"GOODBYE MY DARLIN', HELLO..."

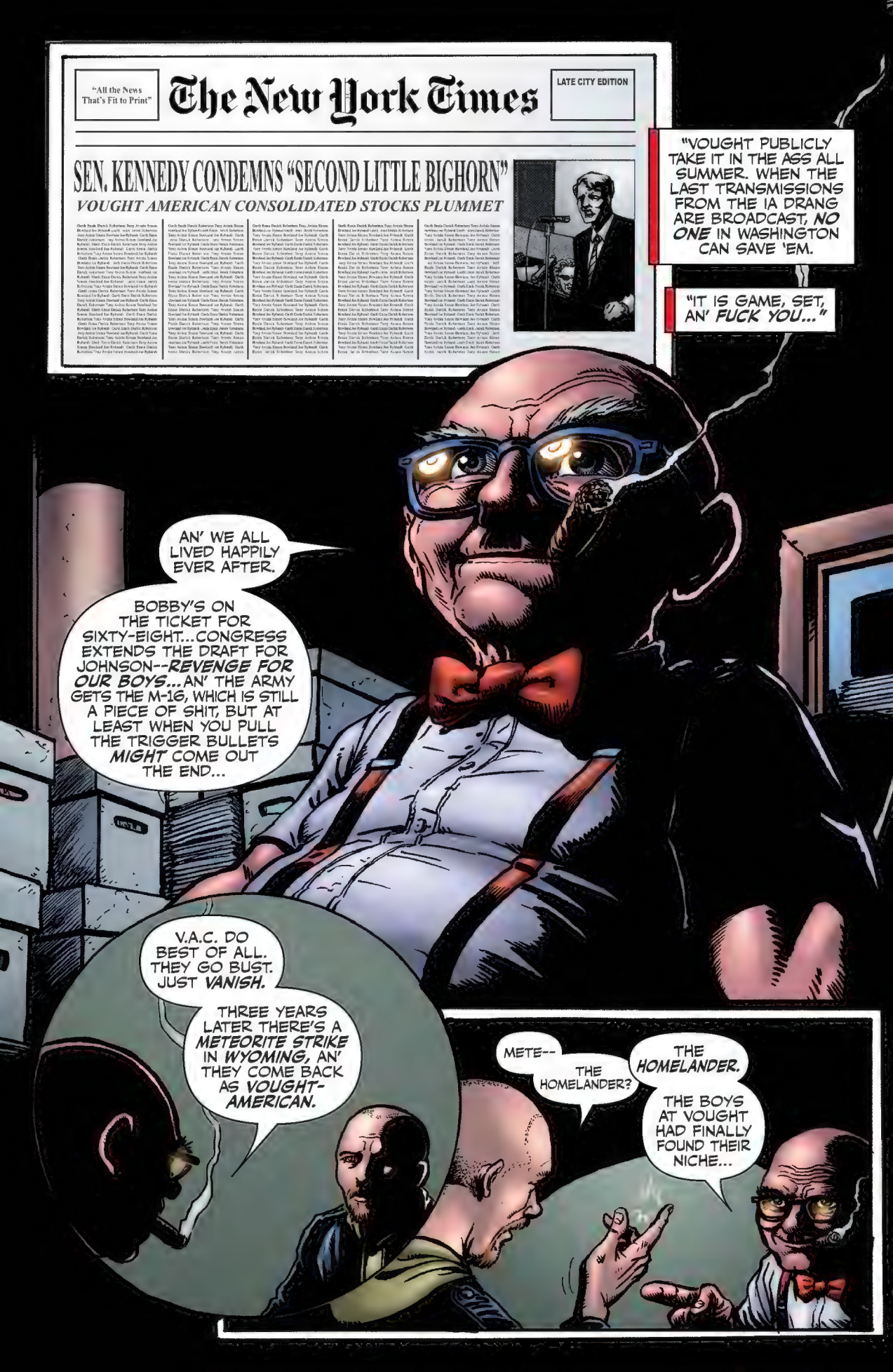




"THEY'RE SURROUNDED AN' OUTNUMBERED, BUT THEY AIN'T SWEATIN' IT. THEY GOT A *THOUSAND MEN*, THEY GOT AIR SUPPORT, ARTILLERY... HELL, THEY'DA BEEN ABLE TO *SHOOT BACK*, THEY'DA WON FOR *SURE*.

"WEEK AFTER THEY GO IN, U.S. RELIEF UNITS REACH THE IA DRANG. FIRST THING THE BOYS ON THE HUEYS SEE IS A THOUSAND SEVERED HEADS."

"AN' SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT, THEY SEE..."
'LEAST IT TURNED OUT TO BE GOOD FOR SOMETHIN'.
YOU'RE FUCKIN' RIGHT I'M SEEIN' A PATTERN, I MEAN HOW MANY GUYS'VE THESE CUNTS GOT KILLED OVER THE YEARS...?
THEY DON'T CARE. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
THIS TIME IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE REALLY GONE TOO FAR. ONCE THE STORY BREAKS THERE'S AN OUTCRY, AN' IT'S VOUGHT'S BAD LUCK THAT BOBBY KENNEDY HIMSELF COMES AFTER 'EM.
HE'S LOOKIN' FOR A PLATFORM, A CRUSADE-- L.B.J.'S CONVINCED HE'S COMIN' AFTER 'NAM ITSELF, SO HE'S ECSTATIC WHEN BOBBY PICKS ON VOUGHT. DOCUMENTS GET LEAKED. A SUB-COMMITTEE'S APPOINTED.

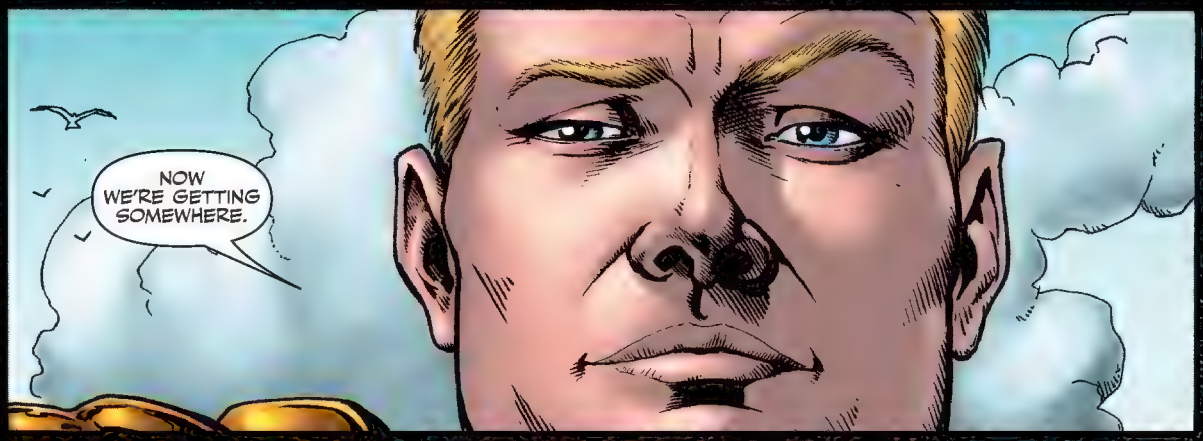

"All the News That's Fit to Print"
The New York Times
LATE CITY EDITION
SEN. KENNEDY CONDEMNS "SECOND LITTLE BIGHORN"
VOUGHT AMERICAN CONSOLIDATED STOCKS PLUMMET
"VOUGHT PUBLICLY TAKE IT IN THE ASS ALL SUMMER. WHEN THE LAST TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE IA DRANG ARE BROADCAST, NO ONE IN WASHINGTON CAN SAVE 'EM.
"IT IS GAME, SET, AN' FUCK YOU..."
AN' WE ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
BOBBY'S ON THE TICKET FOR SIXTY-EIGHT...CONGRESS EXTENDS THE DRAFT FOR JOHNSON--REVENGE FOR OUR BOYS...AN' THE ARMY GETS THE M-16, WHICH IS STILL A PIECE OF SHIT, BUT AT LEAST WHEN YOU PULL THE TRIGGER BULLETS MIGHT COME OUT THE END...
V.A.C. DO BEST OF ALL. THEY GO BUST. JUST VANISH.
THREE YEARS LATER THERE'S A METEORITE STRIKE IN WYOMING, AN' THEY COME BACK AS VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
METE--
THE HOMELANDER?
THE HOMELANDER.
THE BOYS AT VOUGHT HAD FINALLY FOUND THEIR NICHE...

COULDN'T YOU DO THIS AT SUPER-SPEED, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT?
ALL I'D DO IS SPRAY SHIT ALL OVER THE PLACE. MY CONTROL'S NEVER BEEN ALL THAT GREAT.
NO, I HEARD ABOUT THAT POOR GIRL IN SCOTLAND...
GIRL IN WHERE?
THIS IS SICK. HE SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE.
HE'S NOT.
HE'S ONE OF THESE V-BOOSTED, BRAIN-DAMAGED REVIVED ASSHOLES--LIKE NUBIA, OR THE BLARNEY COCK BEFORE WHATEVER IT WAS HAPPENED TO HIM.
WELL THEN HE JUST SHOULDN'T--
BE...

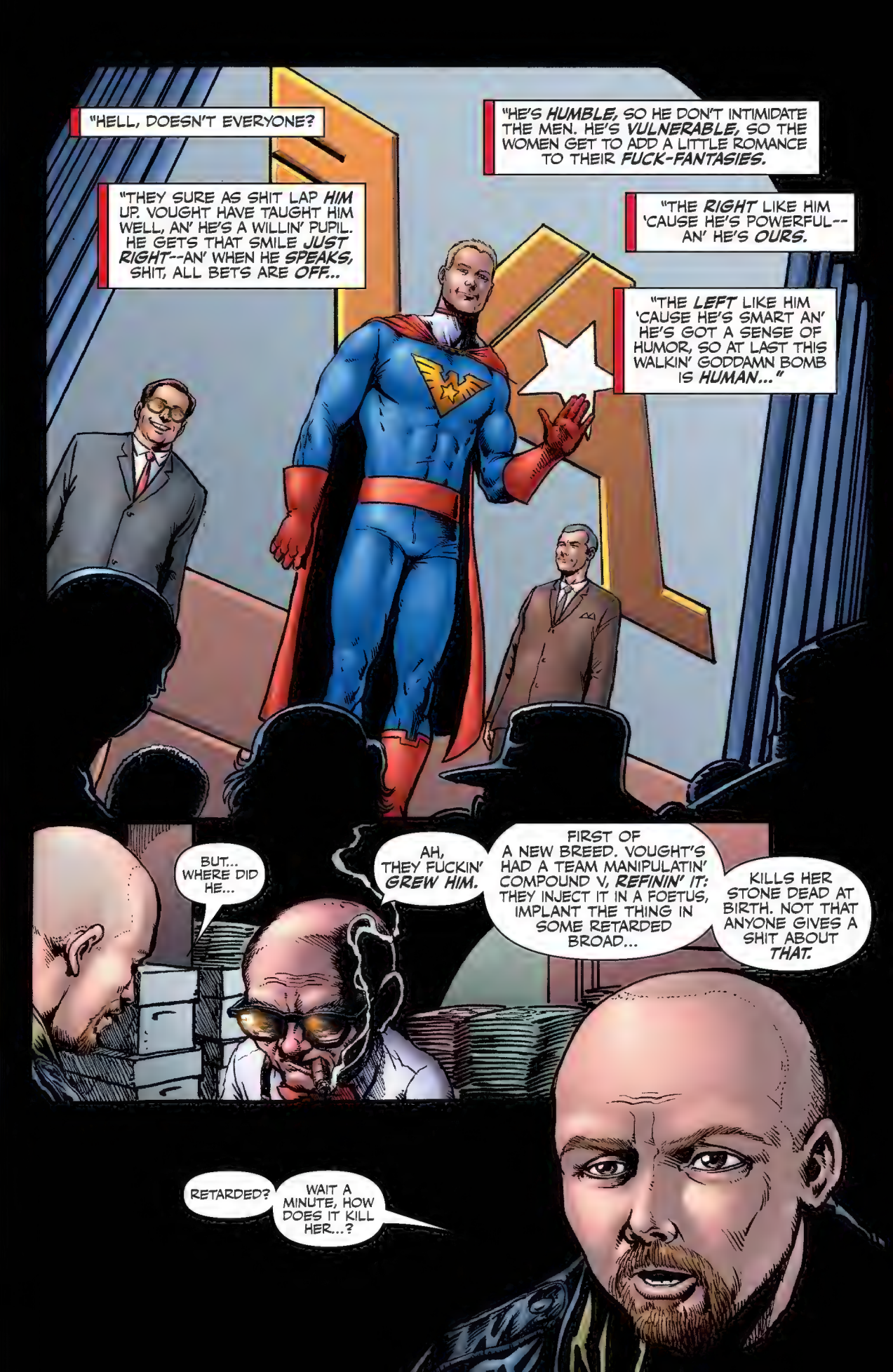
IF THIS IS JUST A PLOY TO MAKE ME ANGRY...ASSUMING YOU'VE SOMEHOW FORGOTTEN JUST HOW CATASTROPHIC THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD BE...I HAVE TO TELL YOU IT ISN'T WORKING.
SO IF YOU REALLY DO INTEND TO KEEP IT UP, I'VE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH MY TIME. WE'LL JUST LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY, SHALL WE?
WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH?
I DON'T MEAN THIS PROBLEM WITH SUPER-PEOPLE IN GENERAL, OR WHY YOUR TEAM HAS THE AGENDA THAT IT DOES.
I MEAN WHY DO YOU HATE ME?
I CAN HEAR YOUR HEARTRATE, YOU KNOW. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FACE PERFECTLY STILL, BUT CAN'T STOP YOUR HEART POUNDING ALONG LIKE THAT--AND I KNOW IT'S NOT FROM FEAR, I'D BE ABLE TO SMELL IT. IT'S ANGER.
EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE LAST TIME WE MET.

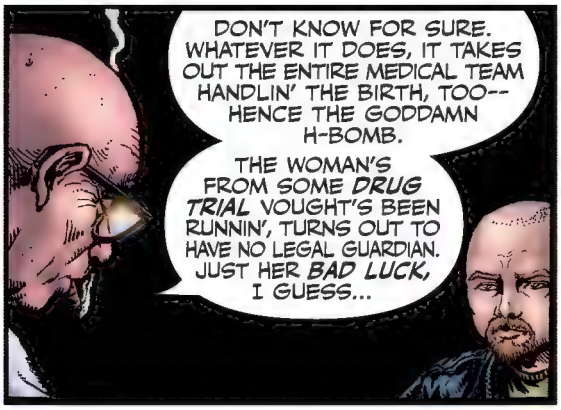
"I ASKED THE OTHERS AFTERWARDS, AND NONE OF THEM PICKED UP ON IT. ALL THEY GOT WAS A CONSTANT SENSE OF DISDAIN, LIKE YOU BARELY THOUGHT THEY WERE WORTH LOOKING AT.

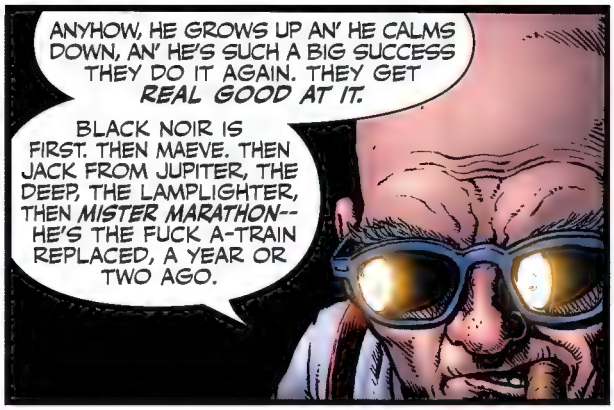
"ACTUALLY, YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT THEM. YOU COULDN'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF ME."



"THIS IS ONE SECRET ORIGIN EVERYBODY KNOWS."
LITTLE BABY AT THE BOTTOM OF A CRATER, NOT EVEN A SPACESHIP TO HIS NAME. COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE STARS ALONE.
INSIDE A WEEK HE'S A GROWN BOY. A WEEK AFTER THAT HE'S A TEENAGER.
HE FELL OUTTA THE SKY, FOR CHRISSAKES, HE'S A MIRACLE...
BUT THEY FOUND HIM OUT ON THE PRAIRIE. HE COULDN'T BE MORE AMERICAN.
IT'S PERFECT.
"IT'S A BUNCHA BULLSHIT, TOO. HE'S BEEN IN A SILO IN SOUTH DAKOTA FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS, WITH A HYDROGEN BOMB STRAPPED TO HIS ASS 'TIL THEY'RE SURE THEY CAN TRUST HIM.
"THE STORY'S FOR THE PRESS--WHO LAP IT UP LIKE CREAM, OF COURSE..."


"HELL, DOESN'T EVERYONE?
"HE'S HUMBLE, SO HE DON'T INTIMIDATE THE MEN. HE'S VULNERABLE, SO THE WOMEN GET TO ADD A LITTLE ROMANCE TO THEIR FUCK-FANTASIES.
"THEY SURE AS SHIT LAP HIM UP. VOUGHT HAVE TAUGHT HIM WELL, AN' HE'S A WILLIN' PUPIL. HE GETS THAT SMILE JUST RIGHT--AN' WHEN HE SPEAKS, SHIT, ALL BETS ARE OFF...
"THE RIGHT LIKE HIM 'CAUSE HE'S POWERFUL--AN' HE'S OURS.
"THE LEFT LIKE HIM 'CAUSE HE'S SMART AN' HE'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR, SO AT LAST THIS WALKIN' GODDAMN BOMB IS HUMAN..."
BUT... WHERE DID HE...
AH, THEY FUCKIN' GREW HIM.
FIRST OF A NEW BREED. VOUGHT'S HAD A TEAM MANIPULATIN' COMPOUND V, REFININ' IT: THEY INJECT IT IN A FOETUS, IMPLANT THE THING IN SOME RETARDED BROAD...
KILLS HER STONE DEAD AT BIRTH. NOT THAT ANYONE GIVES A SHIT ABOUT THAT.
RETARDED?
WAIT A MINUTE, HOW DOES IT KILL HER...?





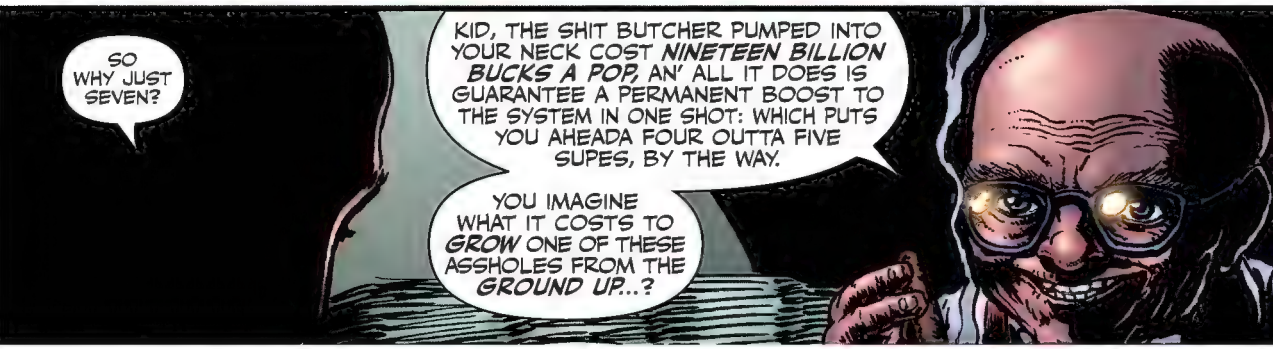
"THEY DO IT SEVEN TIMES.

"THERE'S BEEN SUPES SINCE THE FORTIES, BUT THEY CAN ALL OFFICIALLY GO SCREW. THESE GUYS ARE THE NUKES TO THEIR STICKS OF DYNAMITE.

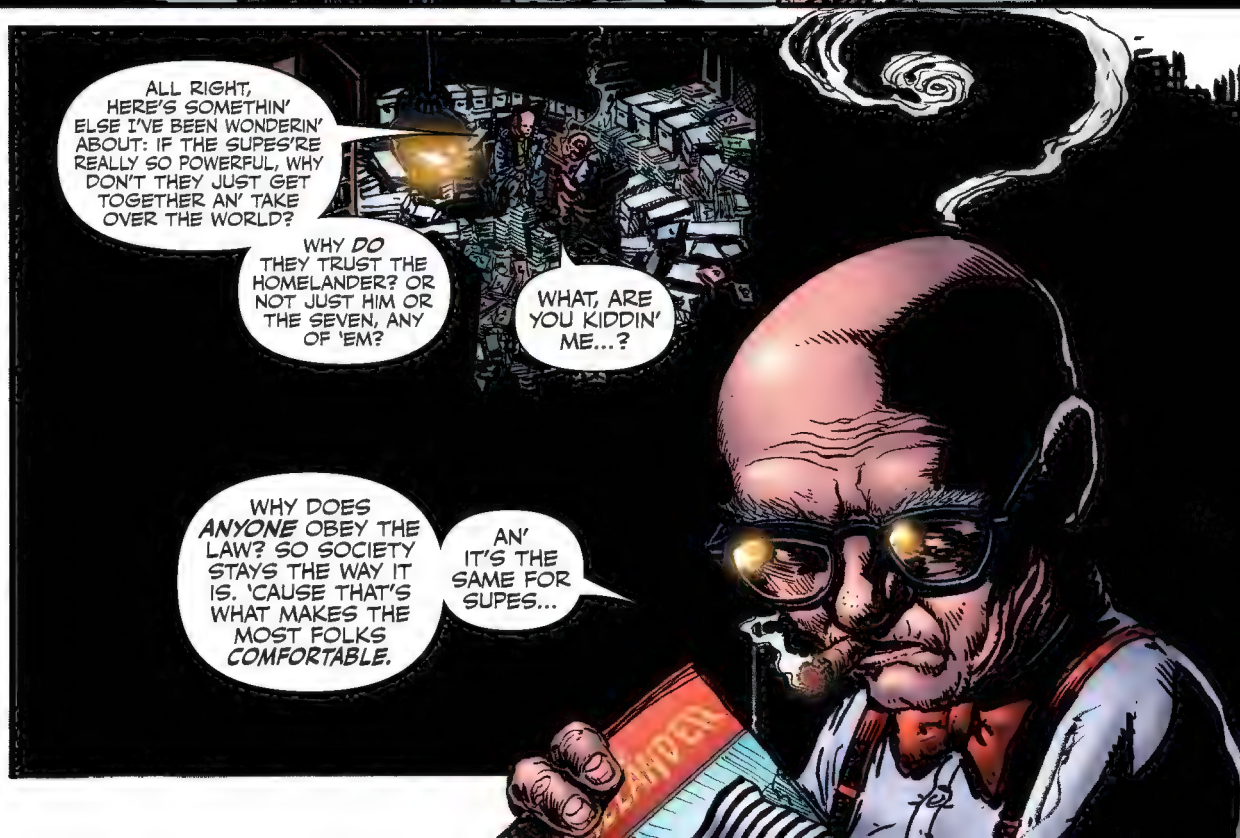
"VOUGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' THEY CAN WORK WITH AT LAST. THEY KNOW HOW TO PLAY THE SYSTEM, THEY GOT IT SEWN UP REAL TIGHT--BUT UP 'TIL NOW THEY'VE HAD A SHITTY PRODUCT.

"NOT NO MORE."

SO...THE SEVEN'RE THE ONLY ONES VOUGHT CAME UP WITH THIS WAY, THEY'RE STRONGER'N EVERYBODY ELSE...?
THERE'S A COUPLE G-FUCKS MIGHT COME CLOSE TO 'EM. STORMFRONT FROM PAYBACK, MAYBE.
BUT THEY'RE JUST ACCIDENTS, THE SEVEN'RE BRED TO BE THE BEST...


SO WHY JUST SEVEN?
KID, THE SHIT BUTCHER PUMPED INTO YOUR NECK COST NINETEEN BILLION BUCKS A POP, AN' ALL IT DOES IS GUARANTEE A PERMANENT BOOST TO THE SYSTEM IN ONE SHOT: WHICH PUTS YOU AHEADA FOUR OUTTA FIVE SUPES, BY THE WAY.
YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT COSTS TO GROW ONE OF THESE ASSHOLES FROM THE GROUND UP...?

JINGS.
THINGS IN THERE YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT, BELIEVE ME.


ALL RIGHT, HERE'S SOMETHIN' ELSE I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' ABOUT: IF THE SUPES'RE REALLY SO POWERFUL, WHY DON'T THEY JUST GET TOGETHER AN' TAKE OVER THE WORLD?
WHY DO THEY TRUST THE HOMELANDER? OR NOT JUST HIM OR THE SEVEN, ANY OF 'EM?
WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME...?
WHY DOES ANYONE OBEY THE LAW? SO SOCIETY STAYS THE WAY IT IS. 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE MOST FOLKS COMFORTABLE.
AN' IT'S THE SAME FOR SUPES...

RULIN' THE WORLD'D BE A MOTHERFUCKER, 'SPECIALLY NEXT TO ENJOYIN' THE FRUITS OF BEIN' POWERFUL IN IT JUST THE WAY IT IS. THAT'S WHY THERE'S MORE SUPE HEROES THAN SUPE VILLAINS--BECAUSE THEY KNOW A GOOD GODDAMN THING WHEN THEY SEE IT.
BECAUSE THE STATUS QUO WORKS.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHERE THE TROUBLE STARTS.
THE PUBLIC CAN'T GET ENOUGHA THE SEVEN. VOUGHT'RE MAKIN' MONEY HAND OVER FIST--THEY GOT A BRAND AS GOOD AS THE FLAG, THEY OUGHTA BE.
WHAT THEY DON'T GOT NO MORE IS COMPETITION...
NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE. THEY LEAVE THE OTHER CORPORATIONS LYIN' IN THE DUST.
BUT THE OTHER GUYS AIN'T FOOLED. THEY KNOW WHAT VOUGHT'RE DOIN' NOW IS GETTING' READY TO COME AT THEM.
BUSINESS, REMEMBER...?
EXCEPT THE OTHERS'RE ALL DEFENSE CONTRACTORS. THAT'S WHERE THE REAL MONEY IS.
THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT FOR VOUGHT IS WEAPONIZIN' SUPES.
AN' THAT, EVENTUALLY, BY A LONG AN' TWISTED TRAIL, IS WHY THERE AIN'T NO GODDAMN BROOKLYN BRIDGE NO MORE.
LET'S TAKE A BREAK, KID, I THINK I COULD USE A CUP OF COFFEE...
next: SECRETS OF THE LETTERCOLUMN

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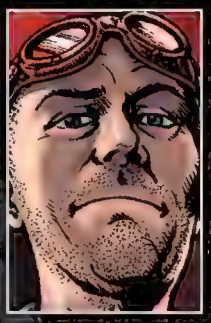
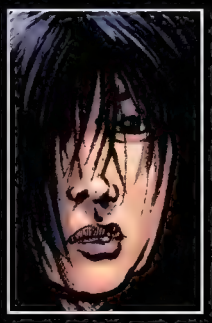

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TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
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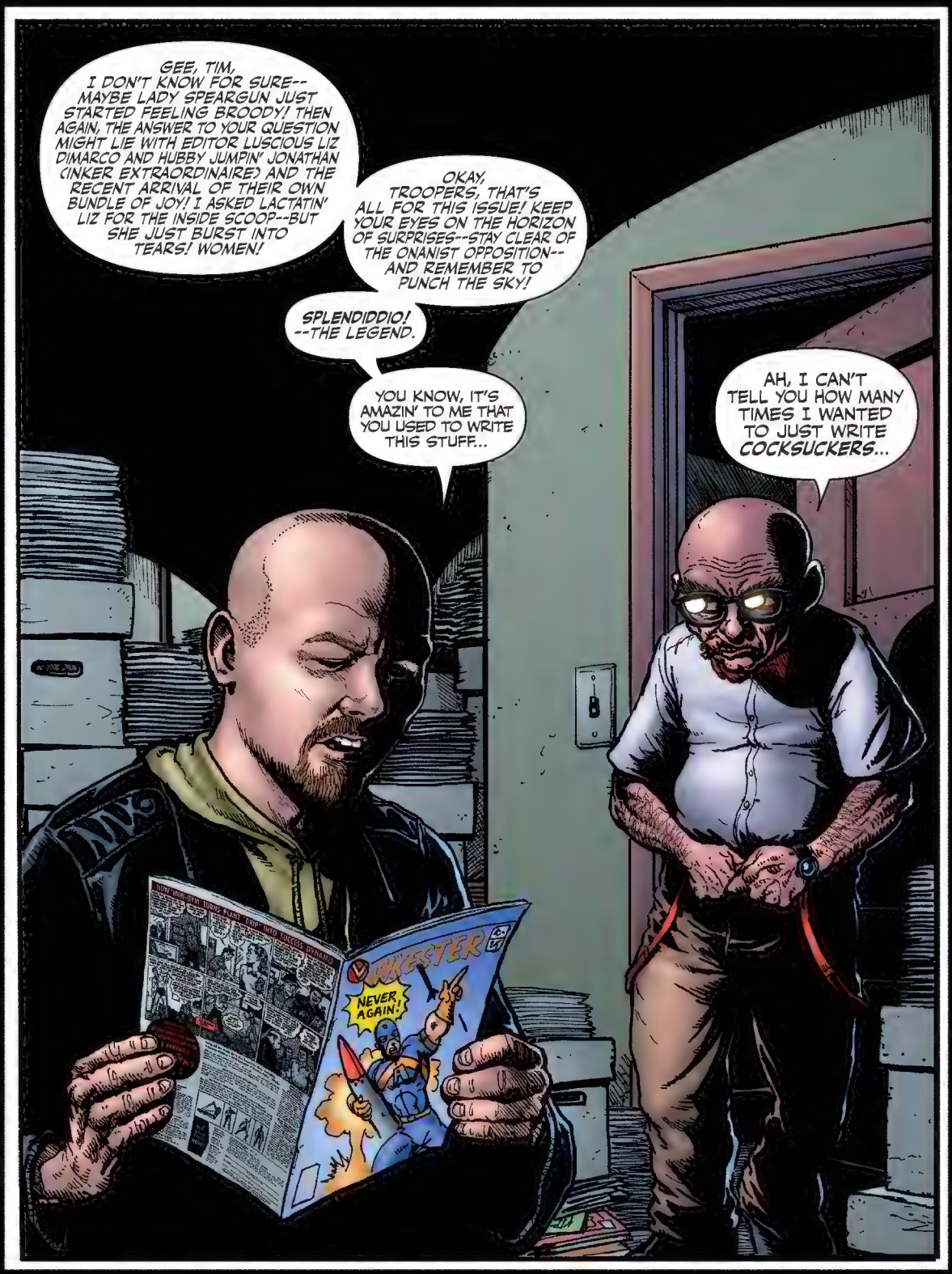
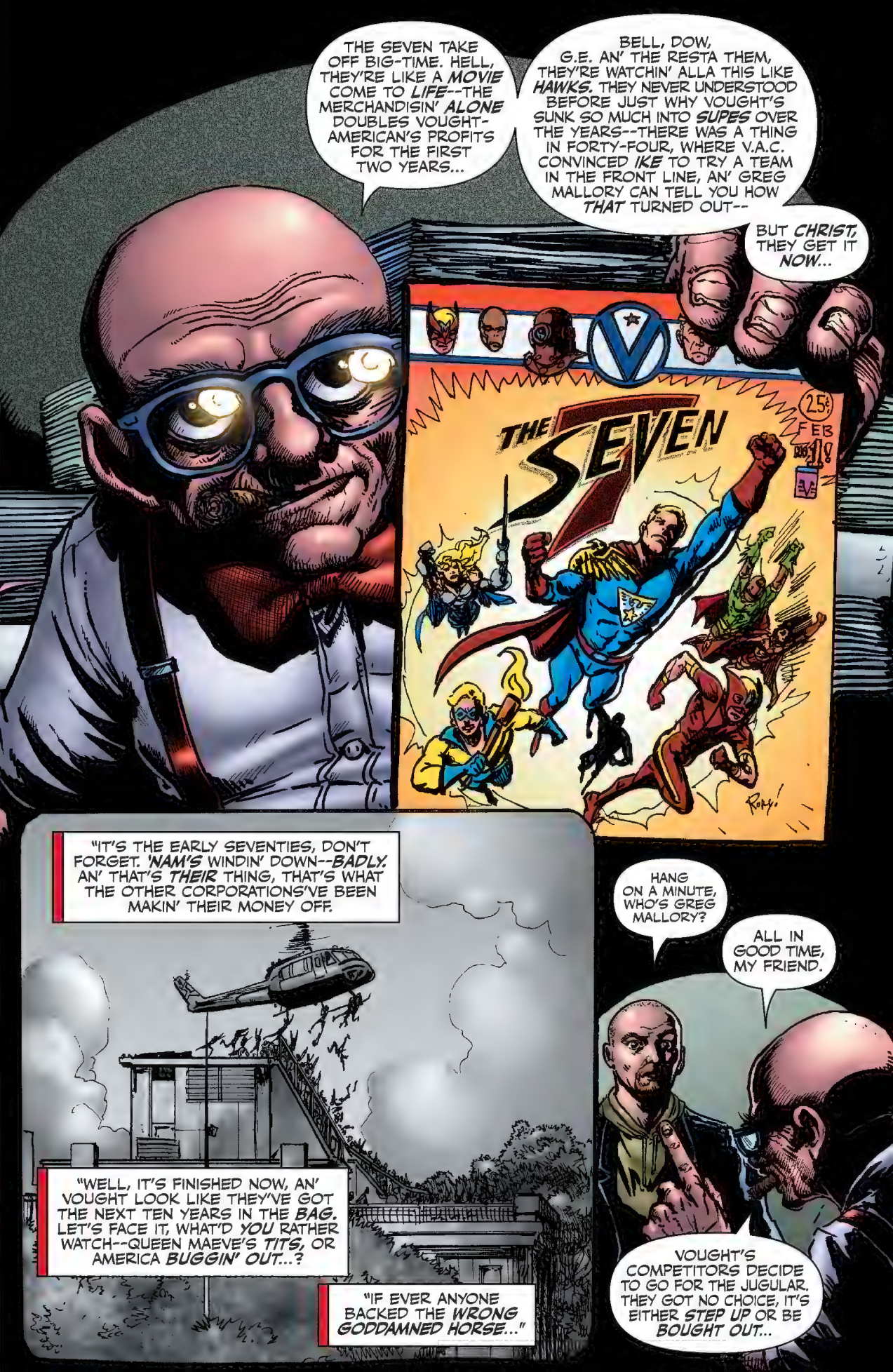


I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

part two

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, THAT WAS LIKE TRYNNA PASS A CINDER BLOCK...I SWEAR THOSE TWO GORILLAS UPSTAIRS'RE PUTTIN' SOMETHIN' IN THE FOOD...
SO WHO'S THIS TWIST I HEAR YOU BEEN SEEIN, HUH?
MM?
LETTER BOMBS
THE ONE WHERE YOU WENT DOWN ON HER WOUNDED CLAM...
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT--?!
WOULDN'T YOU...?
NO! I'D TRY AN' SHOW A BIT O'--I DUNNO, A BIT O'--
WHAT AM I SAYIN'?
HER NAME'S ANNIE, AN' I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I AM SEEIN' HER. SHE'S NO' BEEN RETURNIN' MY CALLS.
YOU MEAN YOU WANNA SEE HER AGAIN...?
'COURSE I DO. IT WAS JUST A STUPID ACCIDENT, IT'S NO REASON TO FUCKIN' DUMP SOMEONE.
YOU'RE A HELL OF A SPORT, KID. I SURE HOPE SHE APPRECIATES IT.
TELL HER NEXT TIME, THE LEAST SHE COULD DO IS YELL FIRE IN THE HOLE...
OKAY.


THE SEVEN TAKE OFF BIG-TIME. HELL, THEY'RE LIKE A MOVIE COME TO LIFE--THE MERCHANDISIN' ALONE DOUBLES VOUGHT-AMERICAN'S PROFITS FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS...
BELL, DOW, G.E. AN' THE RESTA THEM, THEY'RE WATCHIN' ALLA THIS LIKE HAWKS. THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD BEFORE JUST WHY VOUGHT'S SUNK SO MUCH INTO SUPES OVER THE YEARS--THERE WAS A THING IN FORTY-FOUR, WHERE V.A.C. CONVINCED IKE TO TRY A TEAM IN THE FRONT LINE, AN' GREG MALLORY CAN TELL YOU HOW THAT TURNED OUT--
BUT CHRIST, THEY GET IT NOW...
THE SEVEN
25¢
FEB
"IT'S THE EARLY SEVENTIES, DON'T FORGET. 'NAM'S WINDIN' DOWN--BADLY. AN' THAT'S THEIR THING, THAT'S WHAT THE OTHER CORPORATIONS'VE BEEN MAKIN' THEIR MONEY OFF.
"WELL, IT'S FINISHED NOW, AN' VOUGHT LOOK LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE NEXT TEN YEARS IN THE BAG. LET'S FACE IT, WHAT'D YOU RATHER WATCH--QUEEN MAEVE'S TITS, OR AMERICA BUGGIN' OUT...?
"IF EVER ANYONE BACKED THE WRONG GODDAMNED HORSE..."
HANG ON A MINUTE, WHO'S GREG MALLORY?
ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY FRIEND.
VOUGHT'S COMPETITORS DECIDE TO GO FOR THE JUGULAR. THEY GOT NO CHOICE, IT'S EITHER STEP UP OR BE BOUGHT OUT...

"SO THEY GO AFTER *JONAH VOGELBAUM.*

"V.A.C. PULLED HIM OUTTA GERMANY IN THE THIRTIES--HIS *FAMILY* WAS MEANT TO JOIN HIM STATESIDE, BUT SOMEONE *FUCKED UP* AN' THEY DIED IN THE *CAMPS.*

"HE'S THE ONE CAME UP WITH *COMPOUND V.* DIDN'T WANNA BREED *SUPER-FUCKS* FOR THE *NAZIS,* SO HE GOT IN TOUCH WITH *VOUGHT.* BEEN WORKIN' FOR 'EM EVER SINCE.

"THE SEVEN ARE HIS *TRIUMPH,* AFTER A *LIFETIME* OF TRIAL AN' ERROR..."

BUT HE NEVER SEEMS TO *GIVE A SHIT.* COULD BE THE *WORK* MATTERS MORE THAN THE *RESULT...*

COULD BE HIS *WIFE AN' KIDS* ARE ON HIS MIND, EVERY DAY FOR OVER *FORTY GODDAMN YEARS.*

'CAUSE WHEN THESE ASSHOLES HAVE HIM *KIDNAPPED*...AN' THEY SAY, GUESS WHAT, YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR *US* NOW, YOU'RE GONNA GIVE US SUPES MAKE *VOUGHT'S* TEAM LOOK LIKE *CLOCKWORK TOYS...*

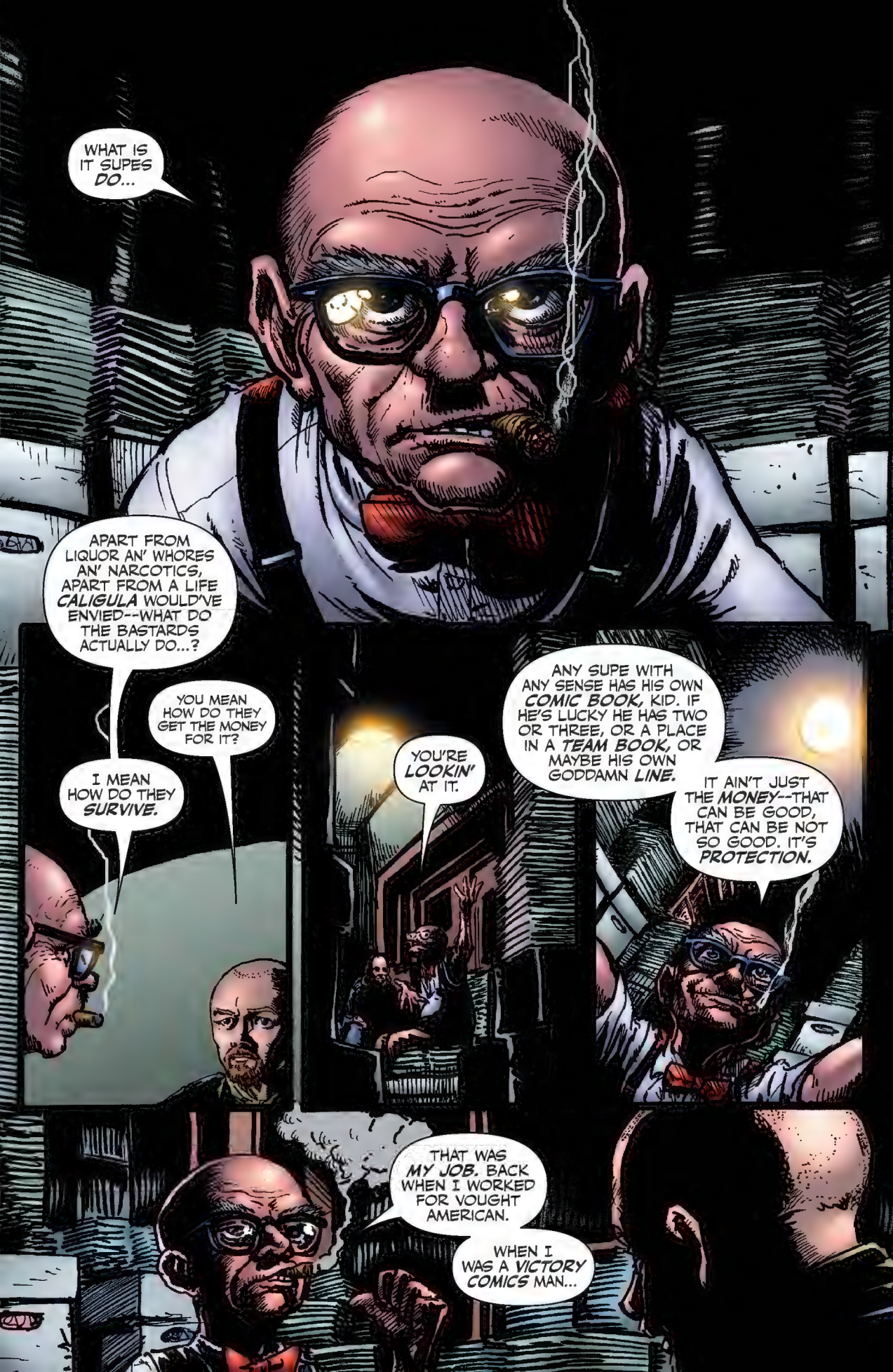
VOGELBAUM'S REACTION IS TO *SLIT HIS FUCKIN' WRISTS.*

SILLY SON OF A BITCH FINALLY OPENED HIS EYES.
SAW WHAT HE'D STARTED.
SAW WHERE IT WAS GONNA GO.
FANTASTIC 1ST ISSUE!
PAYBACK
MAR NO.01 25¢
Tek-Knight
"WHAT THIS DOES IS LEAVE THE OTHER GUYS NOWHERE AN' VOUGHT STYMIED. THEY STILL GOT VOGELBAUM'S NOTES--THEY AIN'T GOT HIS GENIUS.
ARE COMIN' ATCHA!
"THEIR IDEA WAS TO COME UP WITH MORE LIKE THE SEVEN, BUT CHEAPER THAN THE GODDAMN NATIONAL DEFICIT FOR EACH SUPE. FORGET IT. THEY CAN DO CHEAPER--BUT THAT KINDA HAS ITS PRICE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN..."
G-MEN
1ST ISSUE
PATRIOT
NOV 01 35¢

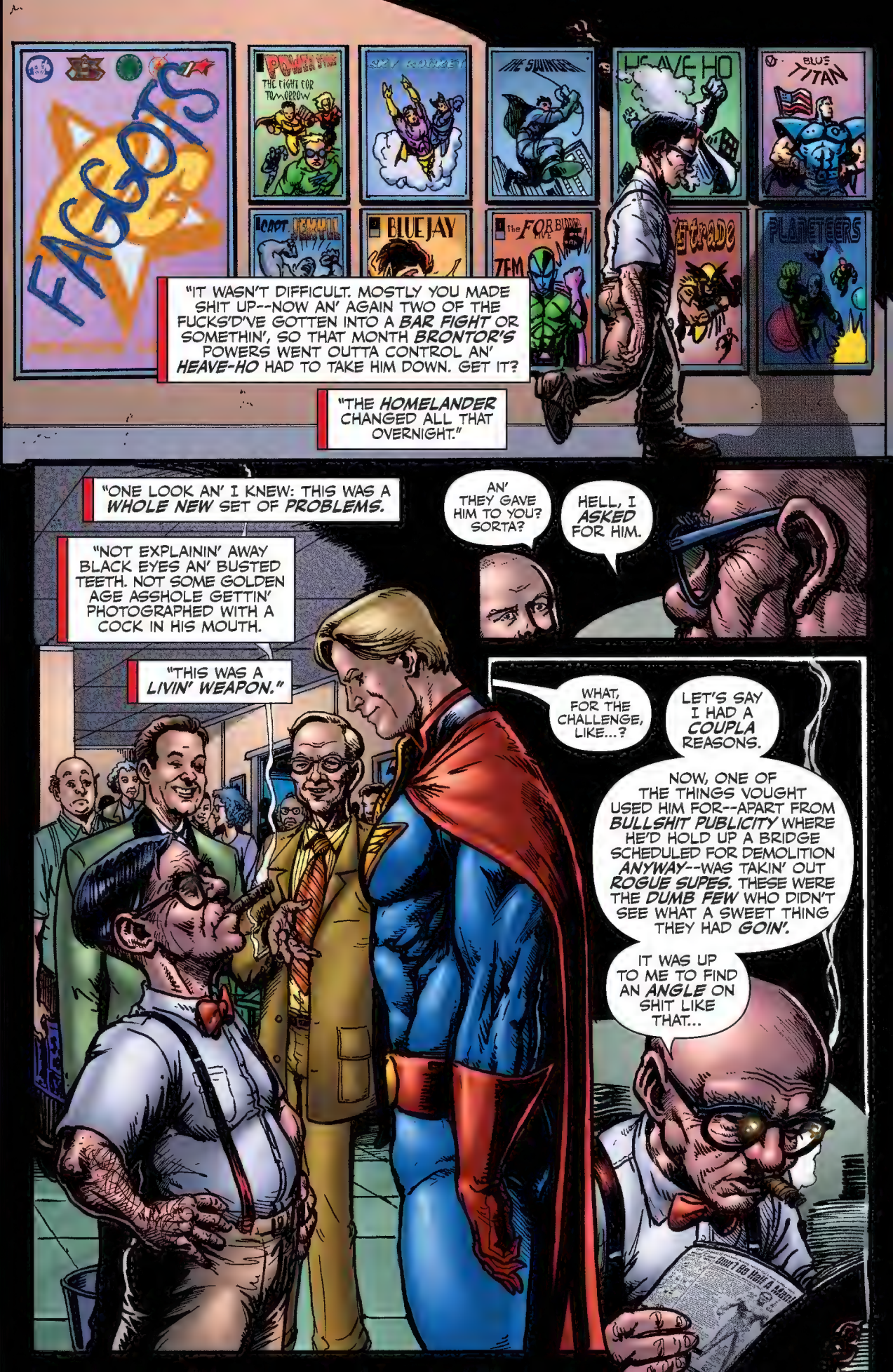
CRAP SUPES...
AIN'T THEY ALL?
VOUGHT DO WHAT THEY CAN. REVAMP ONE OF THE OLD FORTIES OUTFITS, SEE HOW FAR NOSTALGIA TAKES 'EM. START A COUPLA NEW ONES, TOO.
THEY KNOW THEY'LL NEVER MATCH THE BIG BOYS...BUT IT SURE DON'T HURT TO HAVE THE NUMBERS.
THE OPPOSITION BACK THE FUCK OFF FAST. THEY'VE OVERSTEPPED BIG TIME, AN' THE LAST THING ANY C.E.O. WANTS IS THE DEEP KNOCKIN' ON THE BOARDROOM DOOR.
FROM NOW ON, THEY'LL DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...
PAYBACK
"WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT, BY THE WAY, ARE THE FOUR OTHER TEAMS TIED DIRECTLY TO VOUGHT-AMERICAN. ALL THAT V OUT THERE MEANS SUPES BY THE THOUSAND-- BUT WITHOUT COMPANY BACKIN', WITHOUT THE LAB BOYS IN PARTICULAR, NINETY PERCENT OF 'EM AIN'T WORTH SQUAT.
G-MEN
"NOW, WHY AM I SHOWIN' YOU A BUNCHA GODDAMN COMIC BOOKS, INSTEADA PHOTOS OF THESE SONS OF BITCHES...?"
'CAUSE THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN, AYE?
GIVE THE BOY A FUCKIN' NO-PRIZE.

I KILLED THEM, WHOEVER THEY WERE.
I MEAN I MUST HAVE. NO ONE DOES THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR ANYTHING LESS.
WAS IT HERE? ON THE DAY?
HOT OR COLD.
MM... COLD.
SOME OTHER TIME, THEN.
WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT IT'S PERSONAL. THAT MEANS FRIEND, FAMILY OR LOVER...FRIEND? SOME COMRADE-IN-ARMS WHO TOOK A BULLET FOR YOU?
HOT OR COLD.

COLD.
FAMILY. KIDS?
THERE'S SOMETHING IRREVERSIBLE ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE IN THIS ALL THE WAY, YOU DON'T EXPECT TO COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE.
NOTHING TO LIVE FOR. BUT ALL THE SAME...
COLD.
LOVER?
WIFE.
...HOT.
AND...MORE THAN JUST A LOVER, AM I RIGHT?
HOT. YES, HOT. HOTTER BY THE SECOND.


WHAT IS IT SUPES DO...
APART FROM LIQUOR AN' WHORES AN' NARCOTICS, APART FROM A LIFE CALIGULA WOULD'VE ENVIED--WHAT DO THE BASTARDS ACTUALLY DO...?
YOU MEAN HOW DO THEY GET THE MONEY FOR IT?
I MEAN HOW DO THEY SURVIVE.
YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT IT.
ANY SUPE WITH ANY SENSE HAS HIS OWN COMIC BOOK, KID. IF HE'S LUCKY HE HAS TWO OR THREE, OR A PLACE IN A TEAM BOOK, OR MAYBE HIS OWN GODDAMN LINE.
IT AIN'T JUST THE MONEY--THAT CAN BE GOOD, THAT CAN BE NOT SO GOOD. IT'S PROTECTION.
THAT WAS MY JOB. BACK WHEN I WORKED FOR VOUGHT AMERICAN.
WHEN I WAS A VICTORY COMICS MAN...

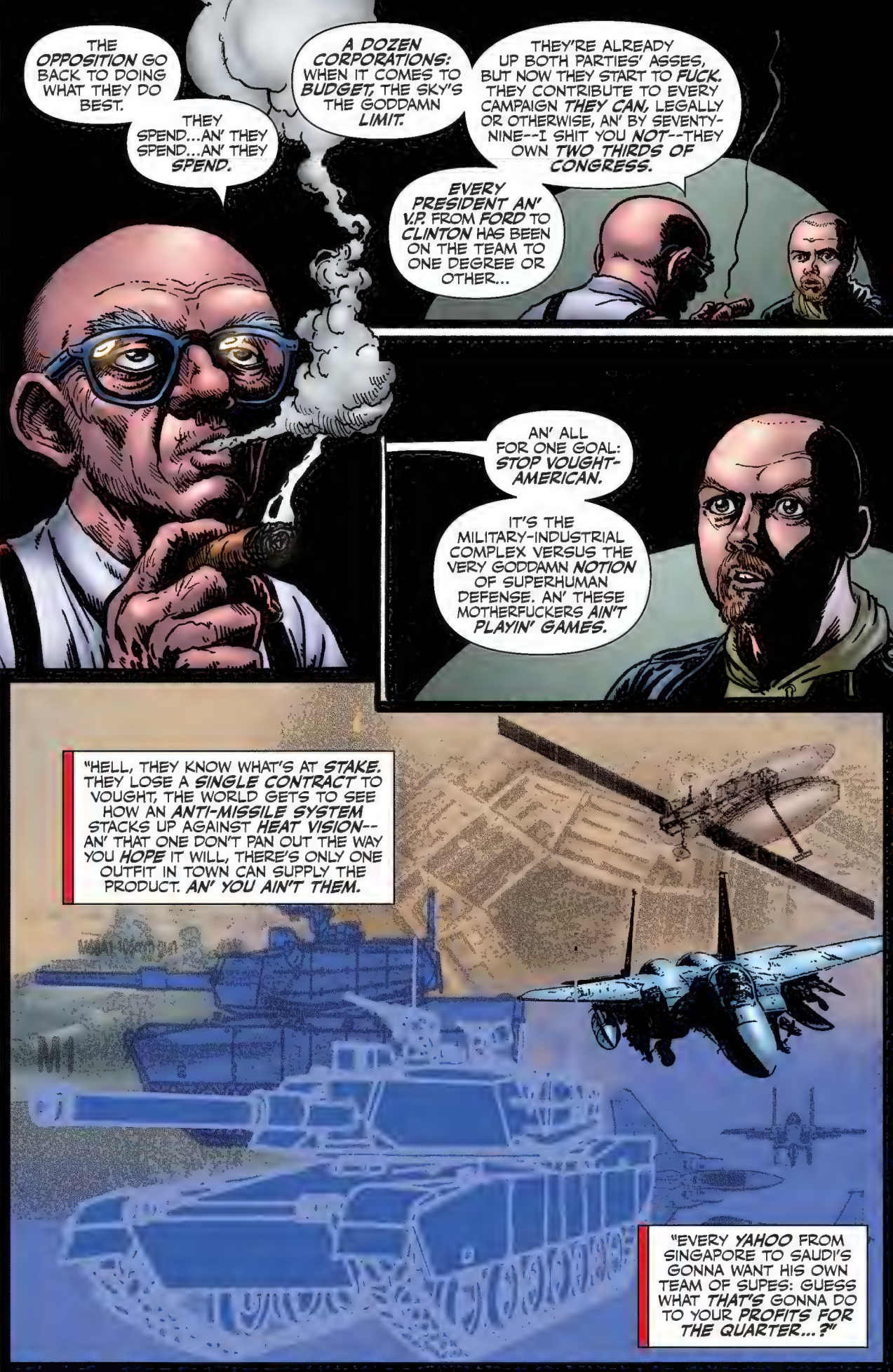
"WHAT I DID WAS MAKE THOSE FUCKIN' COCKSUCKERS LOOK GOOD.
"I GAVE FOLKS SUPES LIKE THEY WANTED SUPES TO BE. GAVE 'EM THE ADVENTURE AN' ROMANCE THAT LIVED UP TO THE IMAGE.
"TAKES YOU TO THE STARS™
CAPTAIN STAR™
SAMMY
"NO ONE WANTS THEIR HEROES SLEAZY AN' FUCKED-UP-- SO YOU FEED 'EM A DREAM. AN' THEY'LL BUY THE T-SHIRTS AN' WATCH THE T.V. SHOWS, WHICH IS WHERE THE REAL MONEY IS, BY THE WAY, AN' THE LAST THING THEY'LL DO IS TRY LOOKIN' ANY FURTHER..."
AN' PEOPLE THINK THE REAL SUPES ARE THE SAME WAY?
ENOUGH DO.
FOLKS LOVE FANTASY. BEATS THE SHIT OUTTA REALITY ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.
REALLY...?
WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? YOU TAKEN A FUCKIN' LOOK AT REALITY LATELY...?!

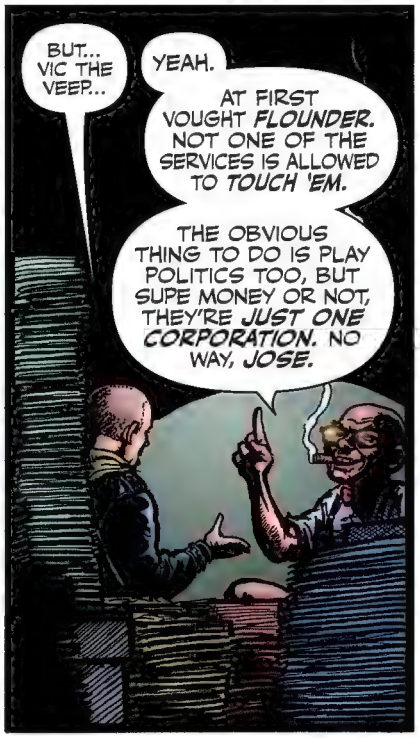

FAGGOTS
POWERHOUSE
THE FIGHT FOR TOMORROW
SKY ROCKET
THE SWINGER
HEAVE HO
BLUE TITAN
CAPT. JEMMIE
BLUE JAY
The FOR BIDDEN
TEM
Stride
PLANETEERS
"IT WASN'T DIFFICULT. MOSTLY YOU MADE SHIT UP--NOW AN' AGAIN TWO OF THE FUCKS'D'VE GOTTEN INTO A BAR FIGHT OR SOMETHIN', SO THAT MONTH BRONTOR'S POWERS WENT OUTTA CONTROL AN' HEAVE-HO HAD TO TAKE HIM DOWN. GET IT?
"THE HOMELANDER CHANGED ALL THAT OVERNIGHT."
"ONE LOOK AN' I KNEW: THIS WAS A WHOLE NEW SET OF PROBLEMS.
"NOT EXPLAININ' AWAY BLACK EYES AN' BUSTED TEETH. NOT SOME GOLDEN AGE ASSHOLE GETTIN' PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A COCK IN HIS MOUTH.
"THIS WAS A LIVIN' WEAPON."
AN' THEY GAVE HIM TO YOU? SORTA?
HELL, I ASKED FOR HIM.
WHAT, FOR THE CHALLENGE, LIKE...?
LET'S SAY I HAD A COUPLA REASONS.
NOW, ONE OF THE THINGS VOUGHT USED HIM FOR--APART FROM BULLSHIT PUBLICITY WHERE HE'D HOLD UP A BRIDGE SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION ANYWAY--WAS TAKIN' OUT ROGUE SUPES. THESE WERE THE DUMB FEW WHO DIDN'T SEE WHAT A SWEET THING THEY HAD GOIN'.
IT WAS UP TO ME TO FIND AN ANGLE ON SHIT LIKE THAT...
Don't Be Half A Man!

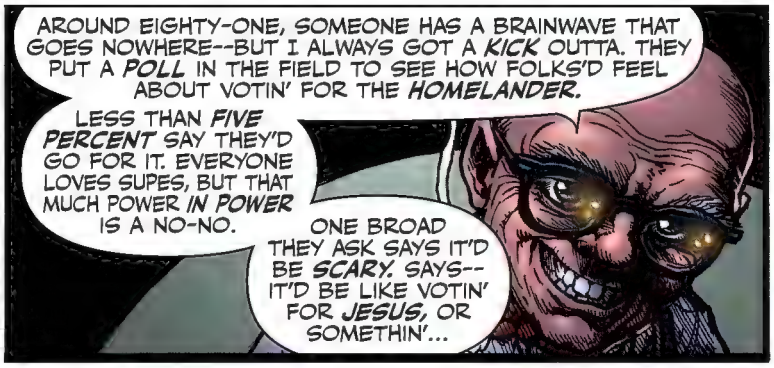
"BUT WITH VOUGHT OWNIN' A T.V. CHANNEL AN' A COUPLA NEWSPAPERS, REALITY COULD GET KINDA FUZZY. USUALLY YOU'D HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF WRIGGLE ROOM.
"LET'S SAY THE BIG MAN'S SEEN IN IDAHO, NEAR WHERE SOME FRUITCAKE WENT POSTAL... OKAY. SEND HIM TO IDAHO.
EAT MY ASS, HOMELANDER! YOU PRICK! YOU BLOND MOTHERFUCKER, YOU CAN EAT OUT MY DIRTY ASS!
FINE MEN'S CLOTHING
"JUST DON'T SHOW HIM DOIN' WHAT HE DID WHEN HE WAS THERE."
PROFESSOR BANZAI: NO! DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!
SELF DESTRUCT! I WIN AFTER ALL, OLD FOE! I WIN!
FUCKING SLOPE...
"WHAT WORKS FOR HIM WORKS JUST AS WELL FOR THE REST OF 'EM.
"THE COMICS TAKE OFF. THEY TAKE OFF. THE MONEY ROLLS IN.
"NEXT UP FOR VOUGHT IS THE HOLY GRAIL: DEFENSE CONTRACTS. AN' IT'S STARTIN' TO LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' CAN STOP 'EM."

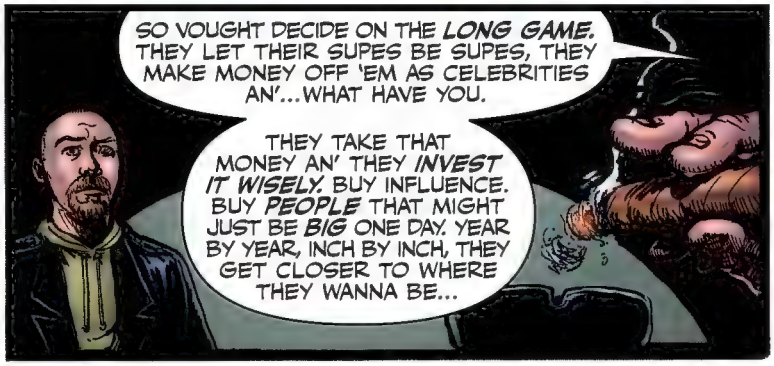
WELL, *THAT* WAS SIXTY MINUTES OF PURE JOY...
STAND CLEAR DOOR CLOSING
I NOTICED HOW WHINING ABOUT IT THE WHOLE TIME REALLY HELPED TO SPEED THINGS UP.
FUCK YOU...!
YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU ENJOYED THAT ANY MORE THAN I DID? CLEANING UP SOME RETARDED ZOMBIE'S SHIT?
CAN WE JUST GET OUT OF HERE?
JESUS, YOU REALLY DO THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL--!
YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR ME, IS THAT IT, STARLIGHT? TOO GOOD TO TALK TO ME, EVEN?
I'M NOT DENYING IT.
I DON'T THINK I'M BETTER THAN YOU, A-TRAIN. BUT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT COMPLETELY HORRIBLE TO ME, SO YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T SPEND ANY MORE TIME AROUND YOU THAN I HAVE TO.
YEAH, YOU KNOW, I CAN SEE HOW YOU WOULD THINK THAT. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN DOWN ON HER KNEES WITH THREE OF THE TEAM'S *DICKS* IN HER MOUTH...

CRY ME A FUCKING RIVER. I TOOK MY SHARE OF SHIT WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD BE ANY DIFFERENT.
LOOK, IF THIS IS ABOUT THE NEEDLEDICK THING--
YOU KNOW THE REAL REASON YOU'RE IN THE SEVEN, DON'T YOU?
FOR FUN. WE WANTED TO AMUSE OURSELVES.
SO WE TOOK A LOOK AT ALL THE WANNABE TEAMS, AND WE SAID-- WHO'S THE MOST GOODY-TWO-SHOES, VIRGIN, STUCK-UP LITTLE TWAT WHO'D DO ANYTHING TO GET AHEAD? WHO'D LOOK BEST WITH A LOAD OF CUM ALL OVER HER STUPID WHORE FACE?
AND LO AND BE-FUCKING-HOLD...!
WELL, I'M GLAD IT WORKED OUT FOR YOU. BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY SOMEONE LIKE YOU COULD EVER GET HIS HANDS ON SOMEONE LIKE ME.
...YOU THINK SO?


THE OPPOSITION GO BACK TO DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST.
THEY SPEND...AN' THEY SPEND...AN' THEY SPEND.
A DOZEN CORPORATIONS: WHEN IT COMES TO BUDGET, THE SKY'S THE GODDAMN LIMIT.
THEY'RE ALREADY UP BOTH PARTIES' ASSES, BUT NOW THEY START TO FUCK. THEY CONTRIBUTE TO EVERY CAMPAIGN THEY CAN, LEGALLY OR OTHERWISE, AN' BY SEVENTY-NINE--I SHIT YOU NOT--THEY OWN TWO THIRDS OF CONGRESS.
EVERY PRESIDENT AN' V.P. FROM FORD TO CLINTON HAS BEEN ON THE TEAM TO ONE DEGREE OR OTHER...
AN' ALL FOR ONE GOAL: STOP VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
IT'S THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX VERSUS THE VERY GODDAMN NOTION OF SUPERHUMAN DEFENSE. AN' THESE MOTHERFUCKERS AIN'T PLAYIN' GAMES.
"HELL, THEY KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE. THEY LOSE A SINGLE CONTRACT TO VOUGHT, THE WORLD GETS TO SEE HOW AN ANTI-MISSILE SYSTEM STACKS UP AGAINST HEAT VISION--AN' THAT ONE DON'T PAN OUT THE WAY YOU HOPE IT WILL, THERE'S ONLY ONE OUTFIT IN TOWN CAN SUPPLY THE PRODUCT. AN' YOU AIN'T THEM.
M1
"EVERY YAHOO FROM SINGAPORE TO SAUDI'S GONNA WANT HIS OWN TEAM OF SUPES: GUESS WHAT THAT'S GONNA DO TO YOUR PROFITS FOR THE QUARTER...?"

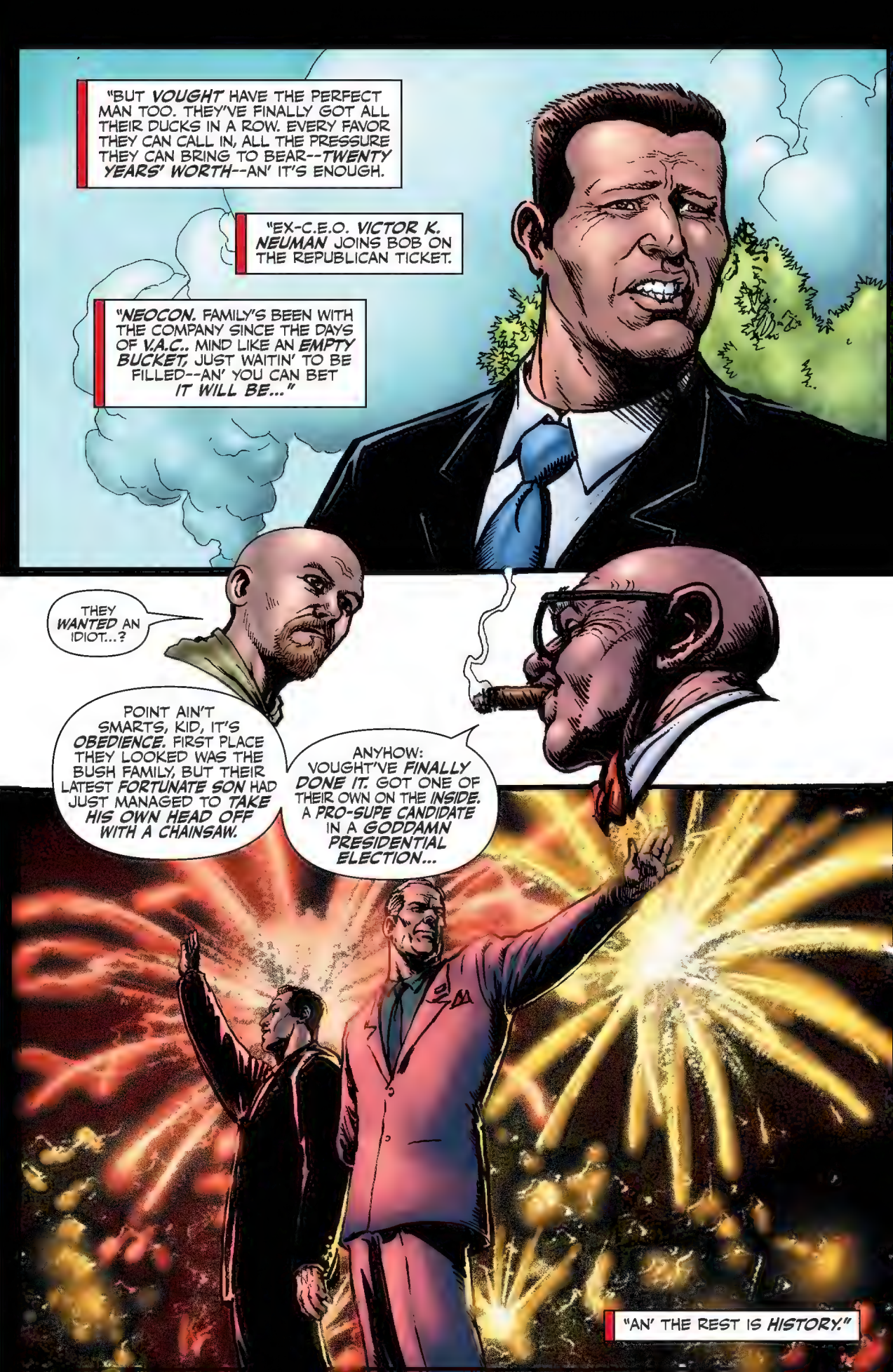






"AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND, AN' THE OPPOSITION HAVE FOUND THE PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR NOVEMBER...

"DAKOTA BOB SHAEFER: OLD SCHOOL REPUBLICAN, HALIBURTON MAN, AN' HARD AN' COLD AS THE BADLANDS THEMSELVES."


"BUT VOUGHT HAVE THE PERFECT MAN TOO. THEY'VE FINALLY GOT ALL THEIR DUCKS IN A ROW. EVERY FAVOR THEY CAN CALL IN, ALL THE PRESSURE THEY CAN BRING TO BEAR--TWENTY YEARS' WORTH--AN' IT'S ENOUGH.
"EX-C.E.O. VICTOR K. NEUMAN JOINS BOB ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.
"NEOCON. FAMILY'S BEEN WITH THE COMPANY SINCE THE DAYS OF V.A.C.. MIND LIKE AN EMPTY BUCKET, JUST WAITIN' TO BE FILLED--AN' YOU CAN BET IT WILL BE..."
THEY WANTED AN IDIOT...?
POINT AIN'T SMARTS, KID, IT'S OBEDIENCE. FIRST PLACE THEY LOOKED WAS THE BUSH FAMILY, BUT THEIR LATEST FORTUNATE SON HAD JUST MANAGED TO TAKE HIS OWN HEAD OFF WITH A CHAINSAW.
ANYHOW: VOUGHT'VE FINALLY DONE IT. GOT ONE OF THEIR OWN ON THE INSIDE. A PRO-SUPE CANDIDATE IN A GODDAMN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION...
"AN' THE REST IS HISTORY."

I'VE NO IDEA WHEN OR HOW I DID THIS.
SOMEONE STANDING IN THE WRONG PLACE WHEN LARGE OBJECTS WERE BEING FLUNG THROUGH THE AIR, PERHAPS. I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE.
BUT IT'S QUITE INCREDIBLE THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE A SIMPLE GRUDGE AS FAR AS YOU HAVE. SO MUCH...UPHEAVAL. SO MUCH BLOOD YET TO BE SHED.
THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS IT'S NOT ALL THAT REMARKABLE, NOW THAT I STOP AND THINK ABOUT IT. SUCH INCREDIBLE *IRE* OVER SO LITTLE.
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT REALLY A MAN FOR GRAND CAUSES, ARE YOU?
NO, I THINK WE CAN BOTH AGREE YOU'RE MADE OF BASER STUFF...
KNOW WHAT?
WHILE YOU'VE BEEN LISTENIN' TO ME HEARTBEAT AN' SNIFFIN' ME SWEAT AN' WATCHIN' EVERY ONE A' ME RESPONSES, BANGIN' ON AN' FUCKIN' ON LIKE THE CLEVER BASTARD YOU THINK YOU ARE--
YOU KNOW WHAT OL' TERROR'S BEEN DOIN' WHILE YOU'VE BEEN WANKIN' OFF TO THE SOUNDA YOUR OWN VOICE?

WHAT? FUCK!!
JESUS CHRIST--!
GOOD LAD.
YOU HARM ONE HAIR ON HIS HEAD AN' IT STARTS NOW.
RIGHT THIS SECOND. NO FUCKIN' ABOUT. NOW.
OVER A DOG...?
OVER MY DOG.
HOT OR COLD?
FUCKING LITTLE--
AH-AH.

...YOU'RE INSANE.
IF THIS IS HOW YOU WANT IT, THAT'S OKAY BY US. AS OF THIS MOMENT YOU CAN START DOING YOUR WORST.
BUT I *CAN* HEAR YOUR HEARTBEAT. I *CAN* SMELL YOUR SWEAT. AND I CAN TELL YOU HERE AND NOW, YOU TRULY ARE OUT OF YOUR--
FUCK OFF, CUNT.
ALL RIGHT, TERROR?
OFF WE GO.

NOTHIN' MUCH HAPPENS FOR THE FIRST EIGHT MONTHS OF THE SHAEFER-NEUMAN ADMINISTRATION.
THEN COMES SEPTEMBER.
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS IN SEPTEMBER, KID...?
WHO CAN'T?
GO AHEAD.
THEY CRASH A 'PLANE INTO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. KILL ABOUT A THOUSAND PEOPLE.
NEXT THING YOU KNOW WE'VE INVADED PAKISTAN.
WHO CRASHES IT...?
TERRORISTS, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
THE TERRORISTS DON'T CRASH SHIT INTO SHIT.
THEY BOARD THE FLIGHT AT BOSTON LOGAN. SEIZE CONTROL RIGHT AFTER TAKE-OFF.
PLAN IS TO FLY THE THING INTO THE SOUTH TOWER OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER; THEY DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE...

THERE'S OTHERS, HEADED FOR THE SECOND TOWER AN' THE PENTAGON, BUT DAKOTA BOB'S BEEN GETTIN' WARNIN'S FROM THE C.I.A. ALL SUMMER. HE ORDERS 'EM SHOT DOWN AN' THE AIR FORCE DOES ITS THING.
THEN THE FIGHTERS ARE TOLD TO BACK OFF. NO GODDAMN REASON GIVEN.
"THE LAST PLANE'S OVER PROVIDENCE WHEN IT'S INTERCEPTED..."
"AN' THAT'S WHEN THE FUCKIN' TROUBLE BEGINS."
next: THE DAY MY HEART BROKE

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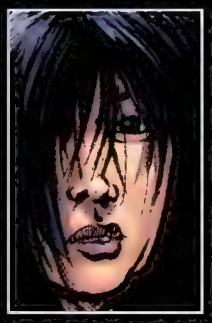
TWENTY-ONE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in The Boys.

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I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

part three

ARCHER LEADER, THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER. DISENGAGE. RETURN TO BASE.
BUT--
ACKNOWLEDGE.
OH, JESUS.
JESUS CHRIST.
ARCHER TWO, BREAK LEFT.
AH, ROGER, ARCHER LEADER. ON YOUR SIX.
HOW DID YOU GET THIS--?
SHH.

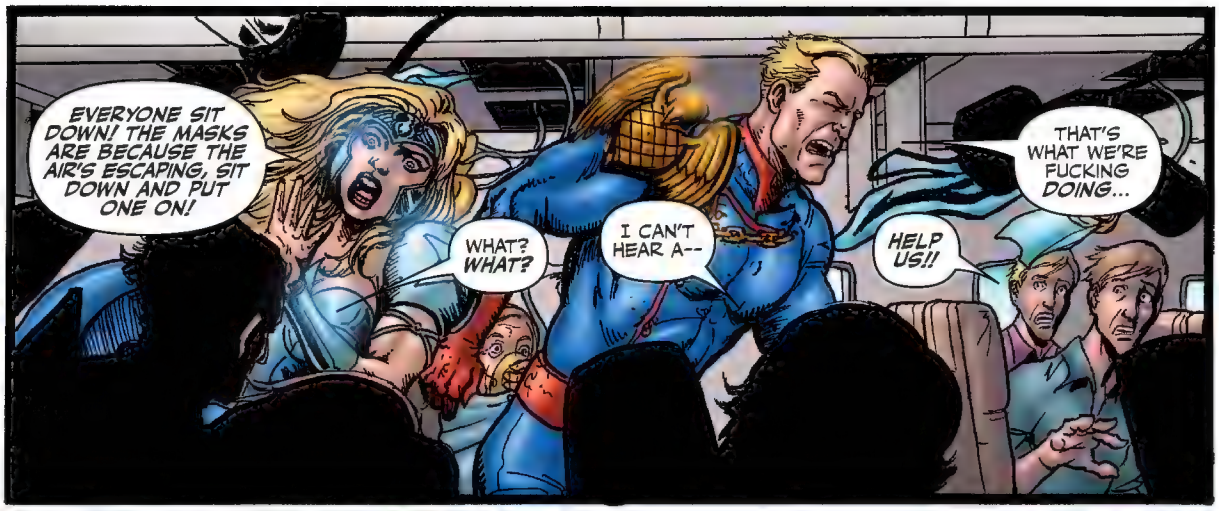
WHAT THE HELL--
ARCHER LEADER?
I THOUGHT I SAW...
NOTHING.
FUCK IT.
LET'S GO HOME.
THE REST I GOT STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

READY!
WHAT?
WHAT?!
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
I SAID READY!
THIS'LL SCARE THEM SHITLESS! GRAB ON AS SOON AS YOU CAN! WE GO IN BY THE FORWARD DOORS, BOTH SIDES!
WHAT?
I SAID--
...FUCK.
MOVE.
MOVE THIS IS BULLSHIT MOVE MOVE MOVE!!

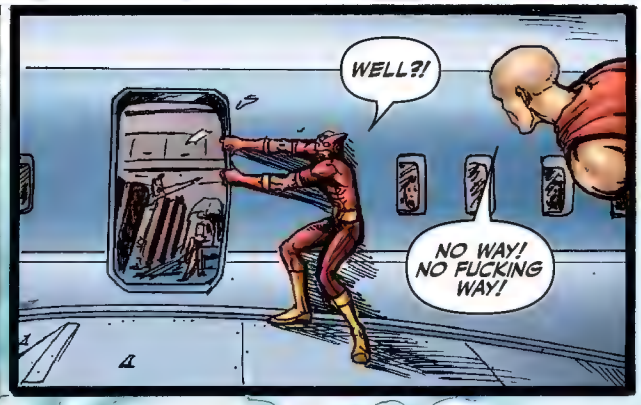
HHUUUUUHHHHH!
PAACCHHH
GAHH--!
SOMEBODY CATCH BLACK NOIR!

NO ONE KNOWS HOW BLACK NOIR LIVED THROUGH THAT ONE. THEY'RE BRED TOUGH--BUT NOT THAT TOUGH.
TRUTH TO TELL, HOMELANDER AN' MAEVE ARE THE REAL HEAVYWEIGHTS. LAMPLIGHTER JUST ABOUT GOT HOME BEFORE HIS FUCKIN' LUNGS COLLAPSED...
THEY AIN'T TRAINED FOR THIS, SEE. THEY AIN'T PRACTICED.
THEY DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT HIJACKIN', OR HOSTAGE SITUATIONS, OR HOW A GODDAMN 'PLANE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR...
THEY AIN'T EVEN GOT A PLAN. THEY JUST THINK--WE'RE THE SEVEN. WE'RE SUPER.
WE CAN DO THIS.
OKAY! STRAIGHT IN!
WHAT?!
MOM, LOOK WHO IT IS!
MICHAEL, SIT DOWN! THOSE MEN HAVE KNIVES, IF THEY HEAR YOU THEY'LL--
MOM, IT'S OKAY! WE'RE GONNA BE OKAY! MOM!

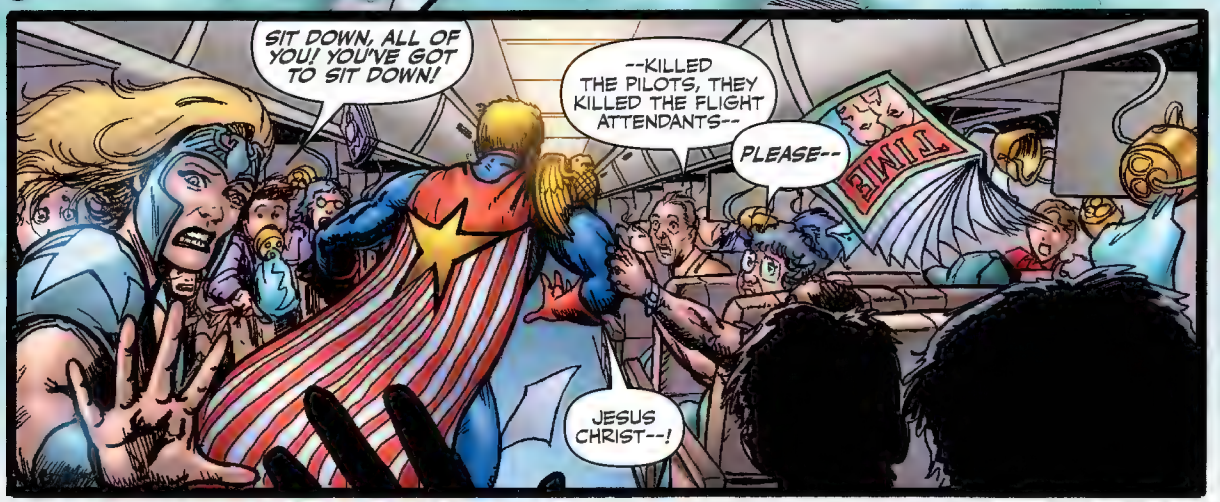
SHIT!!
MIICHAAAAAELL!
WE'RE HERE TO HELP--
MICHAEL, MICHAEL, MICHAEL! NO!
CALM DOWN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
IT'S THEM...!
OH, FUCK.


EVERYONE SIT DOWN! THE MASKS ARE BECAUSE THE AIR'S ESCAPING, SIT DOWN AND PUT ONE ON!
WHAT? WHAT?
I CAN'T HEAR A--
HELP US!!
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE FUCKING DOING...

HNNNHHHGGHHH

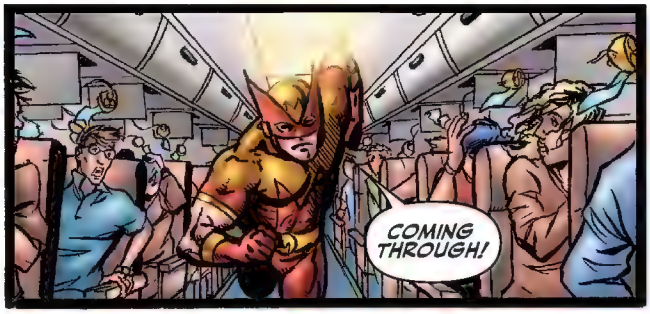

WELL?!
NO WAY! NO FUCKING WAY!

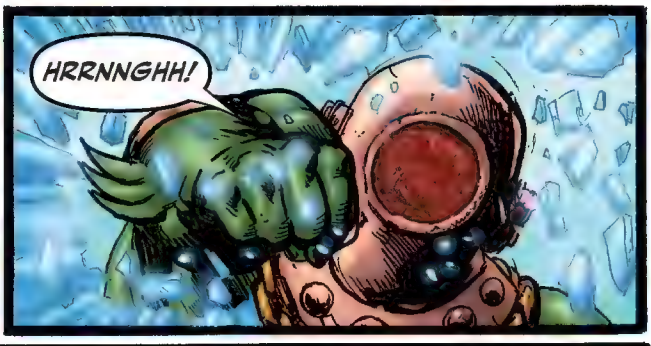
THE GODDAMN THING'LL TAKE US WITH IT...!


SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO SIT DOWN!
--KILLED THE PILOTS, THEY KILLED THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS--
PLEASE--
TIME
JESUS CHRIST--!

SHUT UP!
AAAAAAAAAHHH
FUCK...!
COME ON!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON...?
EXIT
THEY'VE LOCKED THEMSELVES IN!
FUCK THEM!
HRRRRGGGHHH--

HAD ENOUGH OF THIS--


COMING THROUGH!

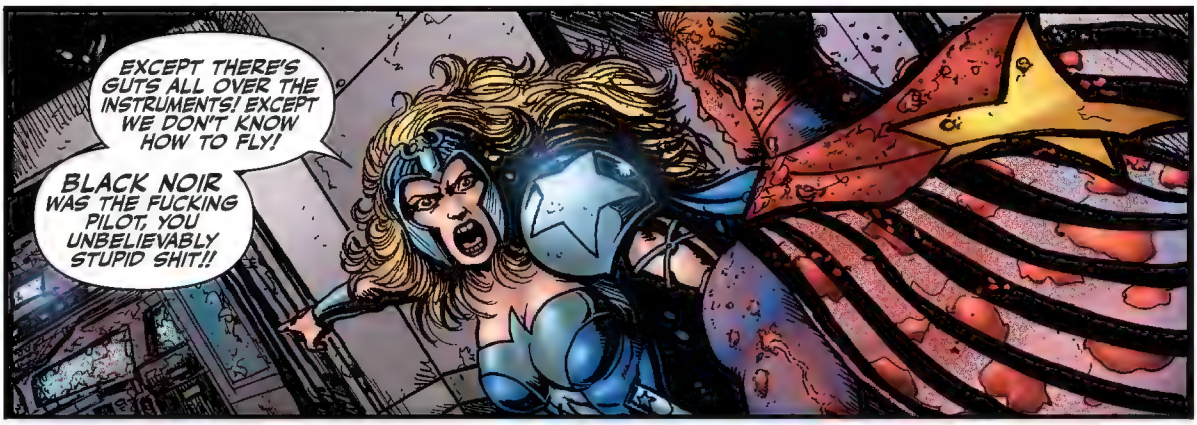

HRRNNGHH!

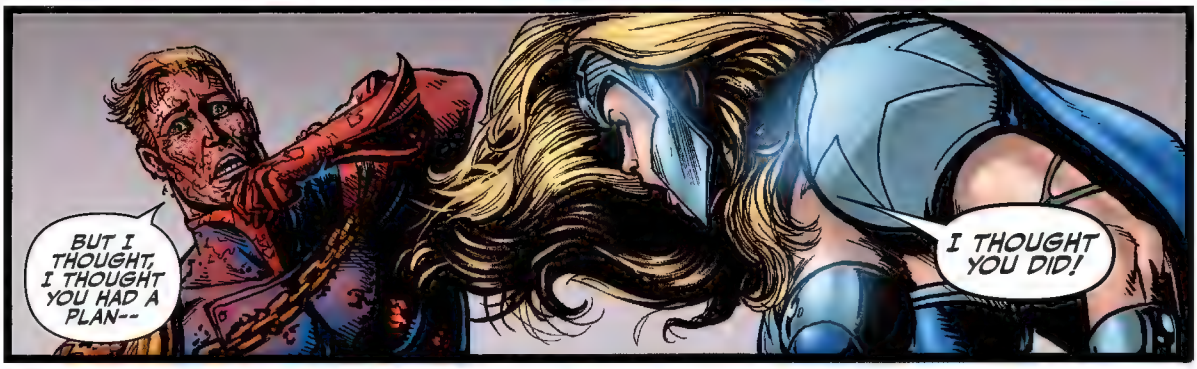
WHUP--
JESUS!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH

WHAT--
DEEP PUNCHED THE WINDSHIELD OUT, WE'RE GETTING THE JETSTREAM RIGHT IN OUR FACES--
OH, FUCKING NIGGER--!
FUCKING NIGGER!
YOU KNOW...I KNOW HOW THIS IS GONNA END...
BUT IT'S NO LESS BLOODY DISGUSTIN' TO THINK THESE EEJITS GOT ALL THEM PEOPLE KILLED.
UH-UH.
FOLKS ON THAT 'PLANE WERE DEAD FROM THE START. FIGHTER BOY WOULDA MADE IT QUICKER, SURE...
BUT THE REAL GODDAMNED CRIME IS THE SHIT THAT HAPPENED NEXT.

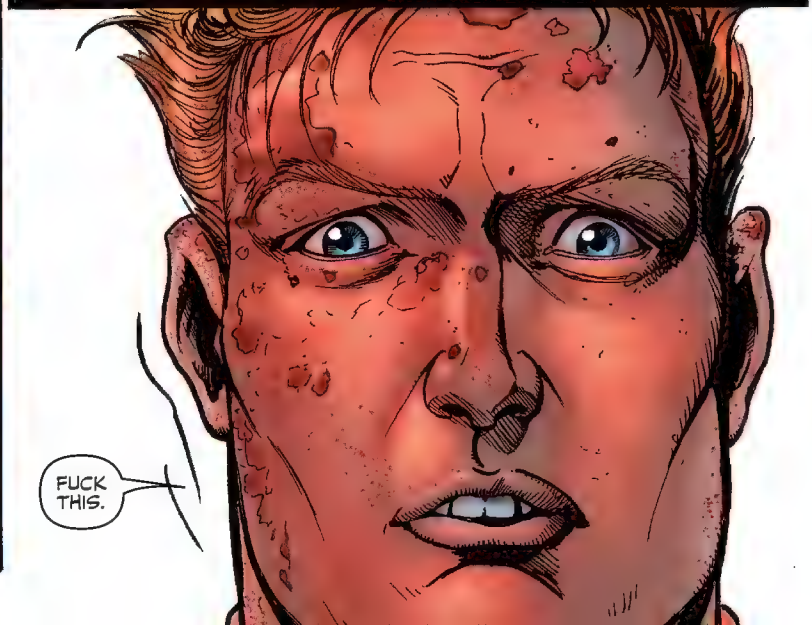
MARATHON! WAKE UP, YOU--
UH...?
AAAAAAAAHH!!
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD--
UUHHHHH!
JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY!!
WHAT...?
WHAT THE FUCK IS THE MATTER WITH YOU NOW?
COME ON, DAMMIT!
BUT I--
JUST TRUST ME ON THIS, OKAY?
THEY'RE DEAD, OKAY? THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
JESUS WEPT--!
THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US LANDING THE 'PLANE!

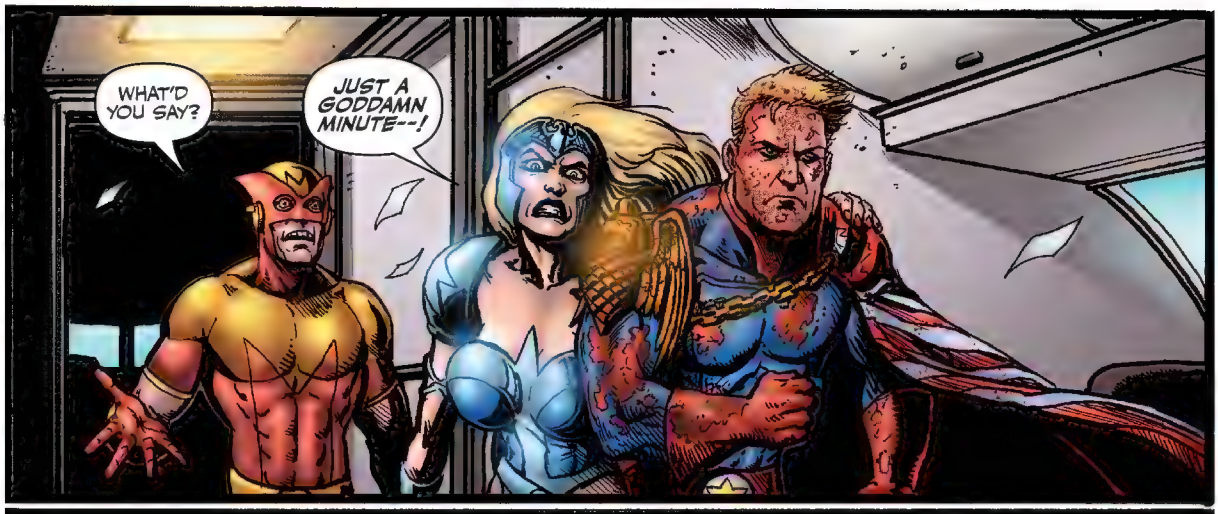

EXCEPT THERE'S GUTS ALL OVER THE INSTRUMENTS! EXCEPT WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY!
BLACK NOIR WAS THE FUCKING PILOT, YOU UNBELIEVABLY STUPID SHIT!!

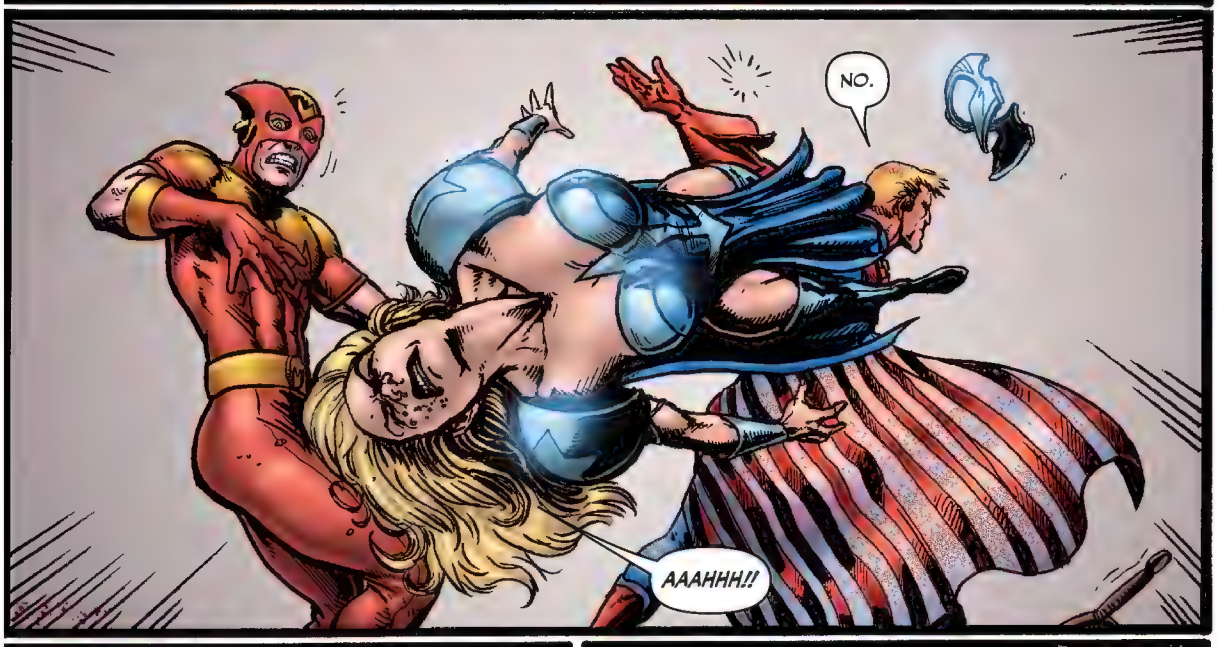

BUT I THOUGHT, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A PLAN--
I THOUGHT YOU DID!

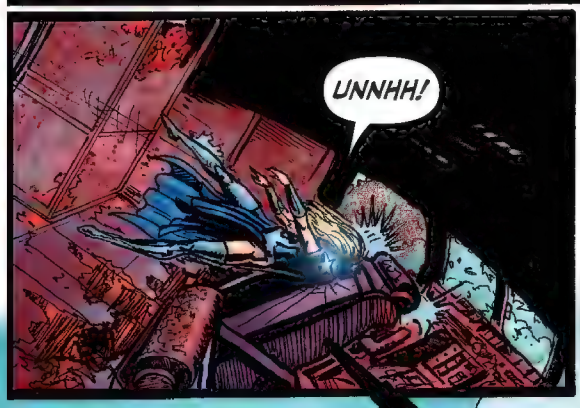
GUYS? GUYS, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

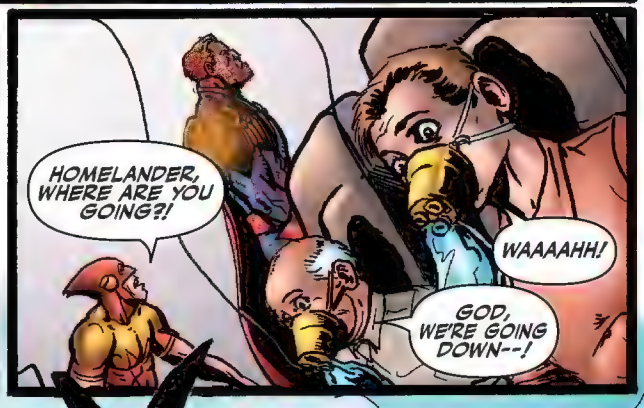
IN THE NAME OF GOD ALMIGHTY, PLEASE--
GUYS?
SOMEBODY HELP US--


FUCK THIS.


WHAT'D YOU SAY?
JUST A GODDAMN MINUTE--!

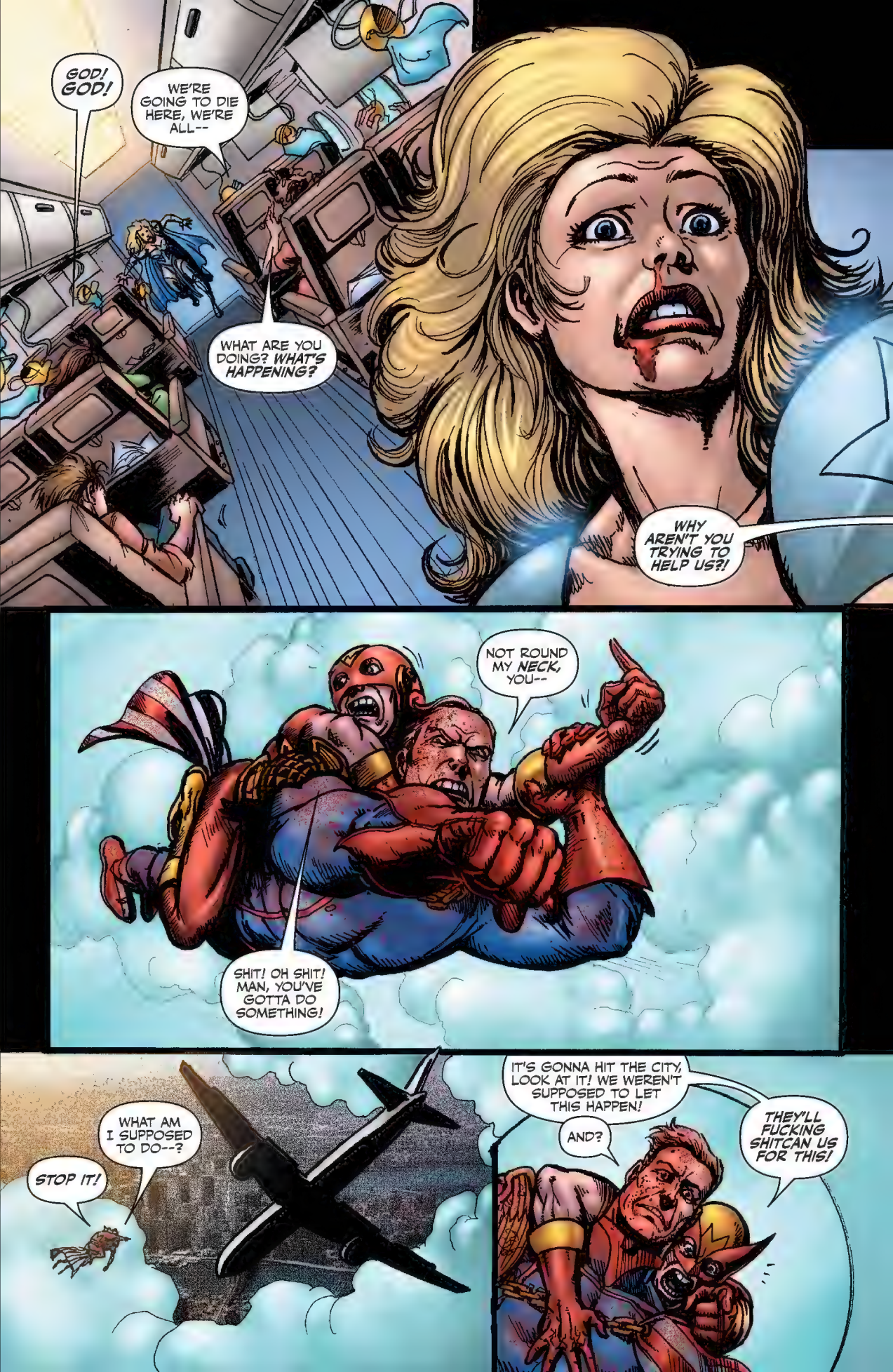

NO.
AAAHHH!!


UNNHH!


HOMELANDER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
WAAAAHH!
GOD, WE'RE GOING DOWN--!

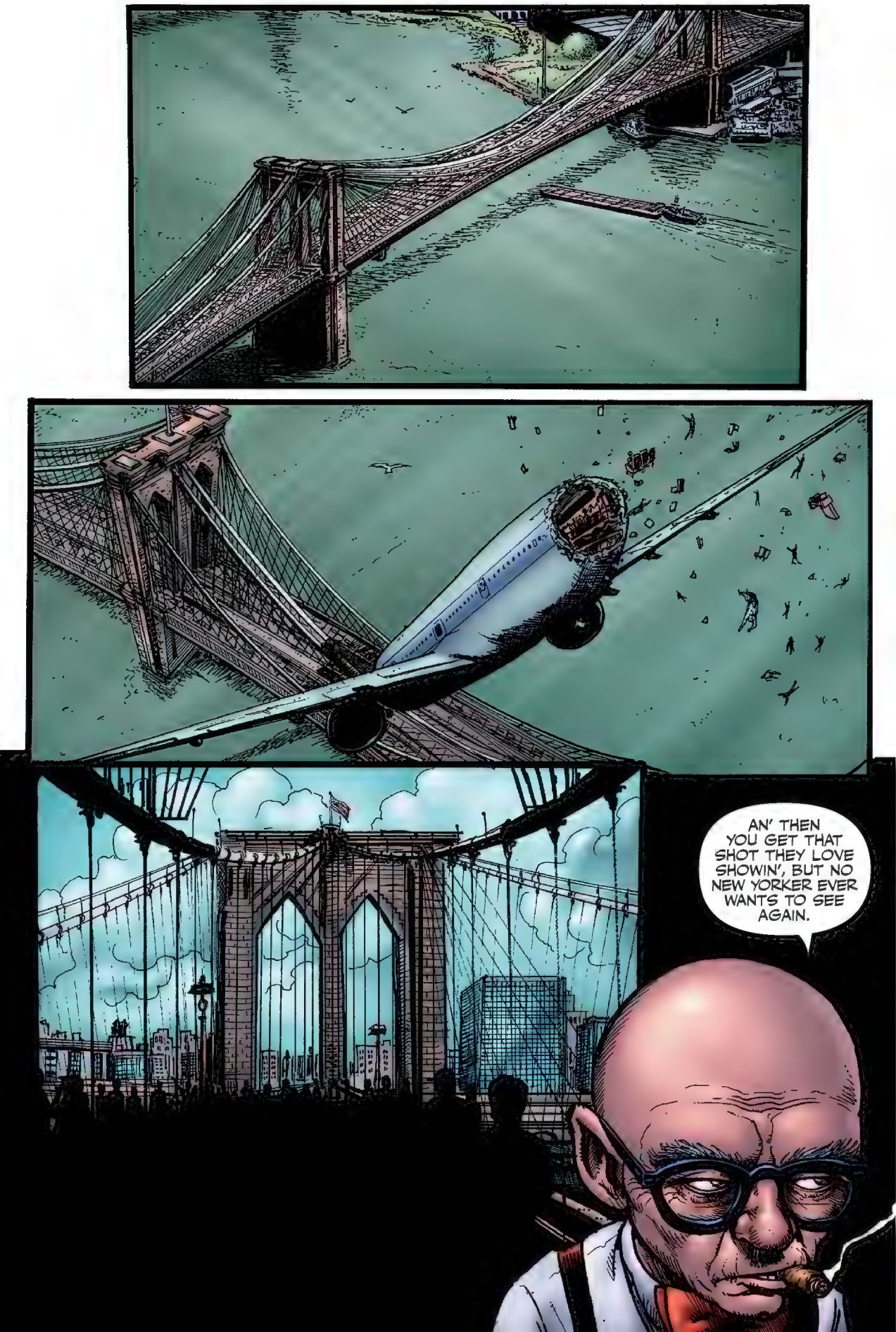
SIR! SIR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT'S HE DOING?!
SAVE US!
HOMEL--
OH MY GOD.
EXIT
FUCKING COCKSUCKER! NO!
DON'T YOU FUCKING LEAVE ME NO!!
OH-- JESUS--!
FFUUUUCK...!

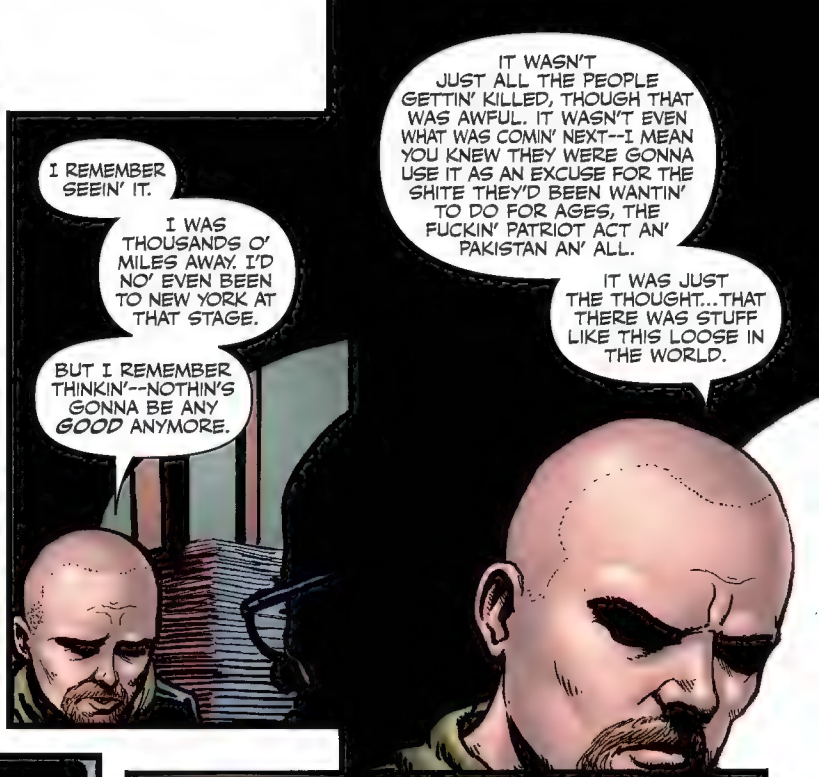
GET OFF ME, YOU ASSHOLE! I'LL BURN YOU OFF! I'LL FUCKING BURN YOU OFF! LET GO!!
NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, YOU DON'T HAVE TO! YOU CAN CARRY ME! YOU CAN!
YOU'RE THE HOMELANDER, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING! PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE JESUS!
YOU KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME, PLEASE DON'T LET ME FUCKING DIE...!
JUST--
QUIT THE GODDAMN WHINING, WILL YOU?


GOD! GOD!
WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE, WE'RE ALL--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHY AREN'T YOU TRYING TO HELP US?!
NOT ROUND MY NECK, YOU--
SHIT! OH SHIT! MAN, YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO--?
STOP IT!
IT'S GONNA HIT THE CITY, LOOK AT IT! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO LET THIS HAPPEN!
AND?
THEY'LL FUCKING SHITCAN US FOR THIS!

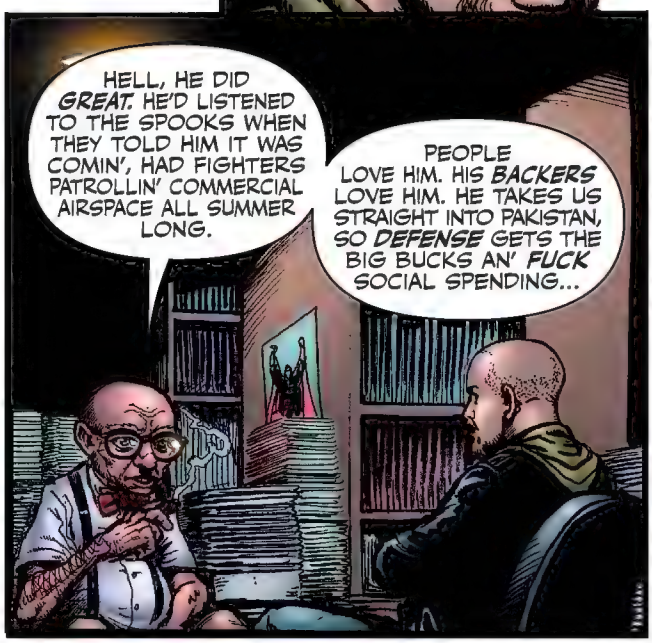
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE US!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
GET THE FUCK OFF ME--!
CAN YOU, CAN YOU LIKE PUSH IT--?
IT'S NOT ON THE GROUND, THERE'S NOTHING TO PUSH AGAINST!
I'M GOING TO HIT IT AT THE BACK! TRY AND SHOVE THE TAIL DOWN! LEVEL IT OUT!
YEAH?
HANG ON!
JESUS, YOU'RE GOING KIND OF FAST--!
SO'S THE 'PLANE, YOU STUPID PRICK!
COME BACK, YOU--

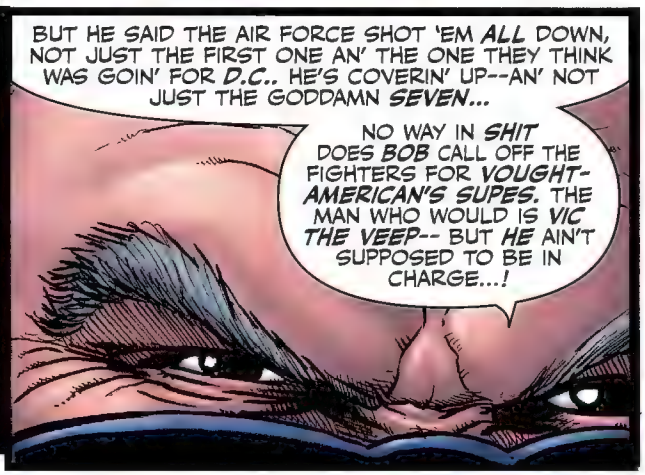
FUCK!!
DON'T LET HER GO!
OH, FUCK! MARATHON, DID YOU SEE THAT?
MARATHON?
AAAAAAAAHHH!!

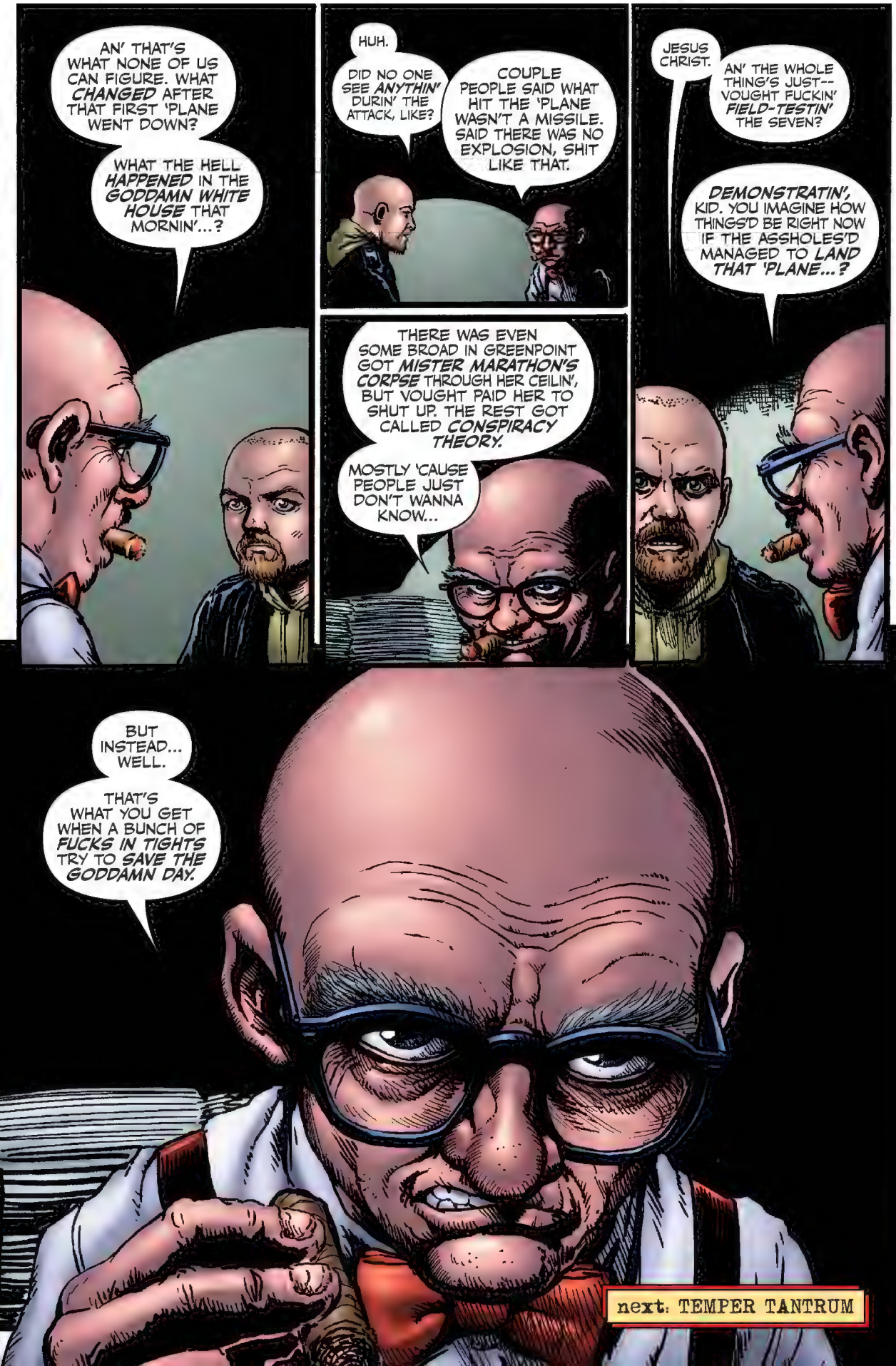

AN' THEN YOU GET THAT SHOT THEY LOVE SHOWIN', BUT NO NEW YORKER EVER WANTS TO SEE AGAIN.


I REMEMBER SEEIN' IT.
I WAS THOUSANDS O' MILES AWAY. I'D NO' EVEN BEEN TO NEW YORK AT THAT STAGE.
BUT I REMEMBER THINKIN'--NOTHIN'S GONNA BE ANY GOOD ANYMORE.
IT WASN'T JUST ALL THE PEOPLE GETTIN' KILLED, THOUGH THAT WAS AWFUL. IT WASN'T EVEN WHAT WAS COMIN' NEXT--I MEAN YOU KNEW THEY WERE GONNA USE IT AS AN EXCUSE FOR THE SHITE THEY'D BEEN WANTIN' TO DO FOR AGES, THE FUCKIN' PATRIOT ACT AN' PAKISTAN AN' ALL.
IT WAS JUST THE THOUGHT...THAT THERE WAS STUFF LIKE THIS LOOSE IN THE WORLD.

THEY SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME.
DAKOTA BOB WENT ON T.V. RIGHT AWAY, ADMITTED ORDERIN' THE 'PLANES SHOT DOWN. HE PLAYED IT JUST RIGHT, IT FIT WELL WITH HIS IMAGE. NO ONE WAS ABOUT TO BLAME HIM.


HELL, HE DID GREAT. HE'D LISTENED TO THE SPOOKS WHEN THEY TOLD HIM IT WAS COMIN', HAD FIGHTERS PATROLLIN' COMMERCIAL AIRSPACE ALL SUMMER LONG.
PEOPLE LOVE HIM. HIS BACKERS LOVE HIM. HE TAKES US STRAIGHT INTO PAKISTAN, SO DEFENSE GETS THE BIG BUCKS AN' FUCK SOCIAL SPENDING...


BUT HE SAID THE AIR FORCE SHOT 'EM ALL DOWN, NOT JUST THE FIRST ONE AN' THE ONE THEY THINK WAS GOIN' FOR D.C.. HE'S COVERIN' UP--AN' NOT JUST THE GODDAMN SEVEN...
NO WAY IN SHIT DOES BOB CALL OFF THE FIGHTERS FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN'S SUPES. THE MAN WHO WOULD IS VIC THE VEEP-- BUT HE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE IN CHARGE...!


AN' THAT'S WHAT NONE OF US CAN FIGURE. WHAT CHANGED AFTER THAT FIRST 'PLANE WENT DOWN?
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED IN THE GODDAMN WHITE HOUSE THAT MORNIN'...?
HUH.
DID NO ONE SEE ANYTHIN' DURIN' THE ATTACK, LIKE?
COUPLE PEOPLE SAID WHAT HIT THE 'PLANE WASN'T A MISSILE. SAID THERE WAS NO EXPLOSION, SHIT LIKE THAT.
THERE WAS EVEN SOME BROAD IN GREENPOINT GOT MISTER MARATHON'S CORPSE THROUGH HER CEILIN', BUT VOUGHT PAID HER TO SHUT UP. THE REST GOT CALLED CONSPIRACY THEORY.
MOSTLY 'CAUSE PEOPLE JUST DON'T WANNA KNOW...
JESUS CHRIST.
AN' THE WHOLE THING'S JUST-- VOUGHT FUCKIN' FIELD-TESTIN' THE SEVEN?
DEMONSTRATIN', KID. YOU IMAGINE HOW THINGS'D BE RIGHT NOW IF THE ASSHOLES'D MANAGED TO LAND THAT 'PLANE...?
BUT INSTEAD... WELL.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN A BUNCH OF FUCKS IN TIGHTS TRY TO SAVE THE GODDAMN DAY.
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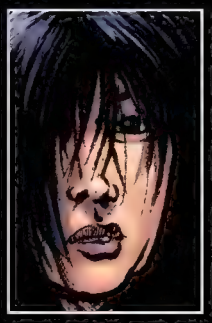

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That's when you call in The Boys.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Lettered by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

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TONY AVIÑA

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A-TRAIN?
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE KEYPAD, I CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN.
A-TRAIN?
NO, YOU CAN'T.

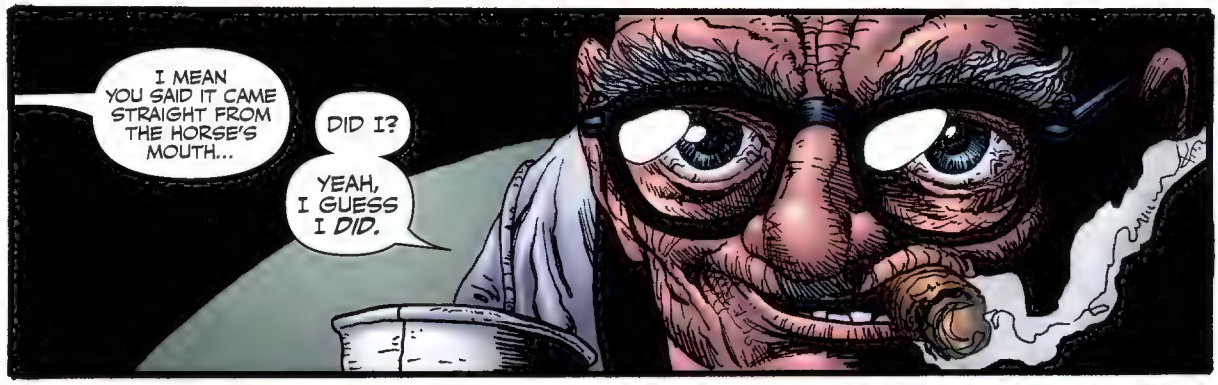
I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

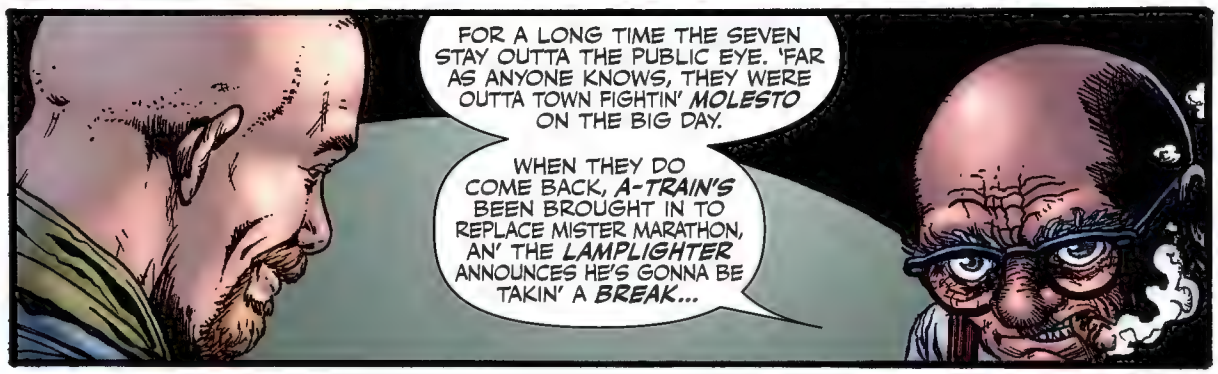
conclusion

"PRINT AN' BE BLAND", YOU MIGHT SAY...
THEIR SPECIALTY.
POINT THEY'RE MAKIN' IS, WHATEVER ELSE YOU THINK ABOUT NINE-ELEVEN--SUPES IN GENERAL AN' THE SEVEN IN PARTICULAR DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT.

WERE YOU STILL AT VOUGHT THEN?
LONG GONE. BUT I GOT PEOPLE STILL GIVE ME THE INSIDE SCOOP.
I'M THE LEGEND, KID, I BUILT VICTORY COMICS FROM THE GROUND UP...

AYE.
SO HOW D'YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT 'PLANE?


I MEAN YOU SAID IT CAME STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH...
DID I?
YEAH, I GUESS I DID.

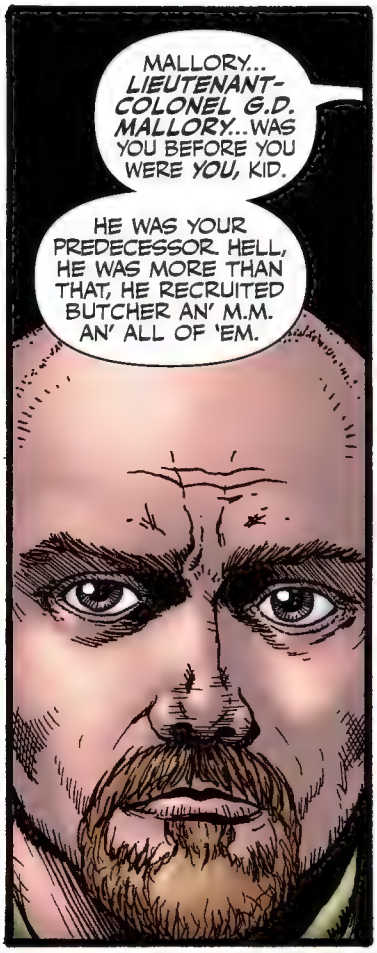

FOR A LONG TIME THE SEVEN STAY OUTTA THE PUBLIC EYE. 'FAR AS ANYONE KNOWS, THEY WERE OUTTA TOWN FIGHTIN' MOLESTO ON THE BIG DAY.
WHEN THEY DO COME BACK, A-TRAIN'S BEEN BROUGHT IN TO REPLACE MISTER MARATHON, AN' THE LAMPLIGHTER ANNOUNCES HE'S GONNA BE TAKIN' A BREAK...

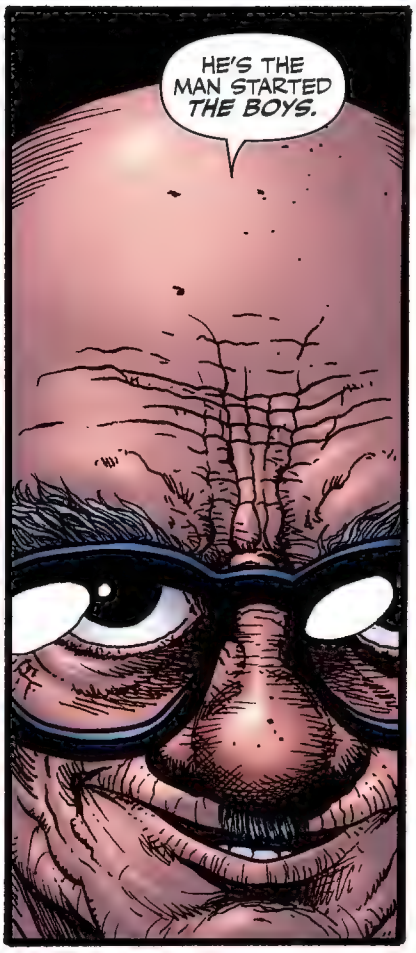
"WELL, HE HAS IT ANNOUNCED *FOR HIM.* HE CAN'T REALLY SPEAK AT THE *PRESS CONFERENCE,* 'CAUSE HE'S TOO BUSY *FILLIN' HIS PANTS WITH SHIT...*

"MAINLY DUE TO THE FACT THAT HE'S *DEAD.* HE'S THE FIRST EVER SUPE TO UNDERGO VOUGHT'S NEW *RESURRECTION PROCESS,* AN' HE COMES OUTTA IT ABOUT AS SMART AS A *SACKA POTATOES."*

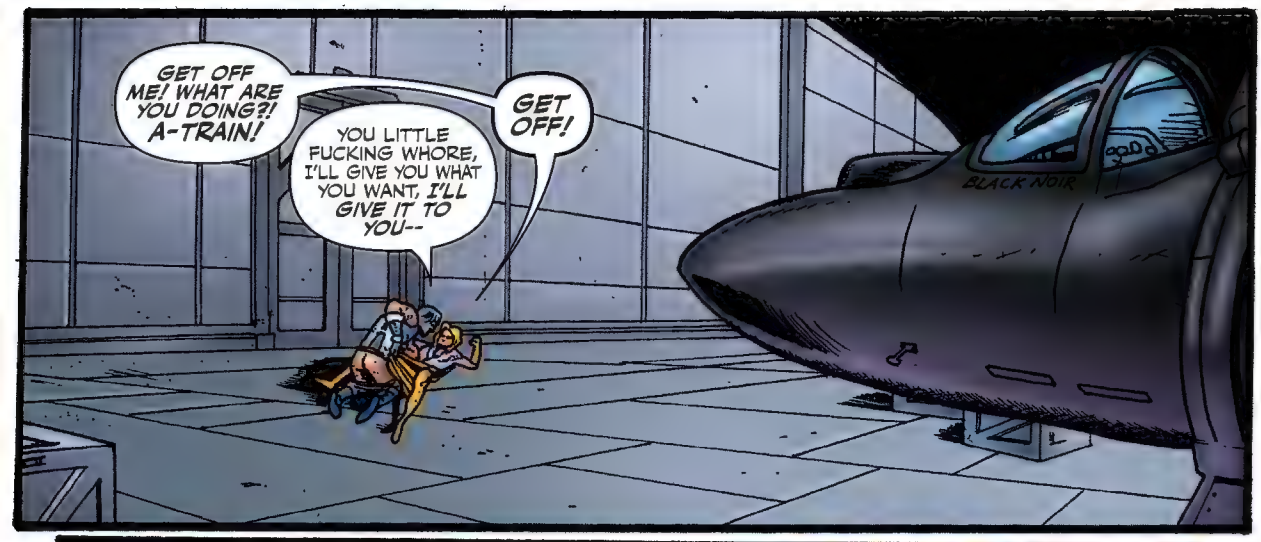
LIVE

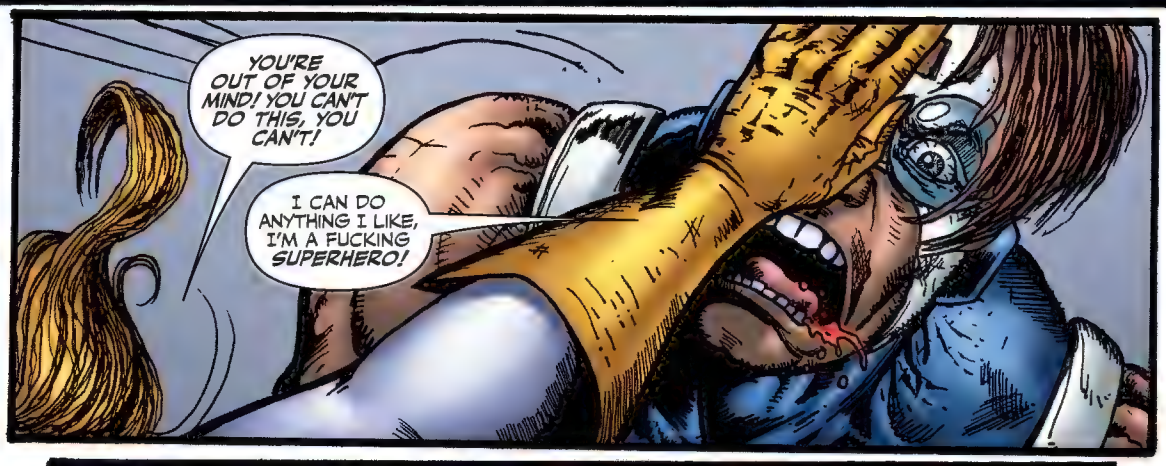
THE SEVEN: TRIUMPHANT





DID YOU-- HAVE YOU DONE SOMETHING TO THE DOOR?
SO FAST YOU DIDN'T SEE ME.
WHY?
A-TRAIN, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU...?
NOTHING.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY SOMEONE LIKE ME COULD GET HIS HANDS ON SOMEONE LIKE YOU.
YOU STUCK-UP LITTLE *CUNT*--
AAAAOOWW!!


GET OFF ME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! A-TRAIN!
YOU LITTLE FUCKING WHORE, I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU--
GET OFF!
BLACK NOIR


YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND! YOU CAN'T DO THIS, YOU CAN'T!
I CAN DO ANYTHING I LIKE, I'M A FUCKING SUPERHERO!

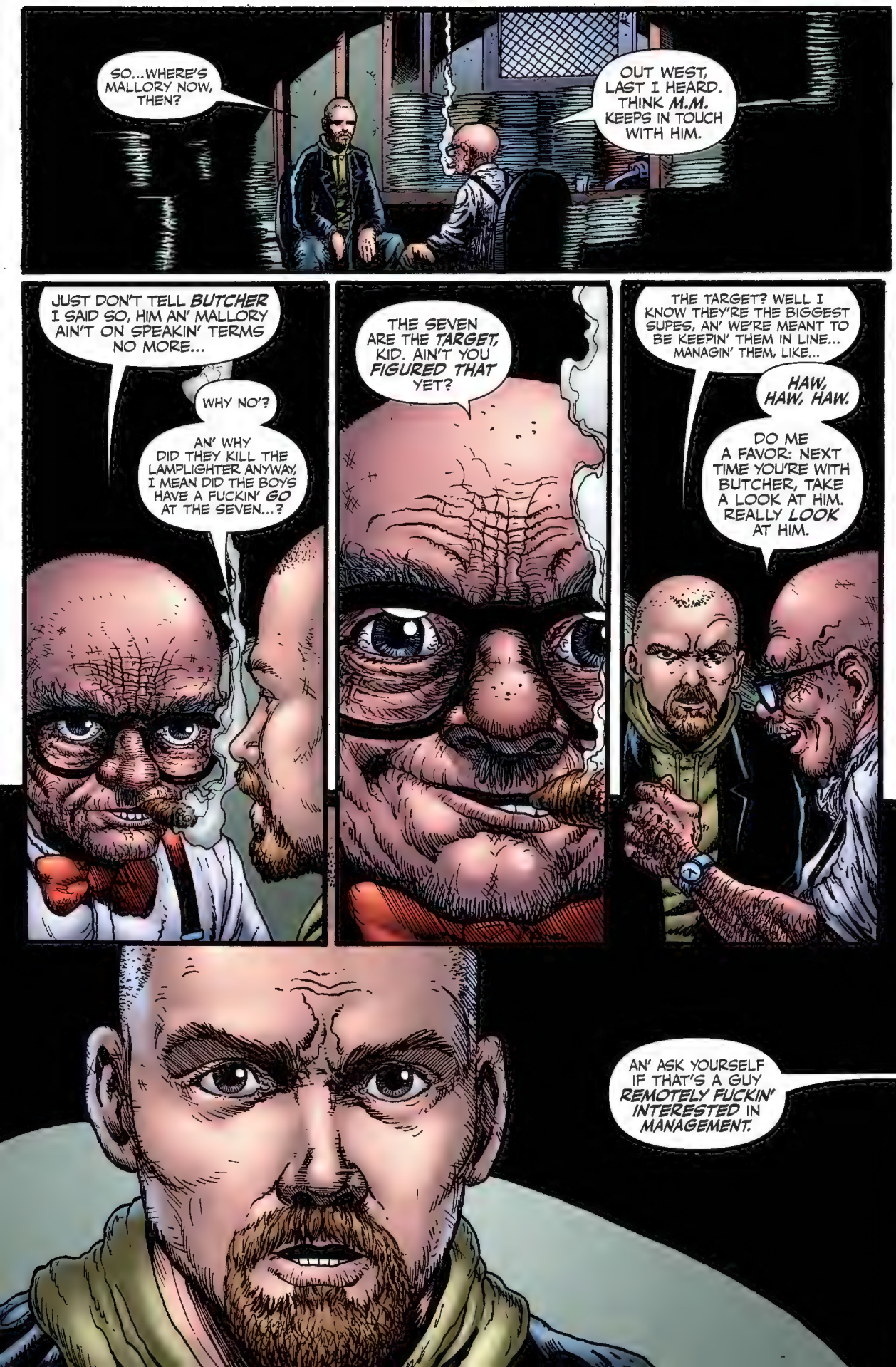
A-TRAIN, I'M WARNING YOU--!
FUCK YOU! I'M IN THE SEVEN, THERE ARE NO CONSEQUENCES FOR ME--
A-TRAIN! GET YOUR FUCKING GODDAMNED HANDS OFF!

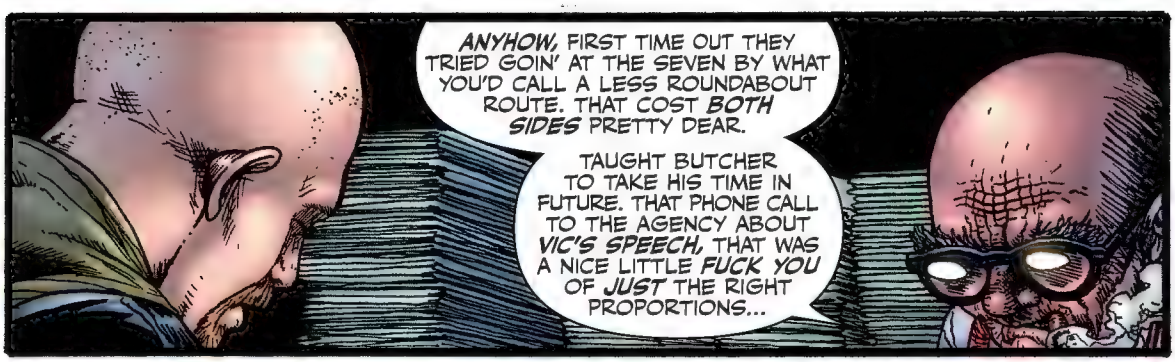
NOW!!

AAAAAAAAHH...!
BASTARD! GET OFF! BASTARD!
YOU BITCH! YOU'VE FUCKING BLINDED ME! I'M BLIND!
YOU TRIED TO RAPE ME, YOU PRICK--!
OH GOD, I CAN'T SEE, I'M BLIND...!
GOOD! I'M GLAD! YOU DESERVE IT!
YOU FUCKING BITCH, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME...?
YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T--
OH.

HOMELANDER! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS LITTLE WHORE DID? SHE USED HER FUCKING POWERS ON ME, MAN!
BUT HE--
FUCK YOU! SHE'S BLINDED ME, I CAN'T SEE SHIT OUT OF MY LEFT EYE!
DUDE, YOU NEED TO SHUT THE FUCK UP--
LIKE HELL I DO! SHE'S FUCKING BURNED MY EYE OUT AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT...!
FUCK!

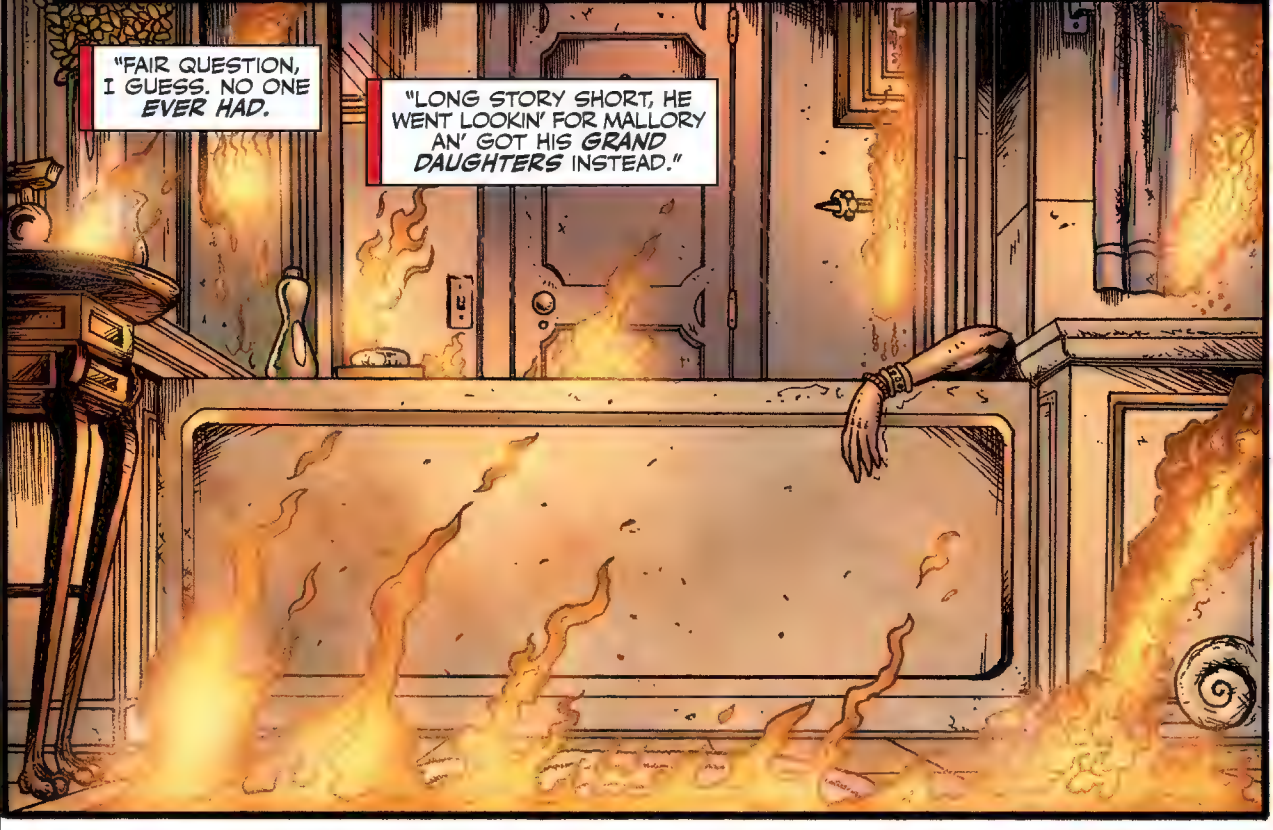
IT, UH...
IT HASN'T BEEN A VERY GOOD DAY.


SO...WHERE'S MALLORY NOW, THEN?
OUT WEST, LAST I HEARD. THINK M.M. KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH HIM.
JUST DON'T TELL BUTCHER I SAID SO, HIM AN' MALLORY AIN'T ON SPEAKIN' TERMS NO MORE...
WHY NO'?
AN' WHY DID THEY KILL THE LAMPLIGHTER ANYWAY, I MEAN DID THE BOYS HAVE A FUCKIN' GO AT THE SEVEN...?
THE SEVEN ARE THE TARGET, KID. AIN'T YOU FIGURED THAT YET?
THE TARGET? WELL I KNOW THEY'RE THE BIGGEST SUPES, AN' WE'RE MEANT TO BE KEEPIN' THEM IN LINE... MANAGIN' THEM, LIKE...
HAW, HAW, HAW.
DO ME A FAVOR: NEXT TIME YOU'RE WITH BUTCHER, TAKE A LOOK AT HIM. REALLY LOOK AT HIM.
AN' ASK YOURSELF IF THAT'S A GUY REMOTELY FUCKIN' INTERESTED IN MANAGEMENT.

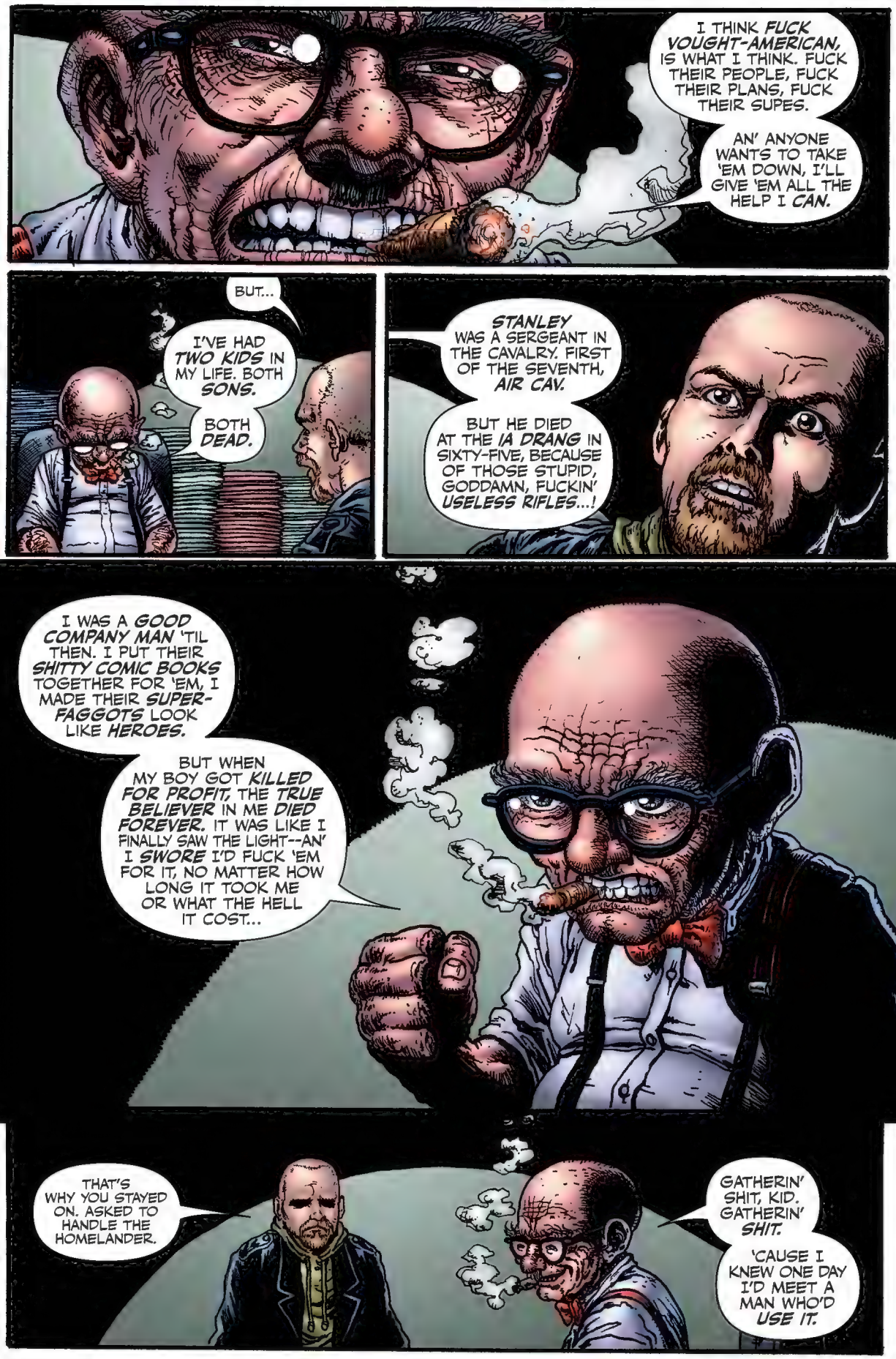

ANYHOW, FIRST TIME OUT THEY TRIED GOIN' AT THE SEVEN BY WHAT YOU'D CALL A LESS ROUNDABOUT ROUTE. THAT COST BOTH SIDES PRETTY DEAR.
TAUGHT BUTCHER TO TAKE HIS TIME IN FUTURE. THAT PHONE CALL TO THE AGENCY ABOUT VIC'S SPEECH, THAT WAS A NICE LITTLE FUCK YOU OF JUST THE RIGHT PROPORTIONS...

HANG ON, COST BOTH SIDES?
WHO'D WE LOSE?

HUH. WELL.
ONE THING I'LL SAY ABOUT THE HOMELANDER: HE'S GOT A TEMPER, BUT HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO PICK HIS BATTLES. LAMPLIGHTER WAS A REAL DICK, SOON AS HE SAW THEY WERE BEIN' FUCKED WITH HE FLEW RIGHT OFF THE HANDLE...
AFTER ALL, WHO WOULD DARE?


"FAIR QUESTION, I GUESS. NO ONE EVER HAD.
"LONG STORY SHORT, HE WENT LOOKIN' FOR MALLORY AN' GOT HIS GRAND DAUGHTERS INSTEAD."

"THAT ALMOST SENT THE WHOLE THING NUCLEAR OVERNIGHT. HOW IN FUCK MALLORY STOPPED HIMSELF FROM...JESUS, IT'S BEYOND ME.
"WELL, NO ONE WAS KIDDIN' THEMSELVES WHO'D COME OUT ON TOP IN A STRAIGHT FIGHT. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT, WITH BUTCHER'S FILES GOIN' STRAIGHT TO THE MEDIA--THAT WAS NO BIG MYSTERY NEITHER.
"SO A GESTURE GOT MADE."
"A SACRIFICE."
AN' THAT'S HOW THEY LEFT IT.
THE SEVEN CAN'T MOVE ON THE BOYS 'CAUSE THEY'D BE DIGGIN' THEIR OWN GRAVES. BOYS CAN'T START NOTHIN' FOR THE SAME REASON, 'CEPT IN THEIR CASE IT'S LITERAL.
BUT WHEN BUTCHER MAKES A MESS O' VIC'S SPEECH...
A NUDGE. A SHOVE. GOTTA REMIND VOUGHT THAT SUPES IN NATIONAL DEFENSE ARE A NO-NO.
SEVEN NEVER STOPPED BEIN' THE TARGET HERE, KID.
AN' YOU THINK THAT'S WISE?


I THINK FUCK VOUGHT-AMERICAN, IS WHAT I THINK. FUCK THEIR PEOPLE, FUCK THEIR PLANS, FUCK THEIR SUPES.
AN' ANYONE WANTS TO TAKE 'EM DOWN, I'LL GIVE 'EM ALL THE HELP I CAN.
BUT...
I'VE HAD TWO KIDS IN MY LIFE. BOTH SONS.
BOTH DEAD.
STANLEY WAS A SERGEANT IN THE CAVALRY. FIRST OF THE SEVENTH, AIR CAV.
BUT HE DIED AT THE IA DRANG IN SIXTY-FIVE, BECAUSE OF THOSE STUPID, GODDAMN, FUCKIN' USELESS RIFLES...!
I WAS A GOOD COMPANY MAN 'TIL THEN. I PUT THEIR SHITTY COMIC BOOKS TOGETHER FOR 'EM, I MADE THEIR SUPER-FAGGOTS LOOK LIKE HEROES.
BUT WHEN MY BOY GOT KILLED FOR PROFIT, THE TRUE BELIEVER IN ME DIED FOREVER. IT WAS LIKE I FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT--AN' I SWORE I'D FUCK 'EM FOR IT, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TOOK ME OR WHAT THE HELL IT COST...
THAT'S WHY YOU STAYED ON. ASKED TO HANDLE THE HOMELANDER.
GATHERIN' SHIT, KID. GATHERIN' SHIT.
'CAUSE I KNEW ONE DAY I'D MEET A MAN WHO'D USE IT.

JINGS.
WELL.
I WAS GONNA SAY YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT, BUT THAT'D BE THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM.
D'YOU...MIND ME ASKIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR OTHER SON...?
AH, HE WAS A FUCKIN' DOUCHEBAG. YOU KILLED HIM.
WH
WH
DIDN'T I *SAY* YOU'D BE DOIN' ME A *FAVOR*...?
YOU CAN SHOW YOURSELF OUT, KID.
BE SEEIN' YOU.

VINNIE'S COMIC
BASEBALL CARDS.
ACTION FIGURES
WOK
FRY
LIQUOR
140
KEN'S

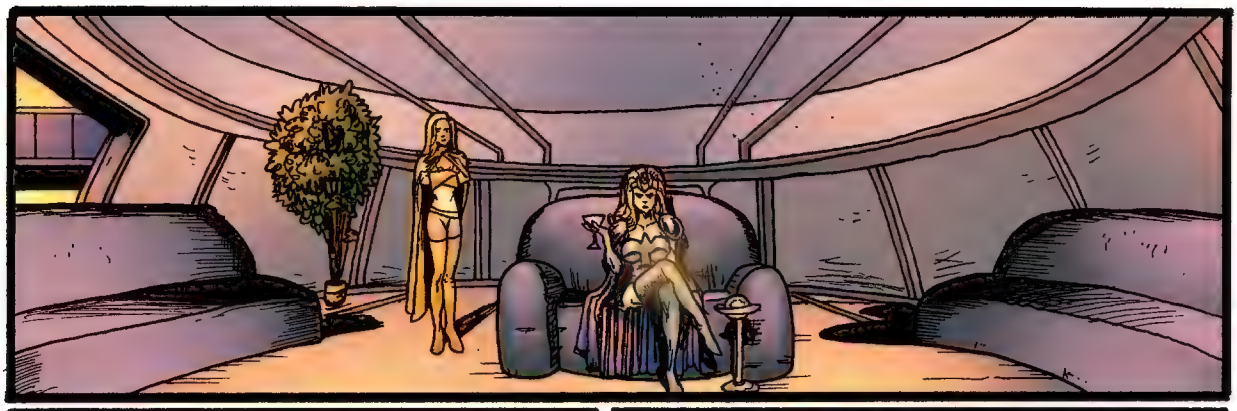
HERE.
WAIT A MINUTE.
ACTION FIG
POW
THE FIGHT OF TOMORROW

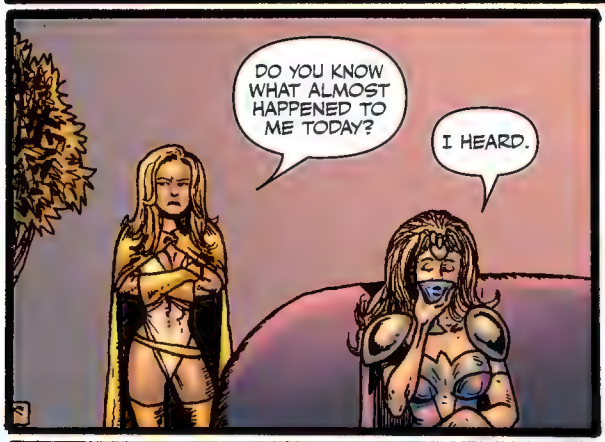
THAT WASN'T THE BOYS' STORY, THAT WAS VOUGHT-AMERICAN'S...!

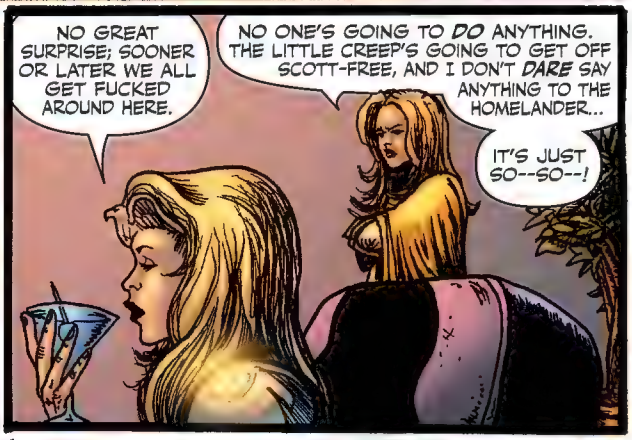
VINNIE'S
CLOSED
Hours Mon.-Sat 9-6
THE WHOLE THING, FROM START TO--AW, C'MON TO FUCK!

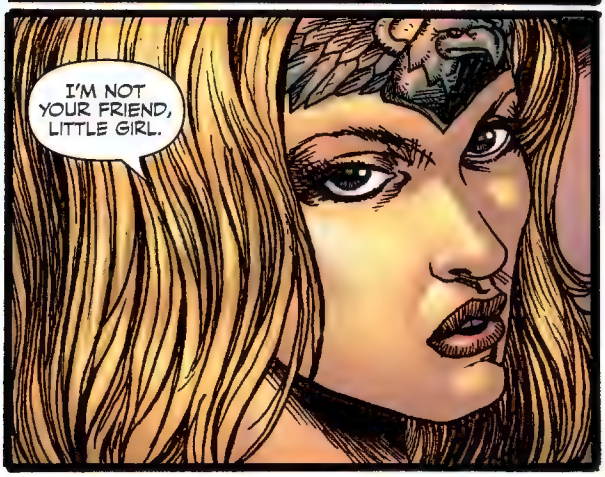
HHHH.
I'M NO WISER THAN I EVER WAS.

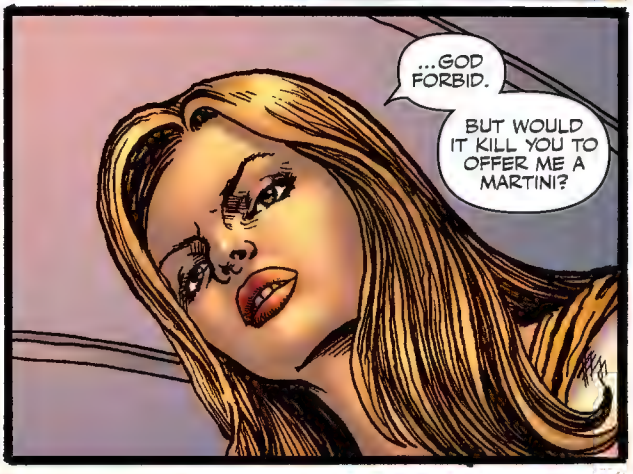
WHAT A SWIZZ.

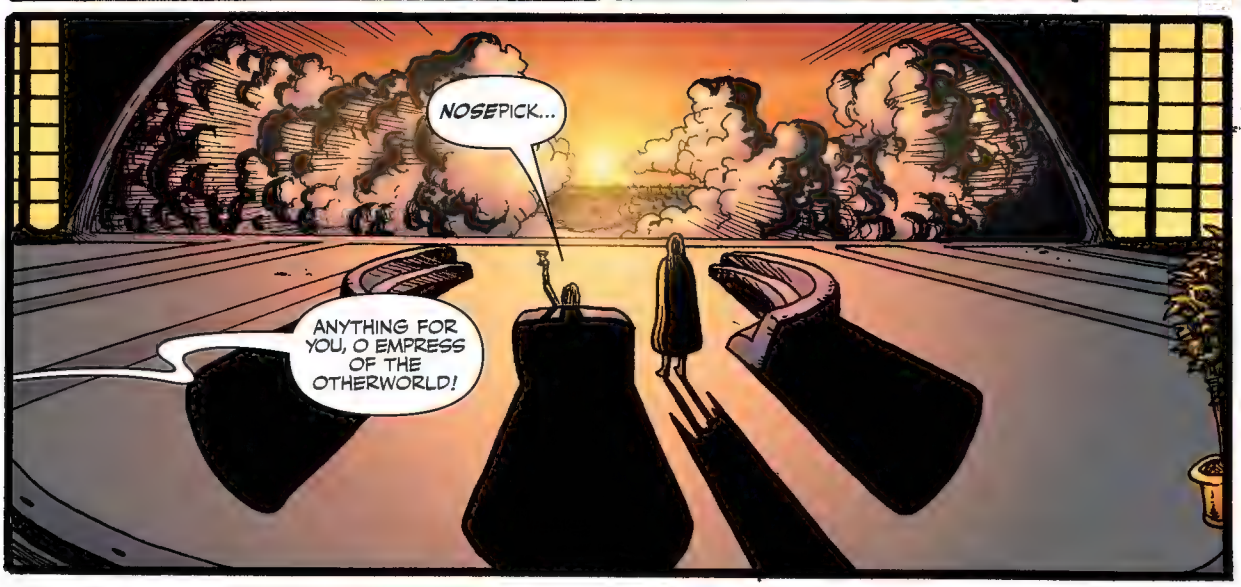



DO YOU KNOW WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO ME TODAY?
I HEARD.


NO GREAT SURPRISE; SOONER OR LATER WE ALL GET FUCKED AROUND HERE.
NO ONE'S GOING TO *DO* ANYTHING. THE LITTLE CREEP'S GOING TO GET OFF SCOTT-FREE, AND I DON'T *DARE* SAY ANYTHING TO THE HOMELANDER...
IT'S JUST SO--SO--!


I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND, LITTLE GIRL.


...GOD FORBID.
BUT WOULD IT KILL YOU TO OFFER ME A MARTINI?


*NOSE*PICK...
ANYTHING FOR YOU, O EMPRESS OF THE OTHERWORLD!

I DON'T KNOW, FRENCHIE! AM I YOUR FUCKIN' MOTHER NOW, OR SOMETHIN'?
ALLER DES GARDE-FORESTIERS!
HERE! TICKETS! NOW CAN WE GO?
ALLER DES GARDE-FORESTIERS!
HOW'D YOU GET ON TODAY, THEN?

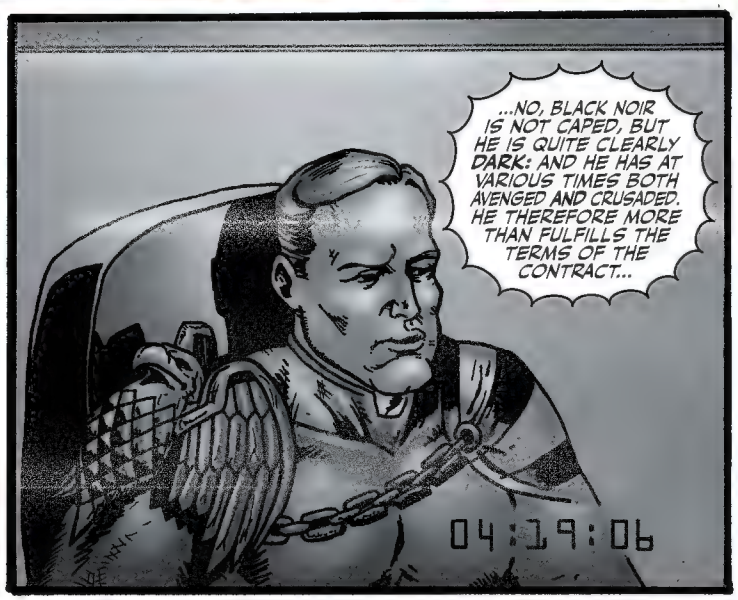
AH, YOU KNOW. SAID WHAT I WANTED TO SAY.
HOW'S THE LEGEND?

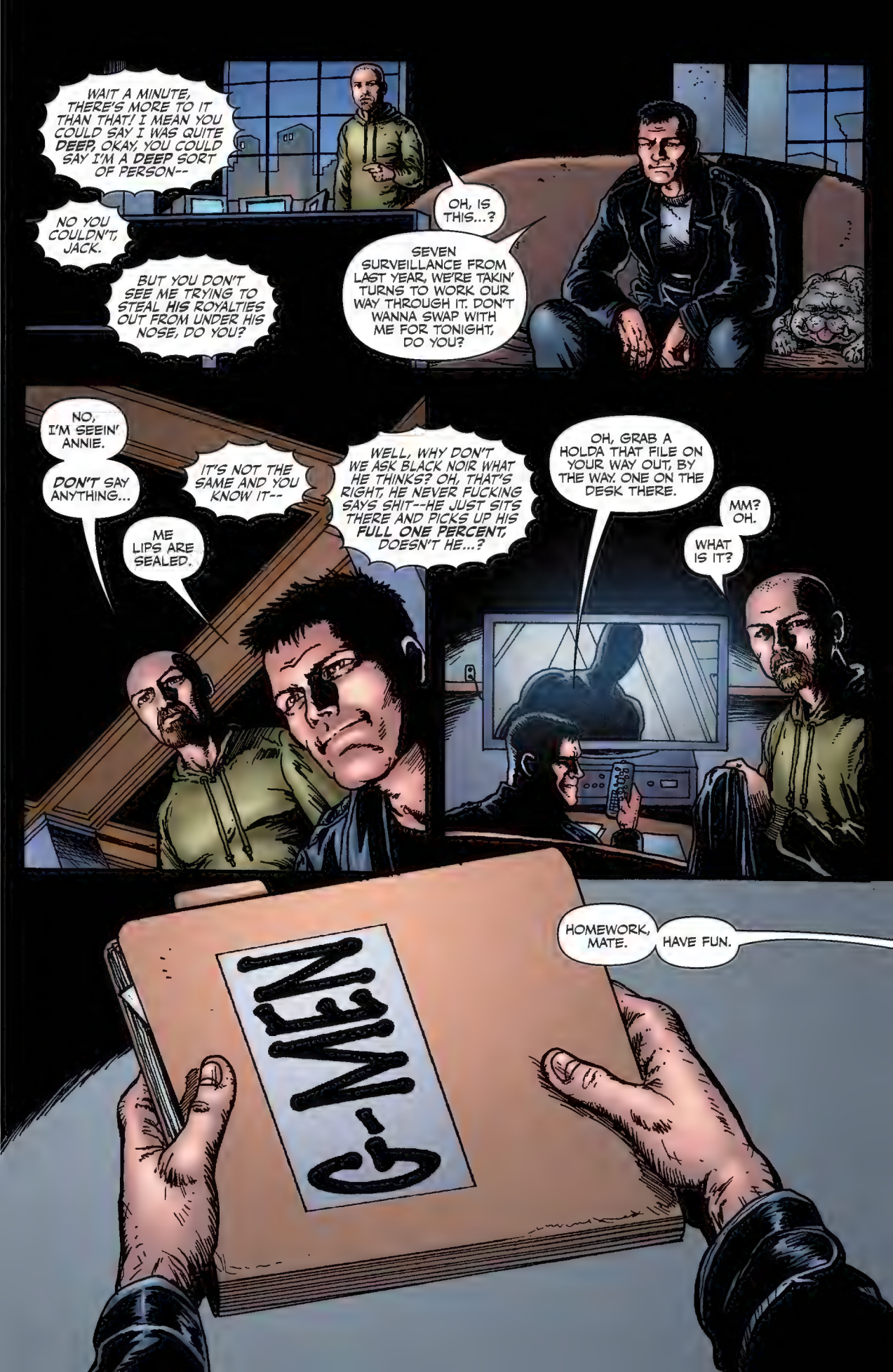
SAME AS USUAL. I'VE NO' SPENT SO MUCH TIME WI' HIM BEFORE, I KEEP THINKIN' I'M GONNA START TALKIN' LIKE HIM...
LET'S HEAR YOU CALL ROY LICHTENSTEIN A THIEVIN' COCKSUCKER, THEN.

HMH.
SPLENDIDDIO...
YOU GET ALL THE GORY DETAILS YOU WANTED? SECRET HISTORY AN' ALL THAT?

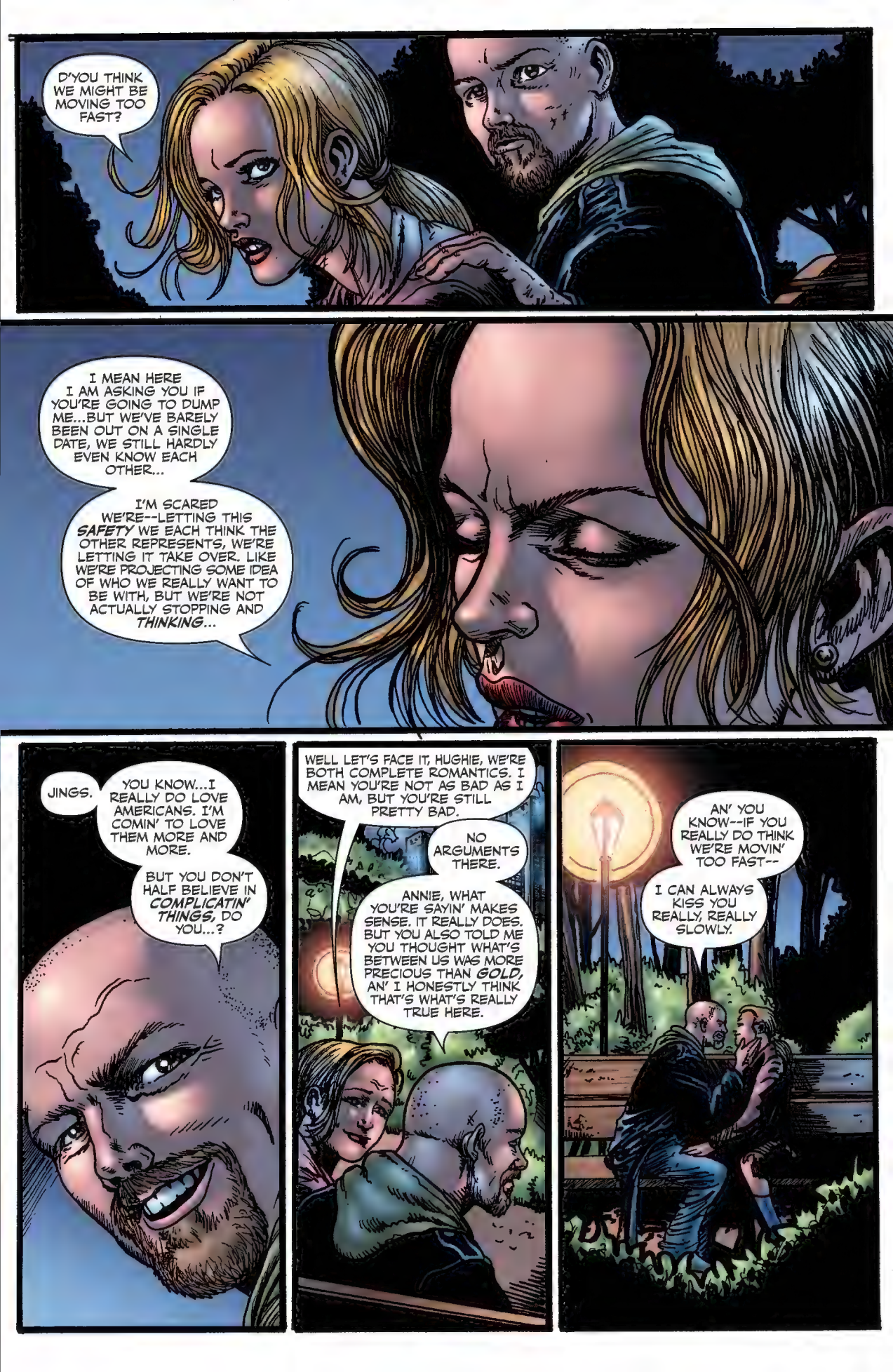
OH AYE, HE WAS VERY FORTHCOMIN'.
FULL DISCLOSURE, LIKE.

GOOD!
COME AN' HAVE A DEKKO AT THIS, THIS IS THE FUN-FILLED EVENIN' I'VE GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO...


...NO, BLACK NOIR IS NOT CAPED, BUT HE IS QUITE CLEARLY DARK: AND HE HAS AT VARIOUS TIMES BOTH AVENGED AND CRUSADED. HE THEREFORE MORE THAN FULFILLS THE TERMS OF THE CONTRACT...
04:19:06


WAIT A MINUTE, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT! I MEAN YOU COULD SAY I WAS QUITE DEEP, OKAY, YOU COULD SAY I'M A DEEP SORT OF PERSON--
NO YOU COULDN'T, JACK.
BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME TRYING TO STEAL HIS ROYALTIES OUT FROM UNDER HIS NOSE, DO YOU?
OH, IS THIS...?
SEVEN SURVEILLANCE FROM LAST YEAR, WE'RE TAKIN' TURNS TO WORK OUR WAY THROUGH IT. DON'T WANNA SWAP WITH ME FOR TONIGHT, DO YOU?
NO, I'M SEEIN' ANNIE.
DON'T SAY ANYTHING...
ME LIPS ARE SEALED.
IT'S NOT THE SAME AND YOU KNOW IT--
WELL, WHY DON'T WE ASK BLACK NOIR WHAT HE THINKS? OH, THAT'S RIGHT, HE NEVER FUCKING SAYS SHIT--HE JUST SITS THERE AND PICKS UP HIS FULL ONE PERCENT, DOESN'T HE...?
OH, GRAB A HOLDA THAT FILE ON YOUR WAY OUT, BY THE WAY. ONE ON THE DESK THERE.
MM? OH.
WHAT IS IT?
HOMEWORK, MATE.
HAVE FUN.
G-MEN

NO, I DO NOT WANT TO BREAK UP WITH YOU...!
I JUST THOUGHT--AFTER--OH, GOD, I AM SO SORRY...
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT. THAT WAS NOTHIN'.
BUT IT WAS AWFUL, I MEAN I JUST WANTED TO DIE THERE AND THEN...
DON'T BE DAFT. D'YOU THINK THAT'S THE FIRST TIME SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT'S HAPPENED TO ANYONE?
YOU ARE SO GREAT.
YOU ARE EXACTLY WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW.
AYE, I'M A GEM.
C'MON AN' WE'LL SIT DOWN, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE KEPT US OUR USUAL BENCH.
I WAS SCARED YOU WEREN'T GONNA 'PHONE ME BACK, YOU KNOW. I'VE NO OTHER WAYA GETTIN' IN TOUCH WI' YOU.
I WAS SCARED I WAS NEVER GONNA SEE YOU AGAIN...


D'YOU THINK WE MIGHT BE MOVING TOO FAST?
I MEAN HERE I AM ASKING YOU IF YOU'RE GOING TO DUMP ME...BUT WE'VE BARELY BEEN OUT ON A SINGLE DATE, WE STILL HARDLY EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER...
I'M SCARED WE'RE--LETTING THIS SAFETY WE EACH THINK THE OTHER REPRESENTS, WE'RE LETTING IT TAKE OVER. LIKE WE'RE PROJECTING SOME IDEA OF WHO WE REALLY WANT TO BE WITH, BUT WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY STOPPING AND THINKING...
JINGS.
YOU KNOW...I REALLY DO LOVE AMERICANS. I'M COMIN' TO LOVE THEM MORE AND MORE.
BUT YOU DON'T HALF BELIEVE IN COMPLICATIN' THINGS, DO YOU...?
WELL LET'S FACE IT, HUGHIE, WE'RE BOTH COMPLETE ROMANTICS. I MEAN YOU'RE NOT AS BAD AS I AM, BUT YOU'RE STILL PRETTY BAD.
NO ARGUMENTS THERE.
ANNIE, WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN' MAKES SENSE. IT REALLY DOES. BUT YOU ALSO TOLD ME YOU THOUGHT WHAT'S BETWEEN US WAS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD, AN' I HONESTLY THINK THAT'S WHAT'S REALLY TRUE HERE.
AN' YOU KNOW--IF YOU REALLY DO THINK WE'RE MOVIN' TOO FAST--
I CAN ALWAYS KISS YOU REALLY, REALLY SLOWLY.

WUHH?
WARF!
OH, BLOODY HELL. SORRY, MATE.
HOW MUCHA THIS BOLLOCKS'VE I MISSED, THEN?
...GOOD LUCK BACK IN THE CORN BELT.
WHAT?
WITH WHATSIZNAME.
AND, AH, WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.
?
FUCK ME!
JESUS...!
WHO ARE YOU THEN, YOU DIRTY LITTLE MARE?
THE END

BUTCHER

Originally conceived as "Savage", Garth later changed the name to "Butcher". I had a hard time wrapping my head around a character as brutal as Butcher without imagining another version of Nick Fury or Frank Castle. I entertained signature cigars and requisite stubble on his iron jaw but other than a gleeful smile, I wasn't seeing the character as Garth wanted him. Only until Garth described Billy Butcher as having a "dark, cruel smile of malicious intent" - that got me to sit down and draw Butcher's face over and over until I got it right.

WEE HUGHIE

Wee Hughie was inspired by an old friend of Garth's. Garth emphasized that it was important to capture an innocence but tough determination in Hughie. Two things that seemed to contradict each other, and somehow, in early sketches, he kept looking too old.

When I saw Simon Pegg in 'Spaced' I thought he captured that balance perfectly, and "Shaun" nailed that home. I never thought the reference would get so much attention, but I was thrilled when Simon contacted me and showed us such support! Wee Hughie has become my favorite character in the book to draw, since that balance in his nature is always a challenge and when I feel I get it, I have the most satisfaction accomplishing that.

THE FEMALE

The point was to make her small and insane. In the years leading up to actually having scripts to see these characters in action, I didn't fully realize what Garth was going for, and I think my instinct was to go for sexy, like a 'Kill Bill' Tarantino-esque character.

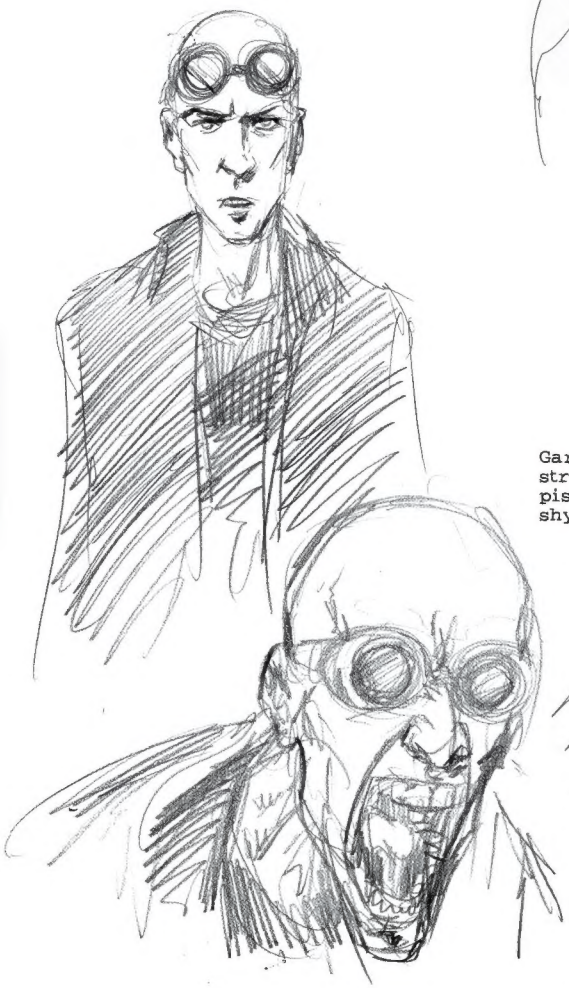
In a later sketch, I tried making her Japanese and that's when the character came to life for me. When I suggested the change in nationality to Garth, he lit up, and embraced the idea. I can't wait for the origin story he said the change inspired.

MOTHER'S MILK

MM was my first real contribution to the BOYS when Garth first mentioned the book to me back in 2002. I can't say too much or I'll blow the surprise, but Garth applied an idea to this character that I had suggested and will eventually reveal. We originally saw him as bald and smooth but when I drew up the final design piece, Garth asked for a beard and tight afro at the last minute.

THE FRENCHMAN

The earliest character I played with when sketching, I imagined him in action from the beginning. Rolling off of Transmetropolitan, it was important not to make him too much like Spider Jerusalem, since he's skinny, bald and smokes and has goggles on all the time.



Garth wanted Frenchman's genial nature to be a strong contrast to the psychopath he becomes when pissed off. Where I saw him as aloof, Garth sees him shy, friendly and unassuming.

I felt it was important at first to give the BOYS some sort of logo, or symbol. I imagined them having their place in the super hero world and being more public figures. I designed a symbol for their coats and little collars for what I thought would be super suits beneath, ala the Challengers of the Unknown or Fantastic Four.

The key to The Boys is how otherwise normal they look aside from their signature boots and trench coats. Less is more.

Lamplig

CONVENTION COVERS

San Diego
Comic Con '08
Exclusive cover
to issue #20